PENTHOUSE

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FEBRUARY 1983 $3.00



BRUCE LEE: SECRET STORY OF HIS DEATH

HOLLYWOOD POLITICS: WHO'S WHO IN THE TOP FORTY

ANDREW YOUNG: EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH THE OUTSPOKEN MAYOR OF ATLANTA

AMERICA OFF GUARD: OUTRAGEOUS NEW YEAR'S PARTY

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This month's cover features Pet of the Month Loretta Ybarra. She was photographed by Earl Miller using a Nikon F2 camera, Nikkor 135 lens, and Norman strobes. Her hair and makeup are by Robin Neal. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, *see page 194.*

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HOUSECALL

Why did **Bruce Lee** die? Ever since his lifeless body was discovered, almost ten years ago, the death of the great kung-fu superstar has been at the center of seemingly endless conspiracy theories and mindless speculations. Some people say that he was killed by a "vibrating palm," a painless karate chop that takes months or even years to produce its deadly effect. Others accuse the mysterious killers of the Triads–the secret Chinese mafia. Still others believe that he succumbed to the plots of rival movie producers, or some kind of overdose of fatal aphrodisiacs, or even an evil influence on his house ("bad *fung shui*"). Not least incredibly, the official inquest found that Bruce Lee, one of the best-conditioned men on earth, had died of hypersensitivity to aspirin! But the truth, writes **Albert Goldman** in the second half of his investigation into "The Life and Death of Bruce Lee" (page 54), "is neither so sinister as many have believed nor so innocent as might have been hoped." Goldman, author of the best-selling biographies of Elvis Presley and Lenny Bruce, halted his research on John Lennon (his latest project) to travel to Hong Kong for *Penthouse* and talk to firsthand witnesses of Bruce Lee's last desperate crack-up and to look at the medical evidence. The full story, which is told here for the first time, is both suspenseful and ironic, a fitting final tribute to a pop hero who, thanks to the magic of the cinema, continues to fulfill the fantasies of millions of men around the world–a cult figure who, in Goldman's words, "is worshiped–precisely as the ancients worshiped Hercules and Achilles–as a demigod."

Today's movie stars aren't exactly worshiped as demigods, but many of them nonetheless attempt to translate what personal appeal they might possess into political influence. In "Lights...Camera...*Activism*!" (page 74), reporter **Frank Bies** compiles a Who's Who on the left and right tracks in Tinseltown–featuring forty of today's leading actor-activists, whose favorite causes include everything from redwoods to abortion.

Our exclusive interview this month is with a man who possesses real political power–**Andrew Young**, mayor of Atlanta, former ambassador to the United Nations, civil rights leader, and probably the most important black politician in America today (page 122). Young spent several days with *Penthouse* contributing editor **Allan Sonnenschein** in an extraordinary ongoing conversation in which he reminisced about his days in the streets of Selma and Birmingham with Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and discussed his plans for the future economic revitalization of the United States. Young's insights into black and white sexuality, his sometimes surprising appraisals of the political aspirations of Teddy Kennedy and George Wallace, and his personal recollections of such disparate acquaintances as former President Carter and mass-murderer Wayne Williams make for compelling reading.

Most news these days is not compelling at all–in fact, most news hardly has anything to do with reality. One of the reasons for this distressing state of affairs is the fact that most of us get most of our news from television, and, as **Donna Woolfolk Cross** writes in "Junk-Food Journalism" (page 68), television news has become a commercial product, like soap. In this excerpt from her important new book, *Mediaspeak* (to be published by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan), Cross writes that the underlying philosophy behind television's "Happy News" is "to keep the viewer from being too upset by the news reports he is hearing.... No one would argue that people have a right to be entertained. But the lighthearted assurances of Happy News are not presented as entertainment–and in the process, real information is crowded out."

Crowding out reality is precisely the point of today's superlight portable stereo sets, and, reports **Stephen Fenichell** in "Getting Personal" (page 138), the thousands if not millions of personal-stereo addicts tend to talk about their tiny units in "almost mystical terms...as if personal stereos were providing access to the proverbial music of the spheres." Eight professional musicians, ranging from Welsh rocker Dave Edmunds to the peerless classical violinist Pinchas Zukerman, explain their love affairs with personal stereos. And to help you decide just which one is best for your needs, Fenichell provides information on the subtle, and sometimes not so subtle, differences between them.

Our heroes in "Pocket Pool at Beowulf's," this month's fiction (page 104), are not exactly into subtlety, but that isn't a quality to be expected, or even desired, in a rowdy, horny bunch of high school seniors. This is a first story by **Irving Weinman**, an American professor who teaches in London, and we're sure you'll enjoy its bittersweet nostalgia even more than Hooper, Harvey, Reilly, and the rest of the boys enjoyed their wild, X-rated pool game.

Cartoonist **Revilo**, whose outrageous satire graces (and grosses) our pages with shocking regularity, this month allows his imagination to slip its leash completely as he contemplates the hitherto unknown sensual pleasures of his "Winter Wonderland" (page 129)–a salacious salute to a season not usually noted for unashamed outdoor debauchery. And in a more sporting fashion, the New York Islanders, whose championship hockey is always a seasonal highlight, take time off the ice to preview the latest in men's championship underwear, which is now both functional *and* fashionable (page 154).

Finally, transcending transitory fads of function and fashion, our special Valentine's Day Pets remain–now and forever–the most seasonal, sensual, and sensational companions for all who are devoted followers of the patron saint of romance...and doesn't that include all of us?


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FEBRUARY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

SMALL PACKAGES

My wife, Linda, and I have quite an open relationship, and have enjoyed many experiences similar to those that have appeared in *Penthouse*. But recently we were involved in an experience that we consider fairly unique.

We recently went on an outing to one of the local circuses to do a little crotch-watching and enjoy the show. People were friendly, crotch-watching was great, and we decided to stop off to see one of the sideshows. Featured was the World's Smallest Weightlifter. I could tell Linda was fascinated and wanted to see this three-and-a-half-foot man with the bulging muscles. I believe she was mostly interested in the bulge in his skintight leotards. So even though I was expecting a rip-off, I paid the six bucks, and into the tent we went. As it turned out, it was actually the best six dollars I have ever spent.

During the show, Marco, the midget, asked for an assistant from the audience. Linda practically knocked me over, and in a flash was on the stage with Marco. He was glad to have such a good-looking assistant and in no time at all had lifted her above his head with one hand. This really turned Linda on. From where I sat in the audience, I could see her nipples jutting out proudly through her tank top.

After the show was over, Linda told me to go outside and wait for her because Marco had asked to talk with her for a few minutes. When she emerged from the tent she told me that Marco had invited her to his trailer for a drink, but instead she had invited him to our apartment. She knew that if anything happened I would want to be watching from the closet in our bedroom, which I had especially prepared for that purpose.

I had hurried back to our apartment and was comfortably situated in my hideout when I heard them come in. Much to my surprise, Linda called out to me, saying that she had someone whom she wanted me to meet. When I walked into the living room I almost fainted. Standing next to my wife and Marco was the most beautiful little woman I have ever laid eyes on. I mean, here was Shirley Temple—curly locks and all—with thirty-six-inch tits. Marco introduced her as his girl friend, Lilli, who was an exotic dancer. Linda was anxious to begin, as I could tell from the way her hands were all over Marco.

After a few drinks and a few joints of my private stash, I asked Lilli to display her dancing talents. She got up from the couch and began a slow belly dance and striptease. My eyes were glued to her body as she slowly shed one garment after another. When she unsnapped her flimsy bra and freed those beautiful pointed globes, I thought I had died and gone to heaven. Then she shed her bikini panties and revealed her shaven pussy—now I was convinced. There she was, three feet five inches of perfection.

Moans of pleasure distracted me from this visual feast. Linda was already hungrily inhaling Marco's rod. What Marco lacked in height must have gone to his dick. His tool must have been nine inches long.

Suddenly I felt some tiny fingers working at my belt and zipper. I turned to gaze into Lilli's lust-filled eyes. She freed my joint, grabbed it in her delicate hand, and began to lead me to the bedroom. As I glanced back over my shoulder I saw Marco pick my wife up from the couch and head in the same direction.

Once we were all in the bedroom, clothes flew in every direction. Lilli wanted me on the bed and she began kissing my entire body. After what seemed an eternity she reached my throbbing organ. She tenderly kneaded my balls with her baby-doll hands, while her tongue and mouth engulfed my dick. By this time, Marco and my wife were on the bed and Marco was busy working his thick tool into my wife's snatch. Soon he had it buried to the hilt, and began a nice smooth stroke, with Linda's long legs locked well over his muscular back.

Lilli was working on my dick while I was fingering her bald pussy. Finally I could wait no longer. Reaching down and easily picking her up, I slowly impaled her on my slippery rod. As I slid into her gaping pussy she moaned with pleasure and began riding me. Tight is just not an appropriate word to describe her luscious box. Vise-like might come closer.

Our partners were already somewhere in the ozone when I felt my nuts begin to tighten. With Lilli urging me on, I unleashed a load of come that I might otherwise have considered impossible. I could tell from the look on Linda's face that she too had been places she'd never been before.

Before long we were at it again. My wife and I know a lot of tricks, but these two small folk taught us a thing or two.—*Name and address withheld*

STYLE-CONSCIOUS GUY

Reading with much enthusiasm your articles lately on the men who are coming out

into the open and declaring their desires to wear lingerie has done wonders for my husband and me. Ned first started wearing my panties when we played around at night in bed, and feeling his long, hard cock stretching the limits of the lace nylon bikini panties was really a turn-on for me, having a wish for many years that he would throw away his terrible, ugly cotton briefs. From this small beginning, I have purchased for Ned many pairs of panties, a dozen or so pairs of sheer nylon tap pants, and finally two of the really most darling mini-slips I use under my minis. He now wouldn't have it any other way and loves his lingerie.

Recently, Ned suggested he go for the panty hose as well. Now his erect, hard cock is always exposed to me under his nylon, nude, and sheer-to-the-waist panty hose.

At first Ned was embarrassed, but as he and I got used to his newfound toys, we both began to relax with our lingerie.

He fills out his tall panty hose very nicely and, I must admit, sexually excites me beyond belief. I have found, much to my surprise, that I can't get into his crotch as quickly now but love to watch him extend himself as I masturbate him.

My best girl friend at the office where I work as a secretary knows about Ned and says that she many times has found herself getting really excited as she thinks about seeing him wearing his panty hose around the house, and wants someday for me to bring her over so that the three of us can display our sheer-to-the-waist bodies. Naturally, Ned has agreed to this without hesitation as long as none of us are off limits to one another.—*Name and address withheld*

LIKE OLD TIMES

I am a nineteen-year-old freshman at a large university in the Midwest. The story I am going to tell you also concerns my older sister, Christie, who is a senior in college at a different school. The only time we see each other anymore is during the summer, when we both have a break from classes.

One night last summer, Christie talked me into driving her up to Cincinnati to visit her boyfriend. She spent so much time there that we didn't get home until three in the morning. My parents were furious at us for staying out so late. Christie had made me promise not to tell them where we had gone, so I ended up taking most of the blame for our late arrival.

Needless to say, I was very angry at Christie for getting me into trouble for something she had done. The next morning, after my parents had left for work, she tried to apologize for the trouble she had caused me. However, I wasn't in a very forgiving mood. Finally she said, "Well, would it make you happy to punish me on the tickle tree?"

The tickle tree was a large tree in our backyard. When we were young, we had come up with the idea of using the tree to

tickle-torture each other as punishment for bad behavior. We would take a rope, tie one end around the victim's wrists, and tie the other end over the branches of the tree. This left the victim with his arms held above his head, totally defenseless against any tickling inflicted on him or her.

We hadn't used the tickle tree in years, and I'm sure Christie wasn't serious about her suggestion. However, I was so angry that I accepted her offer. I searched around until I found some rope, then I led her out to the backyard with me.

Christie was perfectly dressed for tickling. She wore a loose blouse tied in a knot in the front, tight shorts, and sandals. This left a lot of bare skin for tickling. I'm sure that Christie was thinking the same thing, for by the time we reached the tickle tree, she was trying to back out of her offer.

I told Christie that she had to pay for the trouble she had caused me. She reluctantly agreed, and put out her arms. I tied the rope to one wrist, tossed it over a low-lying branch, and then tied the end to her other wrist. Christie's arms were now over her head and she was defenseless.

I started her torture by rubbing my fingers lightly across her wrists, just below the ropes. Christie trembled in dread. I slow-walked my fingers down her arms, brushing them lightly against her skin but not yet tickling her in earnest. Christie was breathing heavily now and squirming with every touch.

All of a sudden I began tickling Christie's armpits vigorously. She twisted and turned, frantically trying to escape my persistent fingers, and she was hysterical with laughter. Her face was bright red and distorted. Occasionally she was able to gasp out a plea for mercy, but I was relentless in my assault on her.

After a few minutes I paused in my attack and moved away from my sister. Christie was exhausted from the tickling. Her struggles had been so intense that the knot in her blouse had become undone, and I had a clear view of her breasts peeking out from under it.

Christie apparently thought her punishment was over. When I told her I was only resting, she began begging me to set her free. But I was determined to put Christie through an experience she would never forget.

As I once again moved toward my sister, she began kicking at me, trying to keep me away from her. Before she could turn around, I came up behind her. I quickly popped the snap on her shorts, unzipped them, and pulled them and her panties down below her knees.

Christie was now practically naked from head to foot, and completely exposed for my next attack. This time I concentrated on her ribs, playfully running my fingers back and forth from her armpits to her waist. Christie tried to elude my probing fingers. She tugged desperately at the rope, hoping to pull her arms free. But with her pants down she was even more helpless than before.

I tickled Christie until she was moaning in agony. Finally I stopped. Christie was a mess. She was covered with sweat. I suddenly realized that despite the agony Christie was in, she was also aroused from the tickling. Her nipples were hard and swollen and her pussy was dripping-wet. I hardly knew what was happening as I moved to her and began fingering her clit. I was prepared to back off if she objected to what I was doing, but instead she moaned her approval. In a matter of seconds, Christie's body stiffened from the force and intensity of an orgasm.

I released her from the tree and laid her on the ground. Seeing her lying there, moaning softly and holding herself, was the final straw. She reached up and opened my pants, pulling them down with my undershorts. She began to caress my penis with her fingers and in only a few seconds I exploded with my first orgasm of the day. Christie then went off to her bedroom, where she spent the rest of the day asleep, recovering from her ordeal.—*Name and address withheld*



"I'm not sure what you have there, but what were you doing Valentine's Day?"

BEST FRIENDS

If this letter seems confused, it's because I'm still sorting out how I feel about what's been happening to me. When I came to Los Angeles to visit my best friend, Hanna, I was expecting an adventurous two weeks, but I've already had more excitement than I counted on, and it's been only twenty-four hours.

I should start by saying that I'm twenty-three with auburn hair, green eyes, and a body I'm frankly rather proud of. Hanna, also twenty-three, has dark brown hair and eyes and flawless, fair skin. She is about my size, five foot six, but has larger breasts. She is the most beautiful woman I've ever known. We roomed together for four years at a private women's college in the Northeast and stayed in close touch after she moved to the big city. I was delighted when she asked me to come and visit her.

Yesterday was a long day. The trip to the airport and the long flight had tired me out. So about a half hour before we were to land, I went to the ladies' room to freshen up. I couldn't help stopping to admire myself in the mirror, when I decided I looked a little too proper for this vacation. I slipped out of my blouse to remove my bra and ran my fingers over my large pink nipples till they were hard and tingling and my pussy had soaked my panties. I was aching for release, so I pulled my skirt up, whipped off my pantyhose and panties, and sat back to enjoy myself. I love to take my time when I caress myself. I used long, slow strokes up between my lips and gradually concentrated more and more around my swollen little clitoris. I finally came just as the pilot announced our final approach. I only had time to put back on my blouse and shoes and stuff all my un-

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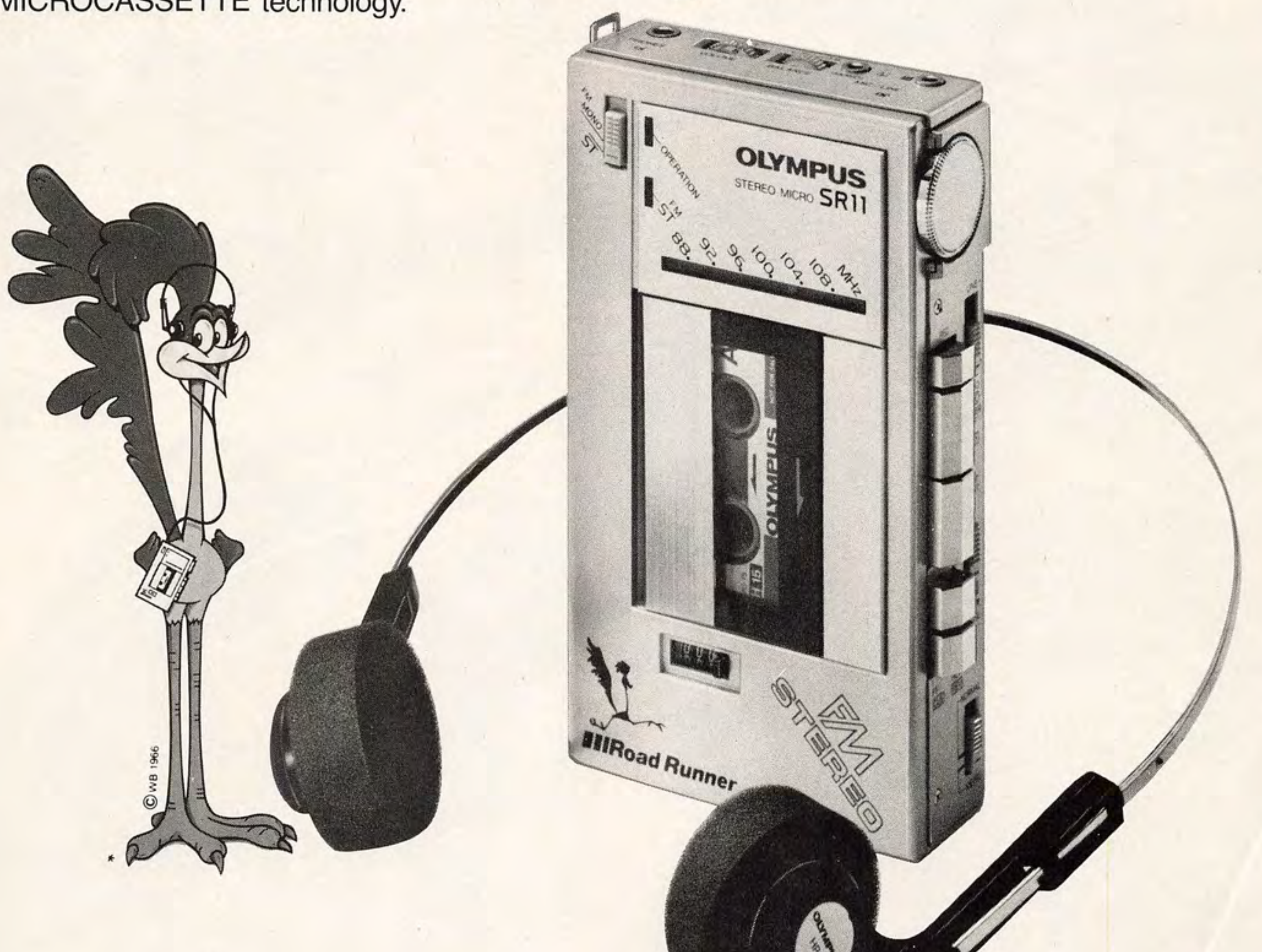
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ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH TO POSE WITH THE PET OF THE YEAR?

Enter the "Man of Steel" Contest and you could win a photo session with the Pet of the Year plus your share of $20,000 in cash and prizes!

GRAND PRIZE

If you're our "Man of Steel," you'll be quite a celebrity. Because you'll be appearing in Penthouse magazine in a fashion photospread with Corrinne Alphin, the delectable Pet of the Year. And you'll walk away with more than a smile. Because our "Man of Steel" also wins $5,000 in cash.

There are lots of second, third, and runner-up prizes, too. Like VCRs, stereo systems, cameras, and more.

THREE WAYS TO ENTER

1. Take a Picture

Have someone take a picture of you, flexing with a bottle of STEEL® Peppermint Schnapps (you know the one—not too sweet, not too syrupy). Keep in mind that the judges will be looking for creativity as well as desirability. The photo size must be between 4"x 4" and 8"x 10" in either black-and-white or color.

Send your photo to us along with the entry form below. And if you can't decide which photo does you the most justice, enter more than once. You'll find additional entry forms at the "Man of Steel" display at your local liquor store.

We'll choose one finalist from the mail-in entries. He'll receive an all-expense paid 2-night trip to Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, plus an H.H. Scott Stereo system (value $2,500).

During his 2-day stay on March 16 and 17, the finalist will compete in the national finals for the Grand Prize.

2. Steel Nights

There will be a series of Steel Nights at various bars throughout the country. The manliest of men will compete, wearing a STEEL T-shirt, STEEL hard hat, and mean smile. The winner will receive a trophy and have his photograph taken. This photo will be judged in a contest with all the other regional winners. One finalist will be selected from each of eight regions. These eight finalists will receive an all-expense paid 2-night trip to Ft. Lauderdale to compete in the finals on March 16 and 17. Finalists will be notified by mail no later than March 1, 1983.



$5,000 Cash. | JVC Portable Video Cassette Recorder Model 2650 with color camera GX-44. | H.H. Scott 650SL Slimcom Stereo System. | Spark-O-Matic Car Stereo systems, including speakers. Stereo #SR-308, Speakers #SK-6950. | Konica FS1 Cameras. | JVC Radio Cassette Players #250JW. | Casio FX 900 Solar Powered Scientific Calculators.

3. College Men Only

Last, but certainly not least, there's a special category for all you college men who come to Ft. Lauderdale March 16 and 17. To enter, complete the official entry form, or clearly print your name and address on a 3"x 5" piece of plain paper. Take this form to the Candy Store in Ft. Lauderdale on the night of March 16. But hurry—only the first 100 entries received will be eligible for the competition. The requirements for posing will be the same as those for Steel Night. One winner will be chosen on March 17.

GO FOR IT, MEN

The "Man of Steel" contest ends February 15, 1983. So start flexing—and get those cameras snapping. Keep that $5,000 in mind. And remember, the next time you pose, it could be with the Penthouse Pet of the Year!

MORE YOU SHOULD KNOW

1. You may receive a facsimile bottle of 85 Proof STEEL Peppermint Schnapps by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Man of Steel Facsimile, P.O. Box 19650, Irvine, California 92713.

2. Contest entrants will be judged based on shape (physique) and creativity of pose. One winner will be chosen under the supervision of Multi-Marketing, Inc., an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final in all matters relating to this contest. Entries must be received by February 15, 1983.

3. For a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Man of Steel Winners List, P.O. Box 19642, Irvine, California 92713.



Corrinne Alphin,
1982 Penthouse Pet of the Year



OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM
"MAN OF STEEL" PHOTO CONTEST

To enter the contest, complete this form, and mail with a photograph of yourself to: Man of Steel Contest, P.O. Box 19647, Irvine, California 92713

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

City ______________ State ________ Zip ________

No purchase necessary. Entrants must be of legal drinking age in their state of residence at the time of entry. See complete contest rules and details.

NOT TOO SWEET. NOT TOO SYRUPY.

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derwear into my purse. I felt wonderfully sexy as my bare breasts bounced under my mostly open silk blouse when I walked down the aisle. I was also delighted by the cool feeling on my inner thighs as my juices dried.

I saw Hanna as soon as I got to the airport gate. She was so stunning she brought a lump to my throat. She was wearing skintight jeans, very high heels, and a burgundy silk blouse. I'd never had any bisexual urges before, but it gave me chills to see those firm, high 35C's with the erect nipples visible through the thin fabric, and especially to feel them touching mine as we hugged. I noticed Hanna staring down my blouse, but when she realized I had seen her she blushed and I told myself to get those ideas out of my head—after all, I thought, we're both absolutely straight.

On the way to her place, I told Hanna about my trip, including the last half hour, which really seemed to interest her. Once at her apartment, we got a little drunk and talked and laughed until almost 3 A.M. Hanna suggested we get some sleep, since she had a big day planned. After I showered, Hanna showed me my bedroom, then went to take her shower while I got ready for bed. I slipped into my emerald teddy (I'd brought it with me especially for the benefit of the lover I hoped to find). Wanting to say goodnight to Hanna, I looked around for something to read to keep me up. I was surprised to find *Penthouse*. I'd never dared to buy such a magazine back home, so I was curious about what it was like. I took it to bed and started reading the letters. They made me so horny I just had to do something. I started rubbing my pussy through the thin crotch of my teddy as I read on. I was so engrossed I didn't hear the water go off, so it startled me to hear Hanna say, "Wouldn't it be better if I did that?"

She stood in the doorway wrapped in a towel, looking very desirable. My heart pounded as I answered, "I've wanted you since I first saw you tonight." I sat spellbound as Hanna walked toward me, dropping the towel to reveal her perfect body. I'd often seen her naked when we were roommates, but it seemed very different now. When she was close enough I reached out with both hands and pulled her down over me to kiss her.

Hanna held back for a moment as if to consider what we had started. Then she gave me a tentative, nervous peck on the lips. I was relieved that Hanna was as new to this as I; it was obviously the first time with another woman for both of us. We embraced tightly, then shared a longer, deeper kiss. Hanna then had me sit up and started to remove my teddy, saying, "I want to see all of you and feel your skin on mine." She kissed each inch as she uncovered my shoulders and then my breasts. I was in heaven with my dearest friend's tongue and teeth on my nipples, teasing, nibbling, sucking so hard I cried. Meanwhile, Hanna's hands had finished pulling down my teddy and I finally kicked it off.

Now that we were both nude, I pulled Hanna back up so her beautiful breasts hung above my face. I squeezed one gently and was delighted by the softness, and flicked my tongue around the nipple until it was hard and red as a cherry. All the while our legs entwined and our love juices flowed together, hers into my pussy and mine into hers. The fragrance of our sex rose to my head and was too much to resist. With Hanna on her hands and knees, I worked my way down her belly until I reached her neatly groomed pubic patch. It was cut very short, was no more than an inch wide, and reached to maybe two inches above the top of her opening. I stroked her cute little bush, first with my fingers, then with my tongue. I gradually opened her up to admire her gleaming inner lips and I inhaled deeply to savor her strong, musky scent. "Please, Elissa, don't make me wait!" she pleaded. So I pulled her hips to me and drove my tongue as deep inside her as I could. My darling Hanna was so delicious, I ran my tongue all over her, daring to lick even around her tight ass hole. At last, I took her erect clit between my lips and sucked. Hanna immediately went perfectly rigid and climaxed in great heaving sobs, collapsing beside me and holding my head close to her groin where I wanted it to be.

Bringing Hanna off could only be surpassed by having her do me. She kissed my mouth, obviously relishing the taste of her pussy on my lips, tongue, nose, and chin. Hanna reached down between my wide open thighs to caress my mound, damp with both our honeys, pulling gently at my long, thick pussy hair. I involuntarily thrust my hips to meet her roaming fingers. Finally she started to work my pussy with three fingers going in and out, filling me to the brim. Her other hand held my face close to hers as it stroked my long, wavy mane. She kissed me deeply and I sucked her tongue into my mouth. It was incredible to be so close. Our breasts, bellies, and legs blended together, with only Hanna's strong fingers between us. She watched my reactions closely, and then, as I was on the brink, suddenly went down on me as no man ever has. I had an orgasm unlike any I had ever known.

Hanna and I were both exhausted but too excited to sleep. We lay close together, stroking each other's breasts, thighs, asses, and pussies. We were kissing tenderly and murmuring endearments. At last I dropped off to sleep as the gray light of dawn penetrated the curtains.

Today it all seems like a dream. Neither of us has mentioned last night. Whatever happens, I've had the best, most beautiful sex ever.—*Name and address withheld*



"I agree, Mr. Smolnik. It must have been a sick, sick person to put a firecracker in a hemorrhoidal suppository box."

FAMILY TRADITIONS

I am twenty-four, a brunette, and my mea-

surements are 34-22-34. I admit to having little difficulty in attracting the male sex, but keeping my men interested sometimes presents problems because my sexual preference is giving and receiving enemas. Frankly, straight sex leaves me cold, which some of my boyfriends do when they find that I am more into enemas than intercourse.

My passion for enemas began when I was about nineteen and was staying with my aunt and uncle while my mother and father were away over a long weekend. When Saturday night came, I was told that my cousins (boy and girl twins about my age) would be submitting to their regular, weekly enema and that I would be obliged to follow the rules of the house and submit to one, too.

Since enemas were not a regular practice in our home and I couldn't even remember getting one, I was horrified at the thought and protested to my aunt without success. When it was my turn, I was called into the bathroom, where not only my aunt but my uncle were waiting for me. When my aunt told me to remove the shorts and panties that I was wearing, I thought that I would die with embarrassment but, with some hesitation, I did what I was told and waited for my next order. I was told to get into the tub on my hands and knees, spreading my legs as far as I could. I next felt something probing my anus, but because of the position I was in, I couldn't tell what or who was doing it. As I learned later it was my aunt's finger and she kept it in me so long it felt like I was already being given the enema, but that was still to follow.

As soon as my aunt had finished lubricating my rectum, she removed her finger and went to the sink to wash her hands. It was while she was at the sink that I felt the second penetration (this time, it was the enema nozzle being inserted), so I quickly realized that my uncle would be giving me the enema. Up to this point, I was very embarrassed and scared stiff about the whole procedure, but as soon as I started to feel the warm water in my recturm, I began to relax and enjoy what was being done to me. I felt myself becoming sexually excited, not only by the good feeling in my rectum and stomach but by the realization that I was so completely exposed to my uncle, who had always been one of my favorites and the handsomest of all my uncles.

He put his hand under me and gently massaged my stomach, inquiring if I was comfortable and telling me to let him know if I felt any cramps. Frankly, I was disappointed when he told me that the bag was empty and that my enema was finished, as I was hoping that the enema would continue forever. My uncle then gently removed the nozzle and helped me to my feet, assisting me to the toilet. Both he and my aunt then left to permit me to expel the water, and I remember having my first orgasm in the process. Before I went home, I suggested to my aunt that I felt like I needed another enema. The second time, my uncle handled everything himself, since my aunt was busy doing something in another part of the house. I was in ecstasy, as it was almost as though my uncle and I were making love, even though he never touched me or did anything other than what was necessary to giving me the enema. When he finished giving me this second enema, I had an even bigger orgasm than I did the first time.



"It's been done."

I never had another opportunity to stay at my aunt and uncle's house, so I was never able to relive this virgin exposure to the pleasures of an enema, but I came as close as I could with an experience I had with my cousins later the same year.

My aunt, uncle, and cousins were visiting with us, and while the others were upstairs my cousins and I were playing poker in our basement recreation room. During the course of the game, reference was made to the time that I had stayed at their house and especially to "the Saturday night ritual." Both of my cousins stated that weekly enemas had been a tradition in their house for as long as they could remember. My female cousin obviously didn't care for them and never looked forward to Saturday night, which prompted me to solicit my male cousin's feelings on the subject. He said that in the beginning he tolerated them because he had no choice, but over the last couple of years he was beginning to enjoy them, especially when his mother did the honors. In fact, he much preferred the times when his father wasn't even present. He said that he felt more comfortable and relaxed with his mother than with his father. My female cousin chirped in with the comment that although her preference would be to avoid enemas altogether, she preferred her father to give her the enema rather than her mother.

Directing my comments to my male cousin, I then admitted that I also enjoyed the two enemas that I had been given when I stayed with them, but that I didn't think that I would enjoy being given an enema by either my mother or father. I just didn't think it would be as pleasurable if it were done by someone in my immediate family, which prompted my male cousin to say that he had often wondered what it would be like to be given an enema by someone other than his mother or father, especially another female.

At this point in our conversation, I began to develop a strong sense of sexual arousal and an even stronger desire for an enema, so I asked my cousin what he would think of the idea of our giving each other enemas. He replied that he wouldn't mind but asked how, when, and where. I said why not here and now, since I knew where I could put my hands on all the necessary equipment (I knew where my mother kept her douche bag). His main concern was the possibility of our parents' walking in on



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us, but I quickly suggested that my female cousin could be the lookout, which she was willing to do as long as she didn't have to participate in any way.

I took an empty container upstairs, pretending to my parents, who were in the living room, that I had come up there to get something from my room, and I was back downstairs within a few minutes, ready for my first experience at enema give-and-take. I placed a bedroll on the floor of the furnace room and went into the small bathroom off the recreation room to prepare the first enema. Although we hadn't determined who was to go first, when I returned to the furnace room, my cousin had already removed his pants and was sitting on the bedroll in his shirt and jockey shorts. I couldn't help but notice that he had already developed a large erection that he was trying to conceal with his hand. Hanging the enema bag on a hook on the wall, I suggested to him that he remove his jockey shorts and get on his hands and knees, which he did.

When I bent over to lubricate my cousin's rectum there was no way that he could conceal his erection, since he was using both hands to support himself. He let out a deep groan as soon as I inserted my finger in his rectum and continued to groan as I worked my finger in and around, removing and reinserting my finger several times, which caused him to twist his body and groan more deeply each time I penetrated his anus. When I inserted the nozzle and released the water, he immediately came in long, lingering spurts that seemed to continue for a couple of minutes. As soon as he had finished coming, he raised his hand, signaling me to shut off the flow of water, which I did.

He indicated that he didn't think that he could take any more water (even though the bag was still half full), asked me to remove the nozzle, and went into the bathroom. When he returned he said that that had never happened before when he was being given an enema but complimented me by saying that, short as it was, it was the best enema he had ever had and that it was now his turn to show his appreciation. He took the enema bag into the bathroom and brought it back filled to capacity.

Without waiting for any instructions, I removed my panties, knelt down on my hands and knees, pulled my skirt up over my hips, and awaited my cousin's first penetration of my anus. I gasped when I felt his finger going in. Since my cousin has very long fingers, it felt like he was pushing his finger all the way up to my throat. He kept his finger inside me for what seemed a very long time, and when he slowly removed it I couldn't keep myself from letting out another gasp, which prompted my female cousin to whisper to us that we were making too much noise and might be heard upstairs. Accordingly, when my cousin inserted the enema nozzle and released the water, I kept one hand over my mouth and kept my balance, using the tripod method throughout the enema. When the bag was empty, my cousin removed the nozzle, and I immediately went to the bathroom to expel the water, at the same time giving myself a fantastic orgasm.

Somehow we were able to clean the spots off the bedroll and put it back in the storage cabinet and I was able to successfully sneak the equipment back into my mother's room, so nobody, except myself and my two cousins, had any idea what we had been doing. Up until the time we all went off to grad school, we had only three more opportunities to repeat this experience, and each time my female cousin, as usual, would be the lookout.

Now that I'm in grad school I make it a point to date pre-med students, since they are more receptive to my sexual tastes than most of the other guys. Since the pre-med students have easy access to the medical building, I've received some of my best enemas on an examination table with my feet in the stirrups.—*Name and address withheld*

A TOTAL WOMAN

My wife and I have always enjoyed oral sex, and when it comes to giving head, I've felt that my wife was very good. But I had no idea how good she was or how carried away she could get. We'd been lying on the bed for quite some time and finally she told me to just lie back and enjoy. First there were soft hands caressing my cock, moving down over my nuts and back up the shaft until they almost left the head, but then doing it all over again. When I looked down to see what my wife was doing, she was looking at my cock, and the look that was on her face was pure love. While she hasn't mastered deep-throating me, she is 110 percent woman. Bringing her head closer to my cock, which was harder than it had ever been, she lovingly flicked her tongue out until it was touching and almost wrapping itself around my cock. From the head, down the shaft, and finally sucking on one of my nuts and then the other. This in itself was enough to produce tingles from the top of my head to the bottom of my feet. I had to keep holding her hair out of the way to see what she was doing. The sensations I was feeling were the most erotic I have ever experienced.

To this day I'm not sure if it was watching her, what she was doing, or the combination of both, but lying there and seeing all she was doing drove me up the wall. She wasn't just sucking my cock, she was making love to it. Using her lips, tongue, teeth, and the roof of her mouth, she drove me to the brink of drowning her with my come. For a minute she stopped and gazed at my cock and then me. She once again took it into her mouth as far as she could and started it all over. Finally there was no holding it back and I told her that I was going to come. It was like she had strings to all parts of my body and they all



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exited through my cock. When I started coming, she was pulling the strings and I was turning inside out. She still used everything available to her, stroking my nuts and even milking them to get all the come out. I thought I was going to die. She sucked until there was nothing left. These memories of the way she made love to my cock that night will always remain with me.—*Name and address withheld*

HOLDING A GRUDGE

I am one of your *Penthouse* letter readers, and like so many other fans, I've thought they must be made up. Until it happened to me. As a married woman, I never even thought of having sex outside my marriage until I ran into an old boyfriend of mine one day. Ironically, I ran into him at my husband's office building. We decided to go for a few drinks. After having a few drinks and a lot of laughs he asked me back to his apartment, since we were close by, for a few more drinks. When we got there he turned on the stereo and opened a bottle of champagne. He said he'd been saving it for a special occasion and since we hadn't seen each other in years, he thought this was it. As we sat together on the couch drinking champagne, he took out a few joints and said, "Let's really party." After starting to feel the effects of the drinks and smoke, we both noticed how much closer we were moving toward each other. I started to feel Ken's hand on my knees. As we kept talking Ken said I had grown into a beautiful, sexy woman from the spoiled brat he had once dated. Now I started to feel his hands beginning to stroke my thighs, moving up toward my already wet cunt. I was aching for more. I noticed the bulge in his tight black pants. By this time we were so high from drinking and smoking and we both knew we wanted more.

At this point I reached out to set his bulging cock free. Ken then got up and said, "I always knew that you were a spoiled brat and needed to be punished for always taking things without permission." He then moved to the chair across from me and ordered me to remove my panties. With that done, he pulled me down across his lap and lifted my skirt up, and with my ass out he said I had had this coming for a long time. He then began to spank me as hard as he could. Ken had expected me to cry and scream and beg for mercy, but I didn't. All I could think about was how very hard his cock had grown beneath me. Infuriated, he noticed I enjoyed it. He said he would punish me for things I should have been punished for a long time ago. Then he told me to go into the bedroom, take off all my clothes, and wait for him to come back.

He came back carrying something with him, but I couldn't tell what it was, because his room was dark. He slowly undressed and told me he knew how much I wanted his cock. He told me to open my mouth and then he rammed his cock down my throat and told me to suck it hard; if I didn't, he would spank me again. I complied with his orders. He ordered me to kneel over the bed with my ass up in the air and then spanked me violently and said, "You whore! Not only will I put my dick up your ass, but before I give you that pleasure, you must be clean." I then noticed that what he had carried into the room with him was an enema bag. He proceeded to give me the enema as my eyes rolled with pleasure.

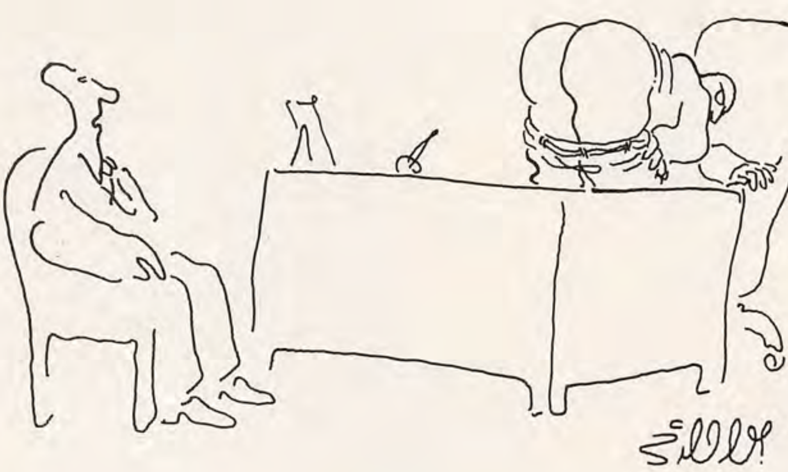
Afterwards, when he thought I was ready for him, he greased my ass hole with K-Y and began ramming his huge cock into my ass. I screamed for mercy but he kept on ramming his cock. Finally, when he was all the way in, he called me a fucking slut. As he called me that, I couldn't help but have one of my most violent and pleasurable orgasms. As I wet all over Ken, he was infuriated that I didn't ask his permission to come. I remained on all fours as he started to fuck me in the doggie position and give me my second enema. He then began to pump both his cock and the enema violently into me as I screamed with pleasure. Finally, Ken came for the first time, and I was relieved to think that it was over. But he had other ideas. He then rolled me over, and once again he plunged the enormous cock that I love so well down my throat as he came. I was ordered to swallow every drop, which I willingly did. Then Ken ordered me to clean myself. After a while, we both fell asleep. When we awoke I realized I had enjoyed myself like never before, and so had Ken. Now to go back to a dull sex life with my husband. I only hope Ken and I will be running into each other more often.—*Name and address withheld*

FULLY CLOTHED

I have been dating my girl friend for about a year and our sexual adventures have been great, to say the least. However, we managed to top ourselves recently.

One Friday night we were both just sitting at her apartment watching TV, since neither of us felt like going out. When the movie finally went off, I got up to scan the channels to see what else was on. On one of the cable stations was a dull movie. The regular channels were equally bad, so as a last resort I hit the sports station. Well, they had wrestling on. It wasn't the phony kind with old men but a local high-school match. I asked Jessie if she wanted me to turn it off and to my surprise she said no. As we watched, Jessie seemed very intent on what was going on and said nothing. After this one bout was over, being a very open person, she said that this sport really turned her on. She said that watching two muscular men go at it, dressed as they were, sweating and straining, really got her hot. Later that night, as usual, our sex was hot and very satisfying.

The next day while I was at work she called and asked me over for dinner—and



"On second thought, Mr. Farragut, I'd like to withdraw my request for an increase in salary."

for something else that she didn't want to tell me about just yet. I eagerly accepted. She had a gleam in her eye when I arrived, and during dinner, her plan unfolded. She wanted to wrestle me! I was shocked, but also curiously horny about the idea, and I said sure. After we'd moved some light furniture in the living room to give us plenty of room on the floor, she told me to go in the bathroom and change into my uniform, and she'd do the same thing in her bedroom. Before I could say "What uniform?" she closed her bedroom door.

When I got to the bathroom, I saw what she had laid out on the vanity for me—a black Spandex tank leotard and a pair of shiny black tights with the crotch removed! I realized the wrestlers she saw wore tight-fitting clothes, but nothing like this.

Even though I was a little embarrassed, I slid the tights over my legs and finally up around my waist. My eight-inch cock hung perfectly down through the small opening she'd made. I slid the leotard on and then looked in the mirror. I looked pretty good! I'm five foot ten and slim, and the outfit was so tight and sexy—there wasn't a single wrinkle. I was surprised, too, at how good the material felt on my body. As I walked toward the door I felt my hard-on bulging against the leotard.

When I entered the living room, I saw Jessie waiting for me. She looked great in her shiny white, long-sleeved, low-cut leotard. She wore shiny white pantyhose with no underwear, and, as I was to learn later, she too had no crotch in her tights. Jessie is five foot four and about 110 pounds. She has great legs and her small, firm tits stood out and strained against her leotard.

She was eager to begin the bout. I had no idea what I was in for. We faced each other standing, and she quickly dove for my legs and took me down! I couldn't believe her strength and cunning. She quickly put me in various holds and completely dominated me for about two minutes, but then she really got started.

During the time she was working me over I was very excited and had an enormous hard-on. I also noticed that Jessie's leotard was soaked at the crotch. She proceeded to drive me onto my stomach and I felt her hands come around me, slip into my leotard, and grab my throbbing cock. She then rolled me over and took my big dick in her mouth. I was really trying to win the bout but now she was raping me. She sucked me till I was on the brink of coming, then pulled her leotard crotch aside, mounted me, and started humping. She told me she was very turned on by my outfit and that although she had won the match she couldn't wait to fuck. I was so hot that my cock swelled more than I can ever remember. Jessie kept bucking on top of me, moaning that I was stretching her tight pussy to the limit. She also loved running her hands over my tights and feeling my legs and ass. After about ten minutes of this, she completely freaked out and came in a gush while moaning uncon-

trollably. I then withdrew my stiff cock, turned her on her back and dove on her for some 69. I lapped her wet pussy for as long as I could while she took my whole cock in her mouth and worked my balls with her hands. Finally, giving up, I moaned and let my stream of hot cream fill her mouth to the limit.

After a brief rest, with both of us still clad in our outfits, Jessie started feeling my cock until it was hard again. She then lay on the floor and I got on top of her, letting her guide my swollen cock into her tight, wet snatch. I started pumping her with long, hard strokes and she felt her own tits through her leotard. It didn't take long for her to come again, and I shot my load right after her.

Since that night, we regularly wrestle and make love, both dressed in our outfits. My girl usually dominates me in the bout, but what goes on afterward is so good, I don't mind losing.—*Name and address withheld*

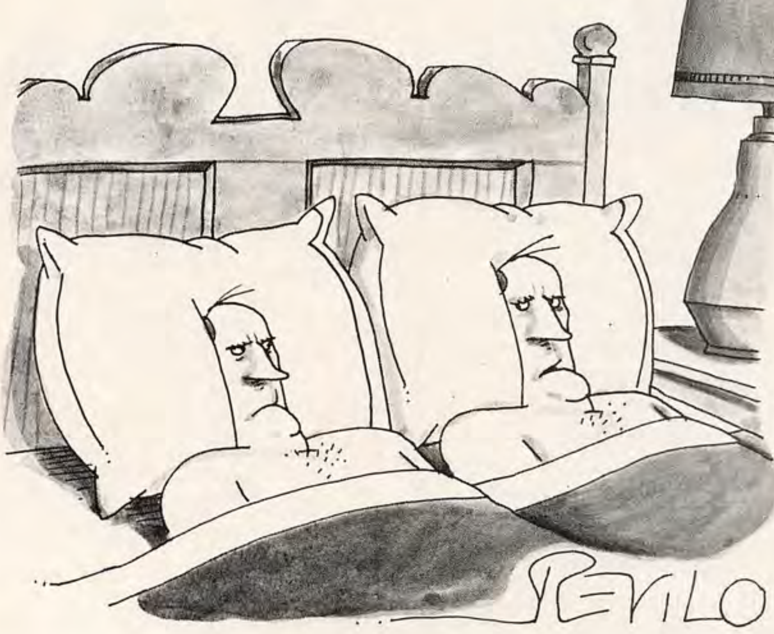
FALSE STARTS

My wife and I were separated, intending to get a divorce, and had not lived together for about three weeks or so. I was getting an acute case of the hornies from living alone but was intent on not breaking my celibacy till either we got back together or the divorce was final. One Friday night, just cruising in my van, I passed a bar in town featuring nude dancers. So I thought to myself, "What the heck, I'll stop in for a beer or two and look at some of the good things a single man has to expect out of life." Now, this may be a "classic," but the tingle in my jeans had grown to a growl after watching the first four dancers dangle their charms in front of my eyes, not to mention the flashy redheaded honey who was constantly toying with my enraged bulge as I blew my money buying her ladies drinks at six bucks a throw, two to my one. The foxy redhead had me about ready to squirt in my socks but she calmly and expertly held me teetering right on the edge of an eruption.

I was feeling around in my wallet for another twenty when my hard-on dropped. My wife strutted onto the platform dressed in the same white, full-length nightgown she had worn on the first night of our honeymoon five years before—and had never worn again because she was saving it for a special occasion. The redhead in my lap was surprised and insulted as my member sagged during the culmination of our negotiations. She did succeed in reviving me after I had made an excuse. We were seated in the first circle of tables, and I had a great view of all the soft charms I was missing at home as my wife brazenly and tauntingly stripped to the disco beat. Her large breasts, white and just as silky-smooth as I had remembered them in my latest wet dreams, swayed dreamily in the confines of the loose silk gown. She haughtily tossed it to the floor just as she had five years before—she was nineteen then—on the first night we spent together. Under the gown was the matching baby doll that she had first seduced me in, at her house, the year before we were married. I had living visions of déjà vu as she strutted her stuff across the dance bar. Ginny is a full-bodied, firm-breasted woman, with dark nipples that point pertly upwards when they are aroused. As the house lights were raised on stage, she bared the trimmed pubes that had been so curly and densely plush the last time I had seen it. My eyes met hers for the first time in weeks. She stripped everything off but her skin, daring me to watch, holding my eyes the whole time. The bar was nearly full of men, and the dudes were making obscene catcalls and whistling at her as she fingered her tight pussy and plucked at her closely cropped cunt hair.

I made nice goodbye noises at the redhead when Ginny made her way to the seat next to mine and took her place beside me, immediately reaching her glossily manicured hands expertly into my lap. She was not letting me shoot but keeping me so agonizingly close that my jangled nerves made my body jerk involuntarily even better than her friend had done. Anyway, after a few drinks that she said I had to buy because her boss would get mad if I didn't, she convinced me to make a trip to the back room. I was ready to go even if I was forced to pay for my wife's favors, especially after the long cockteasing I'd withstood from both her and her friend. She got me to her room and bared it all instantly. I can't remember just how she did it, but after only a few minutes in the back room she had me stripped naked and I had allowed her to handcuff me to the metal bars of the bed's headboard. She pulled my legs out long and straight and used some supple black leather cuffs to strap me to the bed rails by my ankles. I was totally helpless with her.

The first surprise was that she continued to tease me instead of going down on me with her full pouting mouth as she promised. When she took my money, I could have shit. Instead she spent the next half hour or so lewdly masturbating herself to what seemed like a dozen wet orgasms. I lay suffering on the mattress with my flagpole cock bobbing helplessly in the air needing a hot wet place to go. Later, as she was kissing and biting one of my aroused nipples, our redheaded friend came to the door and barged in without even knocking. It was Ginny's turn to dance, but she would gladly offer her services to take over the session with me while Ginny did her striptease for the other men outside. They had a few quiet words outside the door, and then I was alone with the redhead. She toyed cruelly with my helpless and throbbing maleness like the expert she was while telling me just how the other guys at the bar were reacting to Ginny's body. I never got so close to coming, though she did some pretty miracu-



"Mother was right; marriages between twins just don't work out!"

lous things to my sex. The whole time she was describing Ginny's swaying large boobs being seen by the group of men in the bar. She let me picture them fingering her slick wet pussy as she squatted for their dollars in her G-string. She reminded me that Ginny would probably go to another room with one of them afterwards and taunted me constantly with her cutting words. Red was particularly fond of sucking hard on my erect nipples, sending electric shocks through my sex-starved body just after she had stopped fondling my hard-on. She maintained my throbbing, stiff manhood, painfully short of letting me jet my boiling come, and I was nearly delirious by the time the foxy brunette named Anne came into the room.

She told Red Ginny would be coming by much later because she had another paying customer in another room. Anne was delicious to kiss and touched me like a blistering flame. She knew that if she even touched my raging member that it would erupt into a volcano of splattering come. So for the short while she refused to touch it; instead, she knelt over my face with her pussy hair some seven inches from my nostrils and proceeded to frig herself just out of my excited reach. Spreading her hot, wet cunt lips with her fingertips, she told me how hot she was getting. Her vulva were visibly contracting around her soft probing fingers, audibly sucking as she pushed in and out of the love canal I needed so badly. She moaned little-girl moans and pleaded with me to rise up and fill her love hole with my rod. As she finished herself I began to hear the familiar sounds of Ginny making love in the other room. Anne lay beside me and began to softly feather me between my thighs with her gentle, knowing hands, whispering quietly to me of the things Ginny must be doing in the other room. I could hear the sounds of them having a good old time in the next room as I lay helplessly chained and strapped to the bare bed. Anne let me know that his cock was somewhat larger than mine and made me imagine how each of his strokes was filling my wife's quim to the bursting point. I could almost feel Ginny fucking me as I heard the familiar sounds. Anne brushed my face like a soothing sister, as she taunted me by giving my still erect and angry peter a couple of firm handstrokes. "Poor fellow, I know you want to fuck your little dick into her hot wet hole. Do you really think you can give her what she's getting now?" She moved then so that I could watch her tweaking her small, pouting nipples to erection and fingered them till they dilated on her big, full titties. She played tauntingly with her boobs right in front of my lusting eyes as I was forced to listen to the sounds of my wife fucking the man next door.

Before the sounds of fucking wore off next door, Red bagged my head with the pillowcase and left me writhing in heat on the bed. She allowed my cock to shrink before bringing it up again, swollen and hungry for pussy, till I was begging out

loud and almost crazed with desperate sexual need.

Hours later Ginny strutted haughtily into the room and plopped down beside me, giving me a little sisterly kiss on the cheek. She told me in great detail about several of the guys she had laid that night. I was about to pass out from the need to shoot as she teased me even further by making me beg to eat her up and to ask her to let me suck the jism of four or five guys from her pussy. The thought of her fragrant cunt filled by four or five stiff cocks was bad, but having the juice running into my mouth was terrible. After my wife was fully satisfied from her ride on my face, I was treated to another show by the foxy redhead who had first attracted my attention. As I lay back on the bed watching the slow striptease, Ginny wetly sucked me right to the edge of a delicious orgasm, stopping just in time. The girls laughed and Ginny manipulated her friend's boobs right in my face to torture me.

Finally, at about seven in the morning, Ginny told me that she was tired of living like she was and asked me if I would consider taking her back. I had to accept in order to be allowed to get my rocks off. I agreed. To celebrate the occasion, her friends gave me a super three-way blowjob that rocked the walls when I exploded. Ginny cradled my head and we looked deep into each other's eyes as I came.—*Name and address withheld*

MUST BE A RECORD

I am an avid reader of your magazine, especially your "Forum" section. However, I have never read an article on anyone from good-old down under. Let me inform you that when it comes to good, old-fashioned fucking, we take the cake. I wish to relate to your readers one of the best sessions I have ever had. I am an overweight thirty-nine-year-old who has separated from his wife, and I now have a girl friend who turns me on to no end. She loves me very much. I adore her and I am sure that this mutual love really helps when we make love. She came over to see me one afternoon. A friend of mine had left me a couple of joints. I had tried pot on several occasions but the only time I ever got a buzz before was in good old New York.

Nevertheless, after a joint and a half we were both feeling great. I started to get my gear off, and she did the same. My cock, although only six inches long, is quite thick. It was rock-hard, and my girl friend went straight down on me. Can she suck a cock! After only a very short time I shot the lot in her mouth and told her to keep sucking. This she did, and after only about two more minutes I came again. This was the first time any woman made me come twice off the one horn while sucking me off.

By this time she was really in heat, and I moved down to devour her beautiful cunt. The musky aroma filled my nostrils as I ran my tongue over her clit and then proceeded to lick her red-hot hole. I raised her legs and moved my tongue over her beautiful ass and then licked her ass hole. "Suck me harder," she cried, as I lapped at what I consider the most beautiful cunt I've ever seen. Shortly after, she started lifting her hips and rolling her head from side to side, screaming, "Oh, fuck, I'm coming, I'm coming." Her orgasm must have lasted for at least two minutes. "Please put your cock in my cunt," she cried, and I duly obliged. After about thirty minutes of solid fucking, during which time I came twice more, and she came many times, we decided to masturbate. I rolled her on her stomach and I straddled her back. She started fingering herself and I started to jerk off. Her heavy breathing and moaning told me she was nearing a climax, and this started to really turn me on. "Come all over me! Shoot it in my hair and on my face!" she said. As I started to come I pulled her head up and shot it into her lovely black hair. The sight of the white drops of come in her hair made me want to keep wanking, so I did. Shortly after, I came again all over her shoulders and back. I then rubbed it all over her ass and neck and licked it off.

When I'd finished I tongue-kissed her so she could taste my come. She then buried her fingers in her dripping-wet cunt and we then both licked her fingers clean. I then drove my cock into her cunt and pulled it out, glistening and wet. She went



down on my cock and licked and sucked it and my balls dry. We both then shared the other half of the joint that was left.

As I entered her again, my cock felt twice as big as normal. "Stick your beautiful cock in me; fuck me harder. I want to come all over your cock. Oh, I love you fucking me. Shoot your white, hot liquid into my cunt," she cried as I fucked her furiously. "Are you my slut?" I asked her. "Do you love my cock up you?" "Yes, yes," she said.

The session ended after two hours of beautiful fucking and sucking. I came an incredible ten times in that two hours and lost count of how many times my girl came. We have never had a better session, but we've come pretty close. I see her as often as possible and we fuck as often as we can.—*Name and address withheld*

THREE IN A BUNK

After years of reading "Forum" and thinking all those fantastic stories were just a lot of bullshit, I finally fell into a tale that I have to tell.

I'm a professional diver. Not your basic tube-sucking scuba diver, mind you, but a real honest-to-God deep-sea diver. Now, normally the oil field is no place for women, but a certain boating company over here feels differently. They have got four girls per vessel working as room stewards, cooks, and laundry personnel. I couldn't help noticing the two lovely honeys making up our cabin on the day we reported aboard our vessel for the season. As I threw my bags into the room, I smiled and gave them a polite hello. Without seeming to notice, they continued on with their work of preparing our room. With that cold reception, I began to wonder what I'd done wrong. Later in the galley, one of the crew told us that the women were here strictly to work. No funny stuff allowed offshore! Besides, if any of the divers were caught messing around with them, it would be a running-off offense. With that warning behind us, we promptly went to work.

One night late, after we had been on location about three weeks, I got off shift and went below to my cabin. With a soothing shower behind me, I crawled into my rack with a *Penthouse* for some serious self-flagellation. Halfway to heaven, the door opened up and there, with her arms full of clean towels, was one of the room girls gazing at my eight inches of pink steel. Quickly I pulled up my sheets and mumbled an embarrassed "Hello." Closing the door quietly, she walked over, sat down on the edge of my bunk, and slowly pulled back the blanket. Smiling, she said her name was Kitty and that she wouldn't tell anyone what she had seen. Slowly her hands reached over and began tracing lightly over my cock. Without further ado, she leaned over and began giving me one of the finest blowjobs ever. By now the initial shock had worn off and as Kitty's talented lips caressed my shaft, I began to unwrap this cute little blond present. Pulling off her blouse and bra, I uncovered an almost perfect set of champagne-glass titties. I massaged these for a while, to murmurs of approval, before reaching down and working her pants off her hips and onto the floor. Stopping her tender ministrations to my nearly bursting dick, she stood up and slowly peeled her remaining panties away from her naturally blond bush. By this time I was so hot I grabbed her and threw her down on my bunk and wrenched her legs open. The pungent, musky smell of woman drew me down and I began kissing and nibbling at her swollen clit. With her hips twitching furiously, Kitty continued giving me head until we both finally exploded in mind-shattering orgasms.

It was in that pleasant state of semiconsciousness afterward that I heard the click of my doorknob and the closing of the door again. Scandinavian voices, girls' voices, and then a set of large breasts pressed into my face. Opening my eyes, I found that not only Kitty but now Elke, her friend, was in the bunk as nude as we were. I shook my head! Surely I was dreaming! This must be Valhalla, where all good Norseman go. Sitting on top of me, breasts dangling in my sight, was one of the finest specimens of woman I have ever

CONTINUED ON PAGE 194

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

ON THE COVER

Your cover of Corinne Alphen is a masterpiece in American magazine history. You and she are to be commended. With highest regards.—*Doug Buchanan, Fairbanks, Alaska*

After viewing the cover of your November 1982 issue, I was very upset to see a beautiful model of such class giving the finger. A number of guests at my home (male and female) who saw this issue agree: *"You blew it."—Donna A., Staten Island, N.Y.*

Being a devoted reader of your magazine, I feel that it is my right and duty to express my disappointment in regard to the cover of your November 1982 issue. I feel that you have marred your usual, unmatchable finesse by placing what would be a very attractive woman (had she not been degrading her female beauty with a blatantly expressed intonation for all to "fuck off") on the title page of this latest publication in such a negative manner. I am astonished that you would take yourselves down a peg like this. Yours is a magazine of sensitive sensuality, and this "lady" is ruining your image. Have your usually delicious "see-food" covers turned into eyesores? I hope not. Think about it, guys. I don't think I speak only for myself.—*Steve Jackson, Rome, N.Y.*

Congratulations on the selection of the Pet of the Year, Corinne Alphen, and on the superb photography of Bob Guccione. The only detraction from the issue was the selection of the cover pose. I hope you are deluged with similar letters that cause you to rethink the use of such a cheap pose. Both my wife and I thought it was way below your style. It was a great issue, as usual, but a shitty cover.—*Charles L. Templin, Comdr. USN, Plattsmouth, Neb.*

The November cover is really outrageous.—*George Cuatt, Jr., Valhalla, N.Y.*

On the cover of the November 1982 issue, Pet of the Year Corinne Alphen is shown extending the middle finger of her right hand in what, where I come from, has always been considered a gesture of hostility.

A friend of mine suggested that Ms. Alphen's upraised digit was directed at the words "Isn't learning to love the bomb what life is all about?", which appear to her left on the cover. But it doesn't look that way to me. It looks as if Ms. Alphen, whose crooked smile and heavy-lidded gaze are directed straight at the camera and therefore the reader, is expressing contempt for everyone looking at her picture.

Whether or not this was the intent, it creates an extremely disturbing effect. I have long considered Corinne Alphen a very beautiful woman. I have never done anything to offend her. Why is she telling me (and millions of other *Penthouse* readers) to fuck off?—*Peter Keepnews, New York, N.Y.*

This is my first letter to a magazine. I was appalled by your cover of November 1982. It was a tasteless, amateurish turn-off. It was as if you were giving me, the reader, the finger. I am repulsed.—*James Edward Ellis, Bartlesville, Okla.*

In the past I've enjoyed your magazine for its pictorials, articles, and general layout. But your November 1982 cover definitely leaves a lot to be desired and that's fact. The young lady displaying her middle finger is an absolute turn-off to the prospective consumer. I myself was offended and did refrain from making my purchase. Hopefully your December 1982 cover will reflect a more positive image. *P.S.*: You can catch more flies with honey than with vinegar.—*Eugene Forte, Stamford, Conn.*

Exactly what is that cover (finger and all) supposed to mean?—*John R. Hester, New York, N.Y.*

Editor's note: *Corinne's reaction, a spontaneous gesture of protest against the worldwide nuclear arms buildup, was captured by Publisher Bob Guccione when he was photographing her for the special Pet of the Year Issue. Bob had asked Corinne for her reaction to the lead article in the November issue, which deals in depth with the nuclear protest movement. "Corinne's erect finger," Bob recalled later, "was a thoroughly honest and spontaneous reaction to a subject of unthinkable horror . . . thermonuclear war and the inescapable devastation of our environment. Normally* Penthouse *doesn't take sides in purely political issues, but I believe, perhaps unfashionably in certain quarters, that genocide transcends politics . . . that life and death, on any scale, are human issues and must be dealt with in purely human terms. Corinne's telltale finger, however simplistic, accomplishes this. To a world historically intent on its own destruction, to the power and the*

THE ORIGINAL

Slinky Minky T.M.



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paranoia of its leaders, and to their usurpers who wait patiently in the wings, Corinne, on behalf of all those who still care, says: 'Fuck you!' "

We second the motion.

DOOMSDAY TIME

Thank you for publishing "Stopping the Doomsday Clock," by Daniel Kagan, in your November issue. It was a superb summary of the growing grass-roots movement to put an end to the nuclear arms race.

I hope you will continue to report on other aspects of this crucially important matter. It is nice to know that *Penthouse* is broad-minded in more than a single realm.—*Robert R. Worth, President, Worth Publishers, Inc., New York, N.Y.*

I just finished reading "Stopping the Doomsday Clock," and I want to say thank you. That article said so many things that I have been feeling for too many years. The American people have been through so much in the past few years—make that the past few decades! I am only twenty-two years old, but I hope that there are many more people of all ages who feel as I do. I am sick and tired of people, who are no doubt more educated than I but who are no better than me as a human being, making these insane decisions to build a neutron bomb and deciding when to drop it. I just don't know why we as American people allow all this shit to go on at the capitol. We have put up with a never-ending series of sex scandals, money scandals, oil scandals, unemployment, recessions, inflation, and wild government spending. I hate it all. Do we really want to continue to support a government that carries on a nuclear arms race that will eventually lead to our destruction? One of these days the government will have to acknowledge that the American people are a strong, logical, smart, free-thinking bunch of people who should be listened to. We must speak up and speak loudly! The nuclear arms race has got to stop *now*. *P.S.*: I think Jerry Falwell eats quiche.—*Ike Ares, Oklahoma City, Okla.*

THE PHILOSOPHER OF PAIN

Your interview with Prof. Michael Levin (October 1982) compels me to ask whether the good doctor is mocking Orwellian rationales for human torture or is actually displaying all of the symptoms of a statist-liberal-turned-statist-conservative. Is he really serious when he declares that torture would have a "marvelously bracing influence" and "raise our moral values"?

As a philosopher, Dr. Levin should realize that he has merely constructed a hypothetical example (threats by an imagined nuclear terrorist gang), stipulated conditions that automatically create an either-or situation, and then used this chimera to justify the establishment of a permanent social institution—namely, a government torture bureau. One can defend nearly anything by concocting "logically possible" conditions; I could conceivably sanction conscription and slavery on the basis of defending earth from an invasion of little green Martians, but this is not the sort of strategy one may utilize in arguing for a social institution.

Dr. Levin has also failed to provide us with adequate criteria for what, exactly, constitutes an "emergency" that would justify a range of oppressive acts, including torture. The KGB, for instance, can argue for the use of torture, maintaining that the fabric of a socialist society is somehow threatened by dissident movements.

Finally, it is ironic that Dr. Levin, in his retreat from one form of statism, has become more of a governmentalist. The almighty State can do, legally, anything that any band of private terrorists can—only more so. The real "terrorists" playing with nuclear bombs and atomic blackmail are the very institutions—governments—to which Dr. Levin suggests we surrender more power. Nation-states already have more than 50,000 nuclear warheads, yet Dr. Levin pipedreams rationales for the rack and thumbscrew out of fear of some hypothetical atomic Robin Hood. As for "terrorists," one might say that the difference between a terrorist group and a government is that the former has not yet won public office.

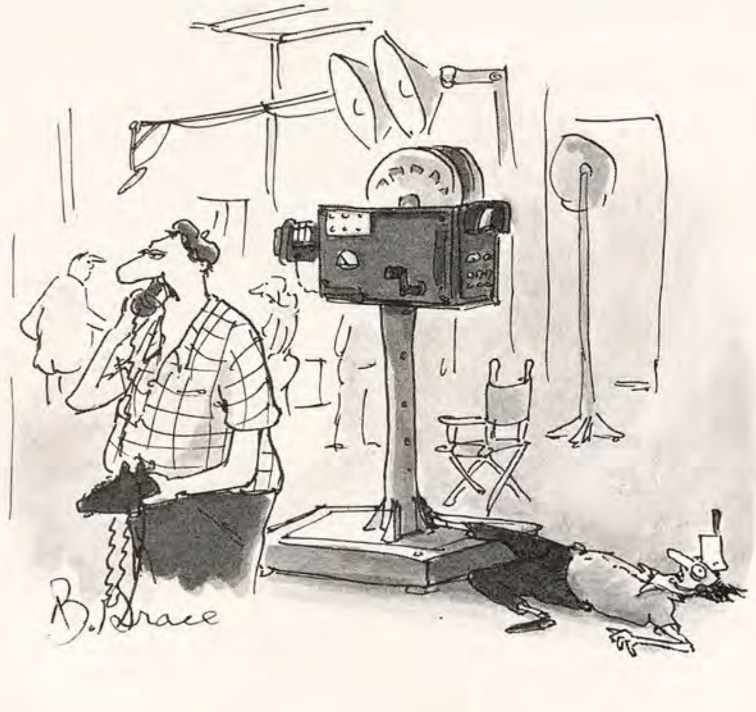
In his plea for the rights of victims, Dr. Levin should realize that the greatest threats to liberty have come from governments. His call for abolition of the exclusionary rule, one of the few constraints on police-state behavior, would result in more people becoming victims of the State. Worse yet, Dr. Levin proposes that if we cannot amend the Constitution to give the government additional police powers, we can possibly "sneak around it." This is not the kind of rigorous and methodical procedure one should expect from a moral philosopher.—*Conrad F. Goeringer, Tucson, Ariz.*

This letter concerns the interview with Prof. Michael Levin in your October 1982 issue. It is sickening that such a sick and evil-minded person could be a part of our educational system.

How is it possible for someone to hypothesize about a subject he obviously has not studied in depth? I have learned that experience is the best teacher; perhaps Professor Levin needs to experience torture himself. Then he might know of the humiliating pain, the anguish, the inhumanity of torture.

It takes a confused and disoriented mind to believe that torture is the correct way of handling our crime problem. It is true that our judicial system is far from perfect, but we must not go to the extreme of employing torture to achieve justice. There must be a median solution, a stricter system without the ugliness of torture.

Also, I find it in extremely bad taste for



"Steve, baby, looks like we lost another 3-D cameraman."

him to say that I would not save someone else's child because of my sex. Women certainly have a built-in instinct to nurture and, if necessary, save someone else's child. Professor Levin is narrow-minded and discriminatory.

After reading the interview, I have come to the conclusion that Professor Levin has a lot more growing and learning to do before he attempts to give an opinion on these subjects. I would certainly not call him a philosopher. There is a grave difference between a philosopher and an opinionated man.—*Mary Jo Edwards, San Diego, Calif.*

I am compelled to express my feelings on your interview with Michael Levin (October 1982). Dr. Levin is one of those rare breeds of human that will be quoted on a subject they know little or nothing about. His ignorance toward our judicial system is a prime example. First, Professor, an accused person is innocent until proven guilty, not vice versa, as you seem to believe. Second, if a defendant is convicted, he no longer has any rights. Journey inside one of your friendly neighborhood penitentiaries and I am sure you will discover this fact very quickly. You state that too many criminals are being released on "absurd technicalities." You would have to look inside the arresting officer's, prosecuting attorney's, and judge's suddenly inflated wallets to understand how these "technicalities" mysteriously arise. Without plea bargains, the courts would be booked solid for the next fifty years.

Some of your statements are so foolish, I seriously wonder if they were meant to be so. I mean, public torturers with fast cars; terrorists who stand around in rooms filled with explosives, guns, literature, etc., waiting for us to break into their headquarters to catch them; handing over your macabre plan to lawyers who "must be good for something"; torturing children who have committed no crime—with lines like these, Dr. Levin, you could put Richard Pryor out of business.

Your views on women are on par with the majority of your crap. Who cares what the Russians think about the females in the U.S. Army? If a confrontation ever arose between the superpowers, it wouldn't matter if the military were filled exclusively with Sgt. Rocks and G.I. Joes. This is the eighties, Dr. Levin, the era of pushbutton warfare. Furthermore, any lady who has received a black belt in any of the martial arts would put you on your ass before you could say "Down with the ERA." Never underestimate the power that is woman. What they lack in brawn they make up for in brain.

Your marvelous idea of eliminating welfare, Social Security, Medicare, and unemployment benefits takes the cake. With no welfare we'll no longer have unwed mothers? You're saying that before the welfare system was instated, there were no illegitimate children? And let me give you a hypothetical Medicare situation. A man who has worked in a factory suddenly finds himself in traction. He has exhausted all his meager savings on doctor bills and is told he'll never be able to work again. With no Medicare and no Social Security, what the hell is the poor slob supposed to do? I'll let you in on a little secret. He buys a .357 Magnum, sticks it in someone's face, and tells him to empty his pockets. What do you propose we do with invalids? Stand around and watch them die of starvation?

I could continue discrediting your theories until I acquired writer's cramp, but in all sincerity, Dr. Levin, you're not worth it. You are really nothing more than a very warped man with a good vocabulary.—*B. Orme, Toronto, Canada*

EMILY PRAGER CONTROVERSY

After reading Emily Prager's "The New War Hero" (June 1982), I am deeply disturbed by the casual, offhand remarks she made about the Vietnam War. Miss Prager merely skims the surface of the constant psychological and physiological repercussions felt daily by former soldiers. She considers the war a mistake or perhaps a chance happening—what sheer naiveté! She glamorizes the stagnating, bombastic industrial complex known as the military. Essentially, she equates a war body count with a potential Hollywood box office return.

Perhaps she can sleep at night, but I, for one, am continually disturbed by the bloodstains on my hands.—*Lance Young, Sundbyberg, Sweden*

Emily Prager Replies:

I cannot believe you read the same lead comment I wrote. (1) My piece was not *about the Vietnam War. It was about media reflection of the government's attitude regarding the military over the past twenty years, including the period during the Vietnam War, and how it manifested and is manifesting itself in movies and television. (2) Far from glamorizing the "military industrial complex," my piece was about how the media glamorize or, in the case of the Vietnam War, ceased glamorizing the military pursuant to the message it received, and is receiving from the government and the American people. Finally, if anything, it was a warning about limited nuclear war as a concept, and the danger of seductive propaganda about it.*

As for "equating a war body count with . . . box office returns," that is a complete misreading of my article and my intention and reeks of a rage within you that has nothing to do with me. Perhaps if you lived in America, watched American television, and read American newspapers, you would have better understood the basis of my position.

Finally, Mr. Young, I wish to caution you against what I feel is a bigoted attitude: do not make the mistake of believing that



"Mr. Wingate, perhaps if you didn't rip off her hand-brocaded gowns, tear away her expensive silk panties, throw her violently onto the bed, and then fall asleep. . ."

those of us who did not actually fight in the Vietnam War have no experience of it. For those Americans who fought against the war at home or who watched it on television or who just lived through that ignominious endeavor, it is as much a part of their personal history as it is of yours, only different. The repercussions of that soul-destroying war remain with us here in America just as they do with you in Sweden—and they always will.

I have read and reread the letters in March 1982's "Feedback" about two articles previously published in *Penthouse*: Emily Prager's "In Praise of Child Substitutes" (May 1981) and the Moral Majority exposés (November 1981, December 1981, January 1982, and February 1982). The "Feedback" letters make me so mad!

I completely agree with Emily Prager on the subject of children. My husband and I both think that kids are a royal, king-size pain in the ass. This world is not going to expand to allow for all the kids that people *think* they need. Women's magazines are always printing stupid articles on the so-called baby urge. Don't the writers of that garbage know that there's a population explosion going on? I must say, I think the biggest contributor to the overpopulation problem is the military. People in the military can have their kids so cheap—like for twenty dollars. I really wish they had to pay the $2,000 or $3,000 that civilians have to pay to have a child. *Also,* we don't see anything sexy about some flabby cow who thinks she's pretty just because she's pregnant. Who the hell cares?

And then there were the "Moans and Groans," the letters supporting that all-time hypocrite Jerry Falwell. I have hated this person for a long time. How dare those stupid Jesus freaks put your magazine down! If anyone is dirty scum, it's Jerry Falwell! He's the biggest liar I've seen in a long time. I have no use for churches or churchgoers. All too often they are nothing but a bunch of two-faced hypocrites who wouldn't know religion if it got up and bit them in the face!

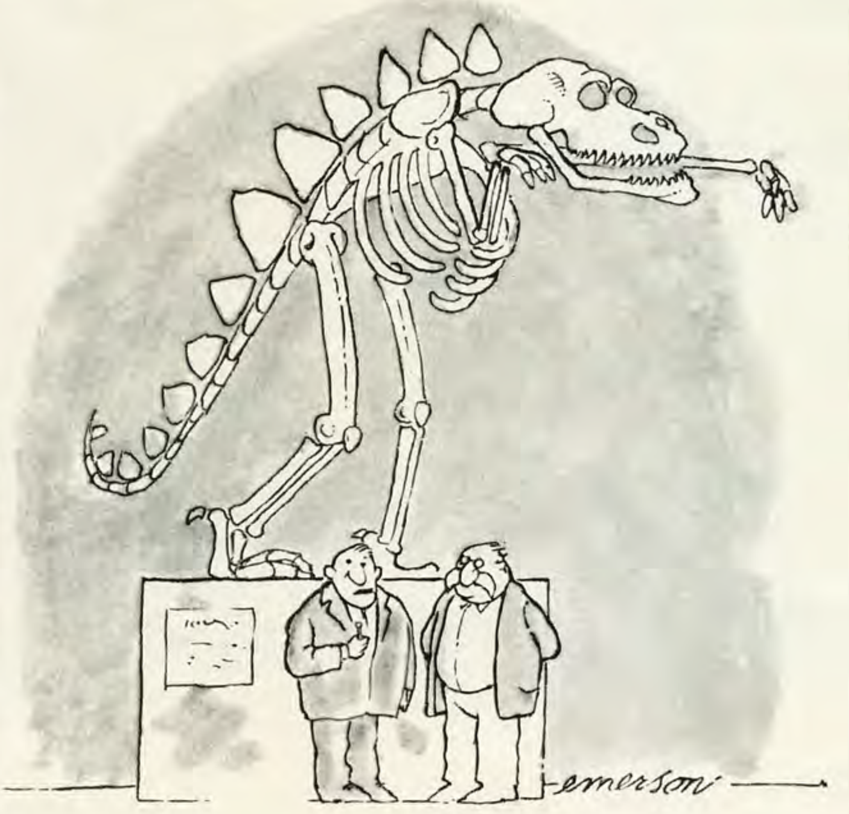
This is the first time I've ever written to a magazine. It sure does feel good to get this off my chest!—*C. J. Smith, A.P.O., San Francisco, Calif.*

INDISPOSABLE FATHERS

This letter is in reference to your article "Disposable Fathers," by Peter McCabe, in the November 1982 issue. Apparently, and very fortunately, I am part of a minority. My divorce was as amicable as divorces can be. In spite of all the accompanying trauma, both of us managed to stay essentially reasonable people. There was never any real question between us as to the value of continued close relations between both of us and our daughters. Consequently, although they presently live with their mother (i.e., their "principal place of residence"), we legally have joint custody and do, in fact, confer regularly concerning their welfare. The arrangements are contained in a court-approved stipulation.

We didn't have any problems, because we *arranged* not to have any. Before we went into court, we knew that the judge was amenable to the arrangements we had already made. We simply avoided those judges who either might be biased against the arrangement or would consider it only on the recommendation of an expert witness. (The latter would have been only a minor problem, since a child psychiatrist of our acquaintance had already been contacted and agreed to testify in support.)

We were also fortunate because we live in Iowa. The legislature had statutorily provided for the allowance of joint custody, although the courts had the inherent power to grant it anyway, and the Iowa supreme court had set forth a "laundry list" of tests to be met in determining the propriety of a joint custody award, which criteria were included in our stipulation and testimony. The Iowa legislature has since gone even further by amending the statute to provide that joint custody is the norm, rather than the exception. One of the supreme court's tests was that both parties be in favor of the arrangement, effectively allowing one spouse to block the other and obtain a sole-custody award. This feature has now been legislatively overruled in Iowa.—*Bruce L. Wilson, Des Moines, Iowa*



"We're discussing with Professor von Schlatt the latest theory on the extinction of the dinosaurs, that in the late Mesozoic they all simply went gay.*"*

I am responding to your "Advise & Dissent," "Disposable Fathers," in the November *Penthouse*. I have been reading *Penthouse* for a few years now and have often wanted to respond to some of your articles, but none has touched me the way this article has. It is dreadful, but it's completely true about the custody rights of fathers.

I have been unhappily married for two of my four years of marriage. But I have a lovely two-year-old girl whom I'd give my life for. She is the only light in my dark life. I am married only because of the fact that I need my child. I have tried several times to divorce my wife, backing out each time because my lawyers say I could not gain custody of my little girl.

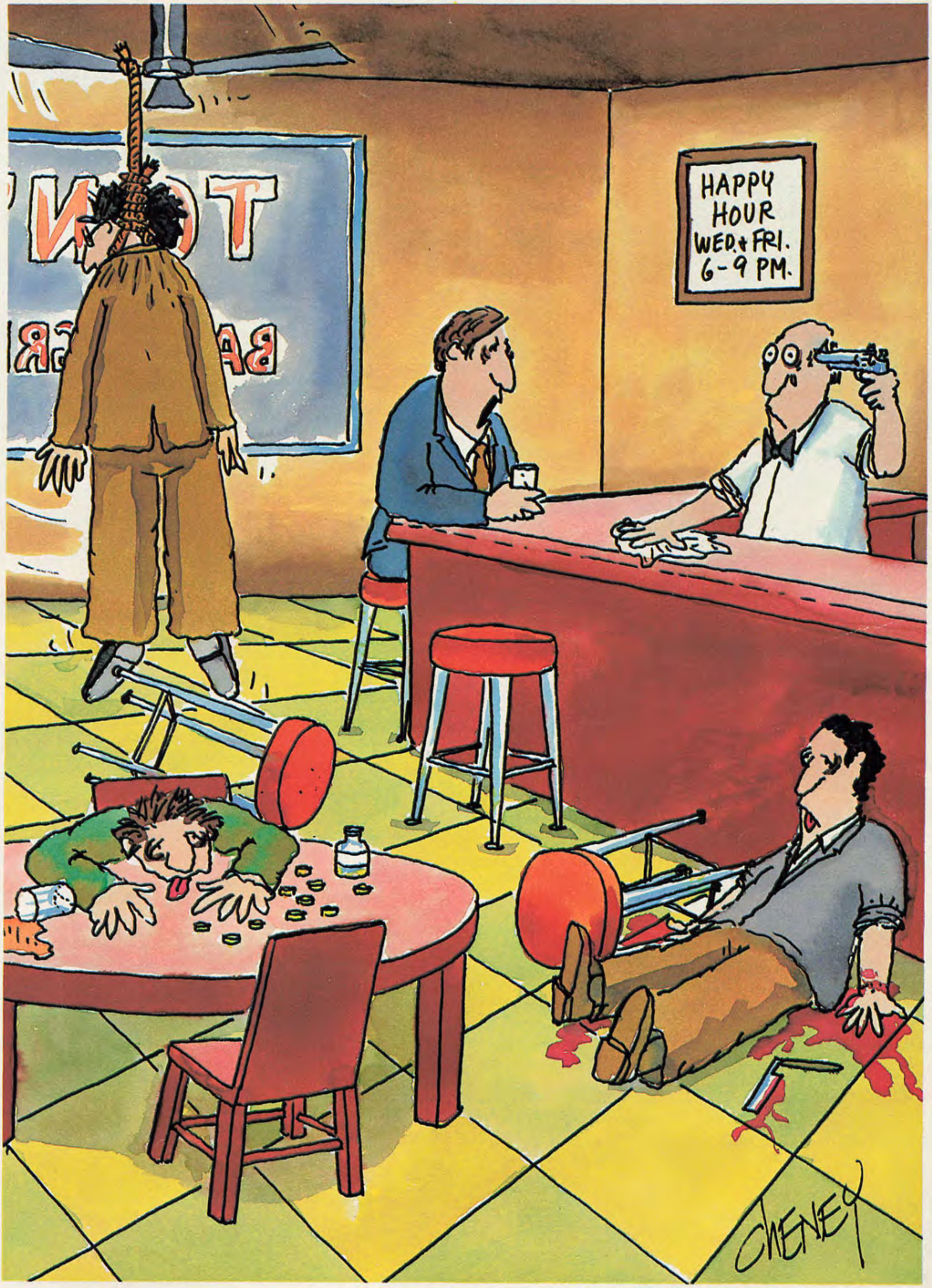
I am a hardworking man and make good money, but I know I couldn't afford a detective or long legal battles, so my only solution is to stay married so that I can be with my child.

Thank you for your article. Maybe some day the laws will change to allow the fathers the right to raise their children on their own.—*B.W., South Bend, Ind.*

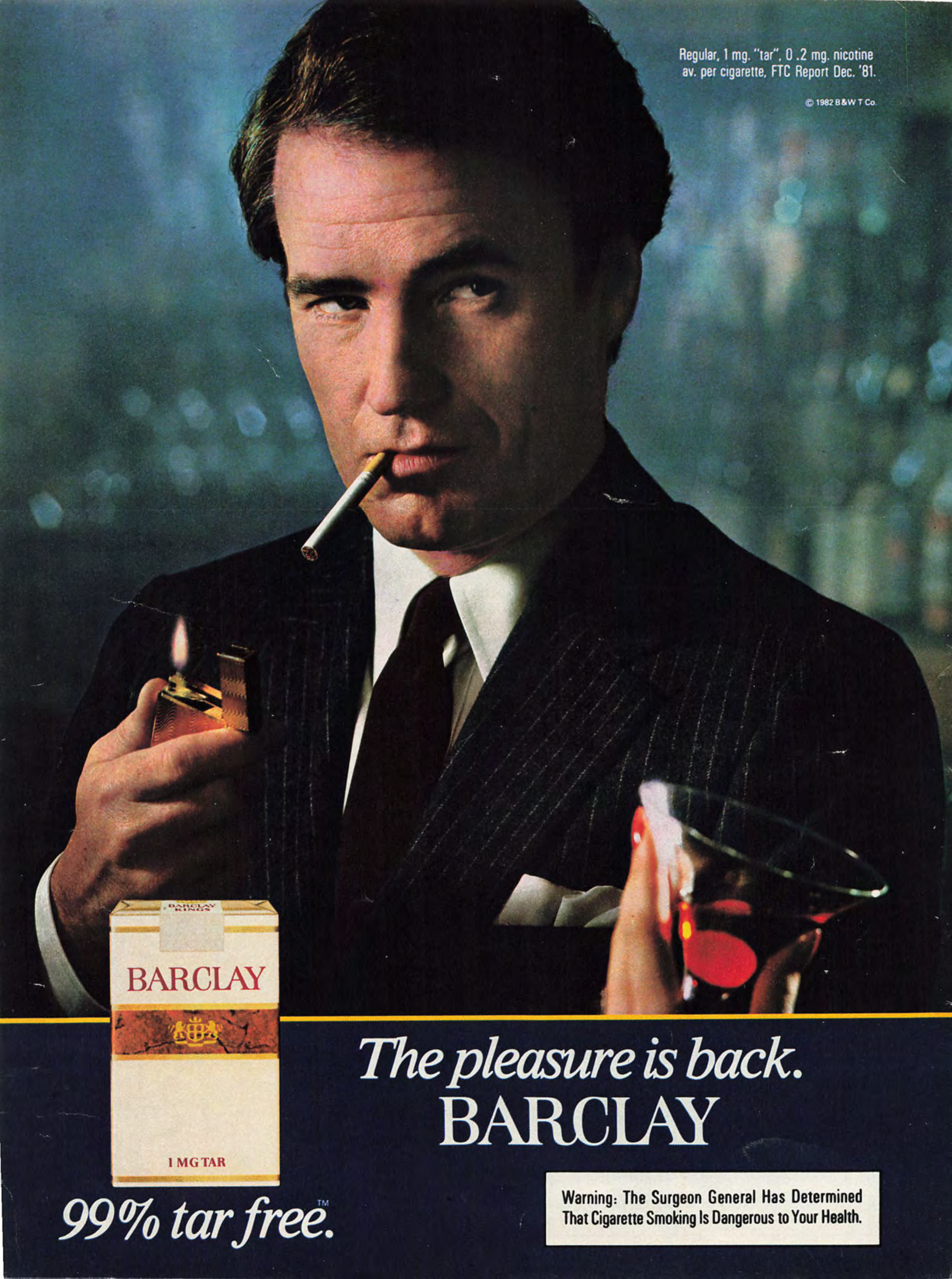
Thank you for the November 1982 "opinion" stated in the "Advise & Dissent" by Peter McCabe. It certainly struck home for me, and I imagine it did for many other disposable fathers as well.

The state of the ex-wife's mind is all that

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168



"At that point . . . things really began to go sour . . ."


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XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM



LETTER OF THE MONTH

I would like to relate to you an incident that happened to me last August. I moved into an apartment that was across from another apartment house. I noticed that a husband and wife lived in one of these apartments. The wife was very attractive, with dark brown hair, about five foot six, and built like a brick shit house.

Anyway, I never really paid any attention to them and I just went about my business. About a week later I was in my bedroom, reading a Penthouse *and feeling rather lonely and horny. I started masturbating. A couple of minutes into it, I happened to sit up and look across to the other apartment. For some reason I decided to let the girl over there watch me. I knew this was a risk I was taking but risks remained the furthest thing from my mind. I wanted her to see me get my rocks off.*

Just then she walked into her bedroom and looked over into my bedroom. We watched each other and, frankly, I was scared that she was going to call the cops but she didn't do anything except sit there and watch me. I got my rocks off, and I couldn't believe that she had watched me. The best part, though, was yet to come.

The next morning, I opened my shade and there she was, watching me from her living room. I assumed she wanted a repeat performance, so I took out my cock and masturbated. When I finished, I looked over at her, and it looked to me like she was doing the same thing.

It then became a daily ritual. We usually did it in the morning, just before work. I normally got up at 7:00 A.M. but now I was getting up at 6:30 or even 6:00. Believe me, this really got my day going.

I usually had to "lead off," but I remember her starting it, too. We took anywhere from thirty minutes to an hour doing our thing. I know that seems like a long time to keep a hard-on, but when I watched this girl, she had no problem keeping my interest.

The two things I enjoyed most out of this were watching her take off her clothes and her watching me orgasm. She would get her rocks off too but usually not before I came.

Every day I looked forward to this rather unusual thing we had. It was quite a turn-on to have a girl, and a married one at that, watch you get your rocks off and in turn to do the same for you. It sure gave me a lift (no pun intended), and I was surprised that we never got in any trouble.

There were a couple of times that we almost met and one time that I followed her. Then, one day, the inevitable happened. She quit participating. I remember clearly our last day. She came home from work, sat on her couch, and proceeded to watch me jack off. I then watched her take off her dress, her bra, then her underwear, and masturbate with me. She stood in the middle of the living room and I looked at that great body, especially her cunt. I had never seen a girl masturbate (except in the movies), so I was especially interested in watching her hand expertly rub her cunt and her other hand play with her nipples. I then watched as she came, her body shaking and her hand moving furiously. My only wish was that I could be right there in her living room, watching her pant and groan and watch me shoot a nice hot load all over myself. I tried to imagine how wet she was and that deep down inside she wanted me to fuck her brains out.

The "fling" we had lasted only about five or six weeks. Then, she stopped watching and participating. I always wondered why this happened. In fact, I remember every time she left her apart-

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Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

ment she would look up to my window, even when she drove by. One day I remember her mailing a letter, and every chance she got she would look up at my window. I wanted to talk to her and it seemed to me that she wanted to also. But it didn't happen. To tell you the truth, I'm afraid to talk to her, I guess because I wouldn't know what to say. Ever since she stopped participating I've been wanting to talk to her, just to find out more about her. Maybe even get around to finding out why we did this. I can come to my own conclusions, but I would like to know what she thinks about this fling we had.

Have you ever run across something like this? If you have, what happened? Should I pursue this or should I let sleeping dogs lie? I'm not out to make her afraid of me. I just want her to know that what she did for me took a lot of courage and that I'm pleased that I was the one she decided to relieve her tensions before. She seems like a very sincere girl and I hope I remain a special person to her even though she may not want to know anything about me.—H.S.

Your neighbor was obviously interested in talking to you for a while. Why do you think she drove by and kept looking up at your apartment or tried to catch your eye? Your shyness may well have screwed up what could eventually have led to a normal sexual relationship, although her being married could possibly make matters too complicated. I am interested in whether or not you have a normal sex life apart from your daily five-finger exercises.

I understand your not really wanting to talk to her, probably because talking to her could well have resulted in mutual disappointment and the shattering of an illusion. What surprises me is that both of you would get up earlier and earlier in order to spend half an hour in front of each other. I wonder what excuse she found to stay away from her husband.

Also, are you sure it took you that long to come, my dear? The amount of minutes the average American man needs from the moment of penetration to the moment of ejaculation is a mere two minutes, so masturbation should not take that long. It may well be partially wishful thinking.

The reason she has stopped will never be clear unless you talk to her. I simply think that the erotic element of this unusual happening wore off after all those weeks. She may well be flashing her cunt to someone at the office these days.

SNORGASM

I've been living with my boyfriend for about six months now, and just recently I've had some pretty wild experiences with him while he's asleep.

When I first moved in with him, I noticed Bob talked in his sleep, mostly about things that happened in his high school days (he's twenty now). One night I had a conversation with him that eventually led us to making love. All the while he was asleep and didn't have the slightest idea what was happening. When Bob woke up, he told me he had had a very sexy dream about us, and I told him it wasn't a dream, that we really had made love.

Since that first time, Bob dreams about three times a week. But lately he's been dreaming about Claudia, a married woman he was fooling around with when he was in high school and before we met. Well, while we're making dream love, he'll call me Claudia and tell me how much he likes me.

We usually talk about our sleep sessions, but ever since he began dreaming of Claudia he hasn't been mentioning it.

Well, what I want to know is, Can these dreams somehow be harmful to Bob? I don't suspect him of cheating on me, but I can't figure out how Claudia got in his mind. I don't mind playing the part of Claudia, but I don't want to encourage it. So I've been wondering if the dreams could hurt him psychologically. What do you think, Xaviera? Am I overreacting to nothing?—N.M.

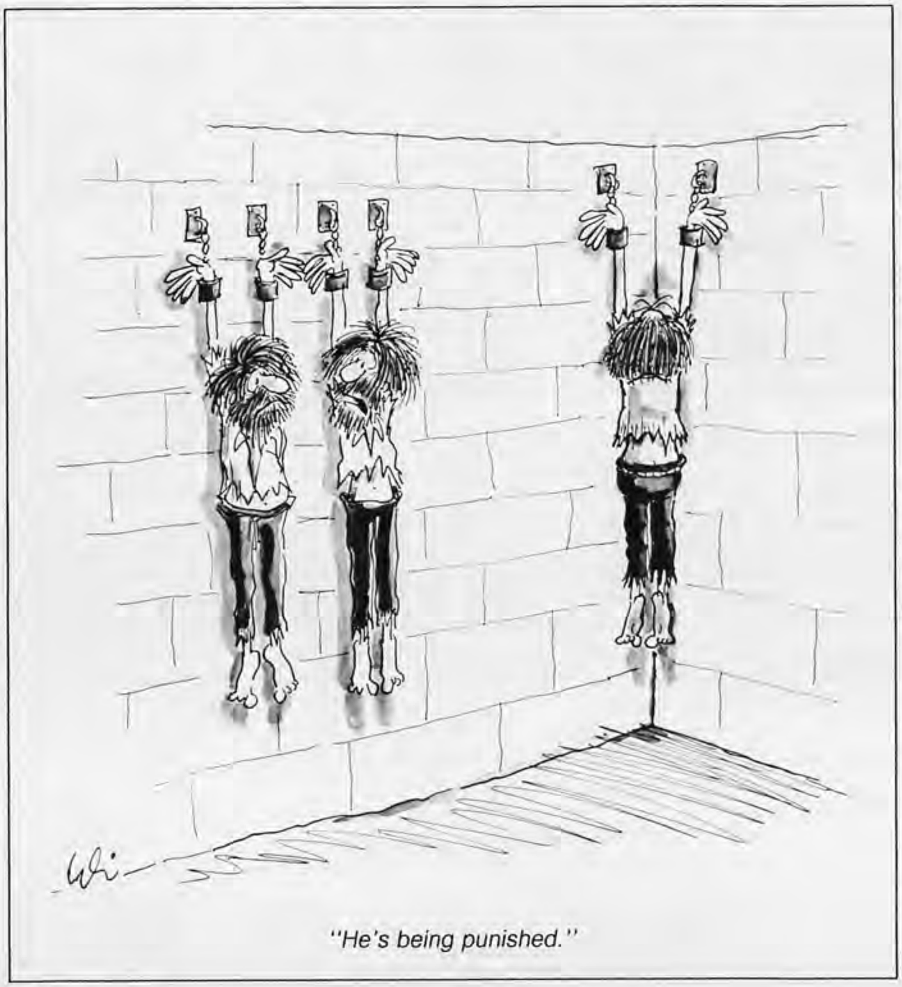
As your boyfriend is still very young and barely over his love affair with Claudia, you cannot really blame him for confusing your names in his dreams. I honestly think he is very much involved with you but that somehow, while he is asleep, Claudia still enters his mind.

That you have actually managed to make love to him while he was asleep is doubtful. Men will wake up even while having a wet dream, a few seconds before ejaculation. When I have dreamed of fucking somebody, I have always woken up just before penetration. It often left me very frustrated, as I would gladly have an orgasm while sleeping. Of course, a man can penetrate a sleeping woman, but whether or not she comes remains questionable. I wouldn't worry about his sleep-talking. It gives your life with him an extra dimension. Tape it someday and see how he reacts when he listens to himself.

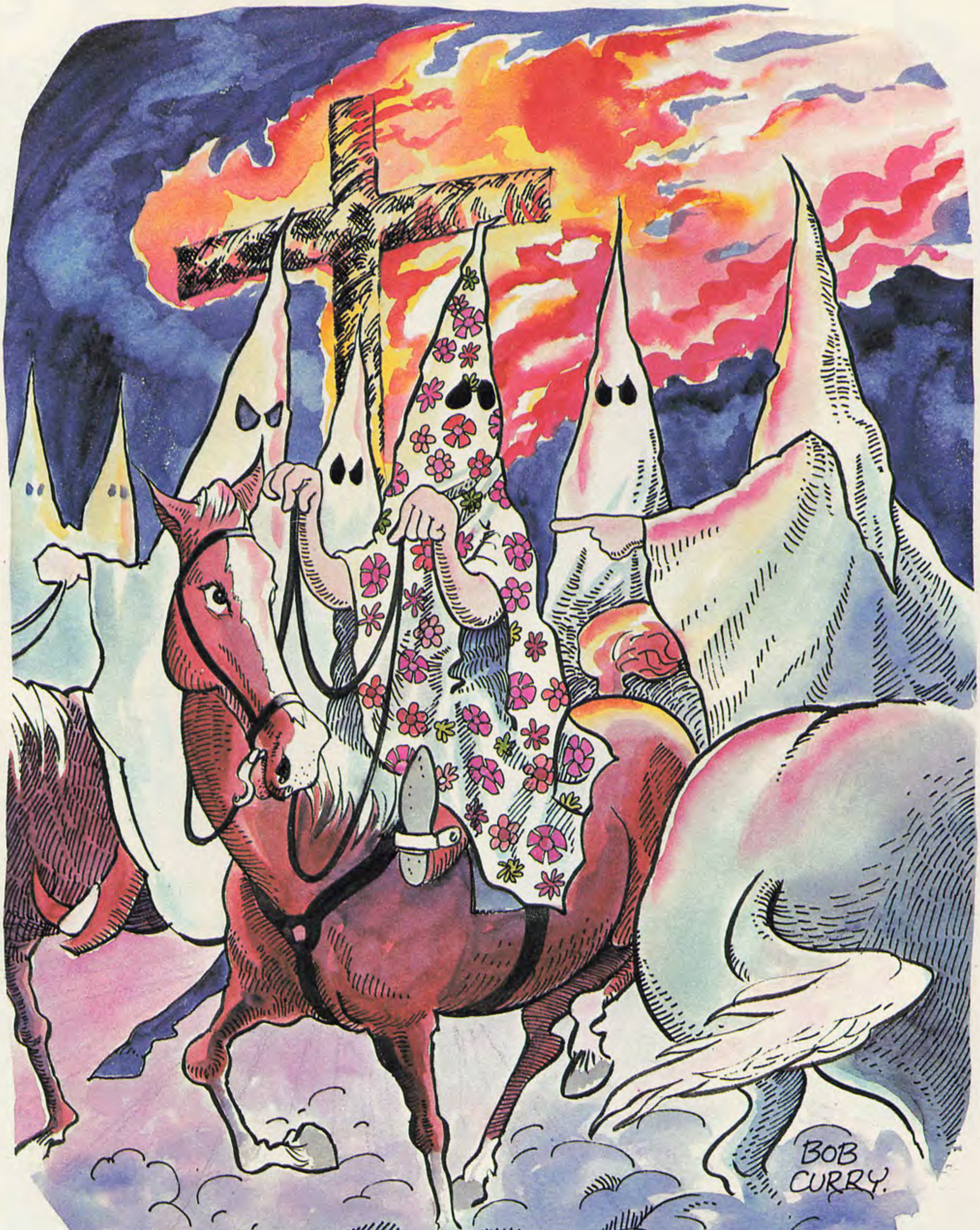
ITCH BUT NO TWITCH

My husband and I get along pretty well, both in bed and out. However, every so often it seems our sex life takes a turn for the worse. And although it's still fairly good, it sometimes gets boring. We have tried a threesome a couple of times, which really turned us on and helped for a while, but the excitement eventually wore off.

My husband is the first guy I've ever been with, so my sexual ideas are pretty limited. We read "Penthouse Forum" and your column every month and love the stories, which often report on things we'd like to try. But living in the middle of town makes privacy difficult, and with two children we can't just pack up and leave. I love my husband too much to lose him because of boring sex. I am willing to try just about anything that will help perk us up.



"He's being punished."



"We'd like to have a word with you, Brother Bruce!"

PENTHOUSE GI







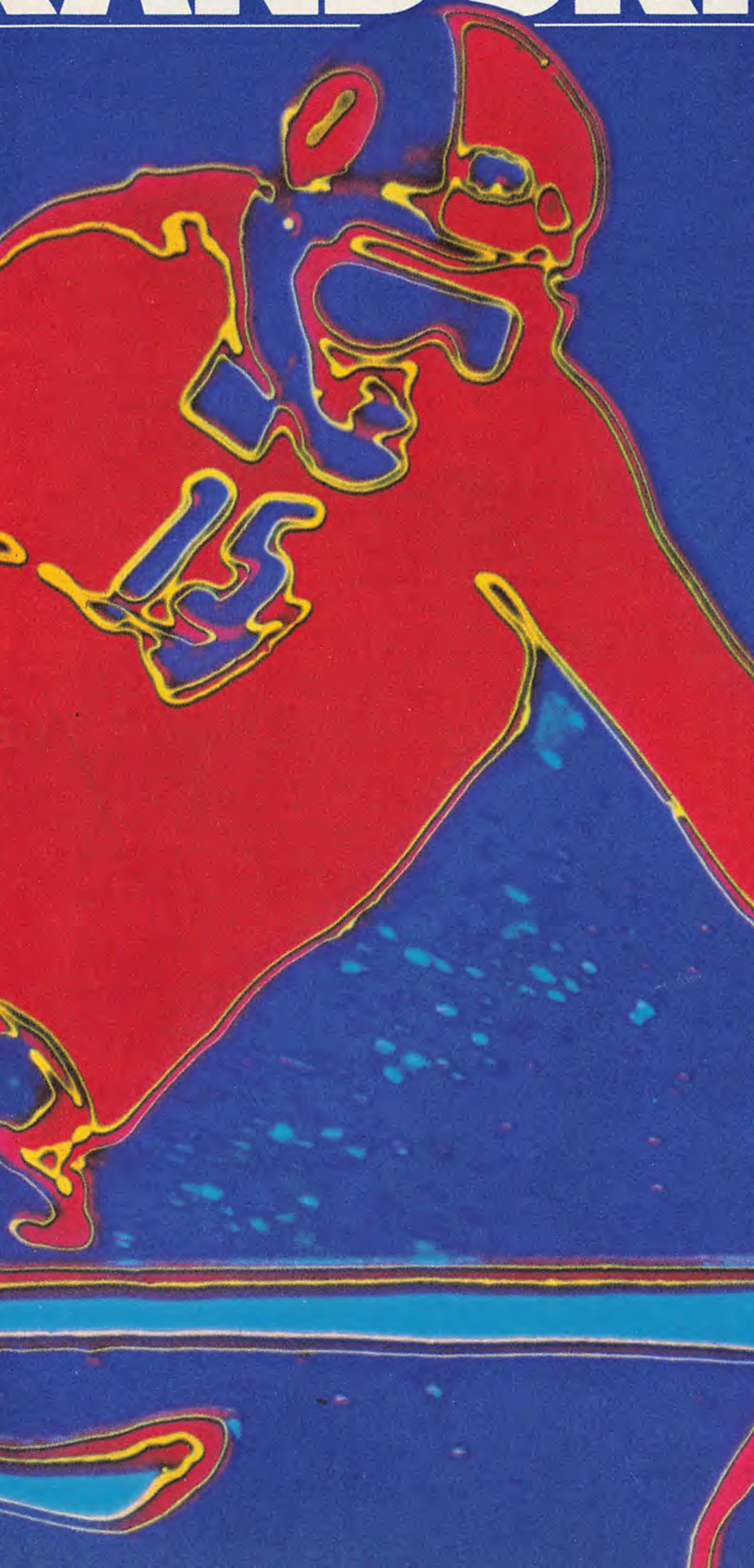




Four-wheel-drive Quattro (top) courtesy of Porsche/Audi; Honda ATC 185S and 110 three-wheelers by Honda Motorcycles; Mach Racing Skis by Skis Lacroix, USA, Division Baldwin Sports, Inc.; Trident ski boots by Nordica; Clothing, sunglasses and goggles by Gaechter-Haber, Bollé America, Denver, Colorado.

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February 10, Steamboat, CO, Panasonic
February 13, Winter Park, CO, J&B
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I think one of the problems could be that I hardly know my own body. I never learned to masturbate when I was younger and I have never experienced an orgasm. I know I have come twice, since I have two children, but I never feel anything. Maybe I read too many books. Just once I'd like to feel explosions—or even a tingle—like it seems everyone else has. I feel so inadequate when we're making love and I can't come. Though my husband doesn't complain, I'm sure he must feel that way sometimes, too.—J.H.

Knowing your own body is the first step to sexual liberation. Prudishness and Calvinistic upbringing, combined with guilt and shame, have ruined many a good marriage and frustrated many women. You say you've had two orgasms because you have two children. You should know that conception does not automatically set off an orgasm.

You should make an effort to achieve an orgasm by whatever means it requires. Have you tried a vibrator, oral sex, manual stimulation, holding your pussy under the shower or bath faucet? As far as the children are concerned, I presume they have their own rooms and go to sleep at an earlier hour than you do. You should not worry about the children unless you have a creaming orgasm with moans and groans. Maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea for you to get involved with another third partner who is a sensual bisexual woman or even a lesbian. Let her try to satisfy your needs. You, in turn, may learn to relax and explore her body and in so doing find out more about yourself. And if you allow your husband to watch, he may learn what pleases his wife.

To learn about your own body and how to masturbate, pick up a hand mirror and look at your vagina, clitoris, and inner and outer lips. Rub there gently, dipping your finger into your mouth to make it wetter. Rub on or around your clitoris and think of pleasurable things. Possibly then your first orgasm will soon set in.

AUTOEROTICISM

I take a certain young girl to work about three times a week. This is part of my job, as I am employed by a limousine service. Lisa is a very quiet girl and dresses quite casually. After I picked her up about four or five times, we got to talking and I found her quite interesting and mysterious.

I told her that once or twice a week I go into the city to see the professional girls, and each Saturday night I have a girl who keeps me quite content with my sexual desires. She then questioned me as to my sexual preferences in women's clothing and what turned me on the most. I told her that I like tight pants and skirts with slits up the front.

The next time I picked her up she was wearing skintight pants and I could almost see the shape of her pussy. Man, did I get a hard-on, thinking how nice it would be if she would just stretch her legs so I could see the shape of her pussy outlined in her pants! I didn't have the nerve to ask, so I just hoped the ride would never end.

A few days later I picked her up and couldn't believe my eyes. She was wearing a beautiful white dress, buttoned up the front, with sky-high heels. I couldn't keep my eyes off her beautiful body. I dreamed of asking her to open one button at a time and I would kiss every inch of her as it became exposed until I was between her legs, kissing her pussy, and then working my way up to her beautiful tits. I'd eat her till she came, and then if she didn't want to get me off, it would be okay because just eating her pussy, I'm sure I would come with no problem.

I'm fifty-two years old and have had my share of girls, both professional girls and ladies of my own. I want this girl so much that when I'm with this other young lady that I see every Saturday night, I pretend it's her. During the week, when I'm all by myself, I get to thinking of that white dress, and I can't help playing with myself and fantasizing that she is with me.

My question to you, Ms. Hollander, is, Should I continue trying to pick up this girl and drive myself crazy, or just be content with seeing her and dreaming? I've been going with girls just to avoid thinking of her, but I just can't seem to help myself. Lisa seems to enjoy me talking to her the way I do, but she won't let me touch her. I'm so desperate for her that she's got me coming in my pants.—D.B.

The fact that she is not jumping into your arms should not surprise you. Yours is a business relationship, so why should she? I, too, have been sexually excited about quite a few taxi and limousine drivers in my life, and the parties were quite happy to leave it at some innocently sexy chatter without seriously getting involved. They generally had their own family and I had my business to attend to. Our talks and brief touches merely worked as an appetizer for later sessions with other partners.

In your case, I'd suggest you go on flirting with her, but keep her up at that imaginary pedestal you have her on. Continue your work and your private life as well. Visit a hooker from time to time and date other girls once in a while. Keep the girl in the white dress as the fantasy woman.

HEAD IN THE HEAD

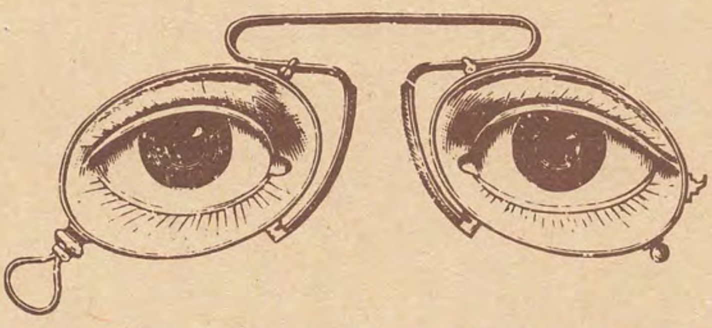
I'm a twenty-eight-year-old housewife, with a fairly tall build (five feet eight inches) and a nice figure except for being a bit small in the chest. Most of the time I'm a model wife and mother, and I get a good deal of joy from my life. But once a week I do something that many would call kinky. I call it liberated and absolutely wonderful.

I put on no makeup or perfume, bind my breasts firmly against my chest, wear jeans, a checkered shirt, tennis shoes with sweat socks, and stuff all my hair beneath

CONTINUED ON PAGE 153



"I'm promoting Crawford. Crawford came up the hard way."



VIEW FROM THE TOP

TAKING A STAB AT '83

BY ROBERT S. WIEDER

Most self-proclaimed "psychics" would have you believe that predicting the future involves precognition—some extraordinary, if not extrasensory, vision. Bah. Such "prophecy" requires nothing more than foresight and logic: perceiving subtle cultural patterns, extrapolating trends, or simply recognizing the inevitable.

Anyone who's paid any real attention to the past year knows damn well what to expect (or at least not be shocked by) in 1983. Just think of a 1982 with less charm, security, and taste—and you've got the future picture. So here, in approximate order of probability, are just a few self-evident "predictions."

Almost Guaranteed to Happen. At least one nationally beloved American actor-performer, of John Wayne vintage and magnitude, will conclude a long and fabulous career by passing away. The media will generate gales of lamentation and eulogize the departed as the noblest American since Dr. Schweitzer. Few of the deceased's contemporaries will still be alive to recall that, in fact, he (or she) was one of the biggest assholes this side of the IRS.

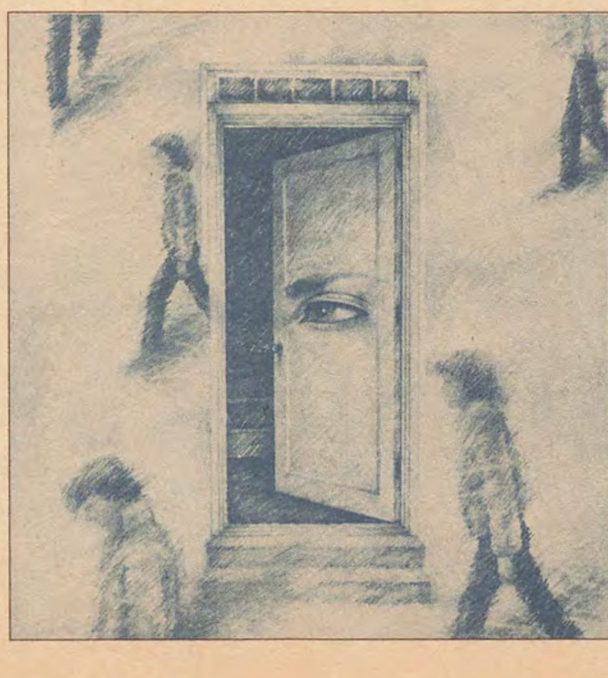
Every "psychic" in the business will predict "Tragedy for a Member of the Kennedy Family." The sheer size and adventurous life-style of the Kennedys, plus simple statistical probabilities, usually give such visionaries a lock on accuracy. But as it turns out, the Kennedys will have a year uncannily free of misfortune, and the seers will be forced to cite one daughter's encounter with herpes to cover their forecast.

A Latin American rookie pitcher who has the English vocabulary of a parrot will win his first seven starts in the American League with three shut-outs and a 0.81 ERA. He'll be a sensation, and will start the All-Star Game. By September 15 he'll be 8-18 with an ERA approaching four figures. By October 15 he'll be fighting in the Bolivian highlands.

Nine more books will be published on the subject of Watergate, moving this topic into 103rd place on the all-time Literary Popularity list, past zeppelin design, into a tie with the Louisiana Purchase. (Cat books will leap from 83rd place to 41st, just behind Jewish culture.)

A prominent rock musician/comedian/actor/actress/athlete will die by plane crash/overdose/drowning/bursting into flame/choking on his or her her own phlegm/suicide. The death will be publicly blamed on drugs/alcohol/fame/a woman/a man/Reaganomics. Someone will link the death to JFK's assassination.

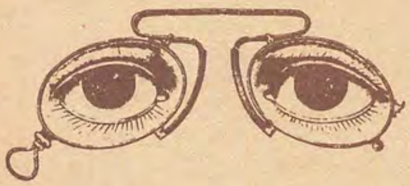
Increasingly Likely, the Way Things Are Going. Liz Taylor and Jackie Onassis will develop a heretofore unknown form of optic-nerve degeneration due to long-term repeated exposure to flashbulbs. Alarmed public figures will shun photographers. Accordingly, *People* and *Us*—faced with competition from ever more "personality" magazines—will suffer a severe celebrity shortage, forcing them, by year's end, to begin importing cheap foreign celebrities from Europe, Japan, and Taiwan. Talk shows will hire interpreters.



KAREN A. COMERFORD

The hot arcade game of the year will be an air-sea-land battle format from Atari called Falklands Firefight. Coincidentally, its gross profits will almost exactly equal the total cost of the war. Everyone from the pope to Andy Rooney will decry the game's egregious poor taste, but the bottom line will spark such go-go spin-offs as Solidarnösc Standoff, Blitz Over Beirut, Salvadorian Shakeout, and Afghanistan—So What?

Katharine Hepburn will receive an Academy Award nomination wheth-



er she makes a film this year or not. And Best Supporting Actor will very nearly be won by a puppet—E.T.—before human actors, and their agents, grasp the implications.

An obscure clinical psychologist in Bridgeport, Conn., will, on a whim, open a Preppie Deprogramming Clinic in mid-March. He will be a millionaire before Christmas Eve, on which occasion he will barely escape an attempt on his life by his own daughter, who will attack him with a shrimp fork.

In the wake of such recent trends as Survivalism, Cowboy Chic, and Signature Jeans, America will be swept by a hybrid of the three, the newest de rigueur fashion item: designer guns. The Halston derringer won't be able to hit a silo; and the "Blass-ter" 12-gauge shotgun will have a vexing tendency to go off at random. But the mode will prosper until late October, when Brooke Shields will shoot herself in the lap with a .38 Calvin while filming a TV commercial, just missing her babymaker.

A vilely smarmy tabloid will publish blurred pornographic photos of a man with a woman alleged to be Justice Sandra Day O'Connor. The tabloid will be thunderously and universally condemned, but will make record profits. Later, the photos will be used as gag Christmas cards by four congressmen, two Cabinet officials, and, it will be rumored, Justice O'Connor.

Much More Plausible Than You Might Think. Johnny Carson will walk off "The Tonight Show" in a salary dispute, but return five weeks later under presidential edict when the number of nationwide fatalities directly attributable to late-night boredom, frustration, and tension passes the 50,000 mark.

The American Cancer Society will be thrown into a state of turmoil, and pandemonium will reign in the field of oncological research, when exhaustive studies prove that being *tested* for cancer is a leading cause *of* cancer, in both rats and humans.



R. MELLOUL/SYGMA

CHRISTIAN SIMONPIETRI/SYGMA

Will sexual desperation bring Bo and Barry together?

The CIA will reveal that Rubik's Cube was in fact conceived by the KGB as an auto-hypnotic device, and marketed in the West in an attempt to lull the American public into a mesmerized stupor. The U.S. will invoke its "M.A.D." strategy—Mutual Assured Dementia—and air-drop 2 million portable battery-powered Pac-Man games into the U.S.S.R. Tass will condemn this as "psychological aggression," but also boast that a lady welder in Omsk has run up 644 straight games.

Go Ahead and Snicker Now, But ... A psychopath will run amok with an automatic rifle in a Dallas shopping mall, firing at anyone wearing a Lacoste shirt. In fifteen minutes, 104 persons will be wounded. The accused will later be found not guilty due to temporary insanity, thanks to a brilliant defense based on the "breaking-point provocation" principle. This so-called Alligator-madness precedent will result in wholesale panic, several suicides, and other improvements in the fashion industry.

John Hinckley, Jr., will shape up, write a best-selling *mea culpa*, be released, become an A-list celebrity, and, in the ultimate irony, have a torrid affair with Jodie Foster. Inspired by this, various sexually desperate men will try to duplicate his success with halfhearted attempts on the lives of Barry Goldwater (for Bo Derek), Henry Jackson (for Debbie Boone), Jack Kemp (for Loni Anderson), Jimmy Carter (for Suzi Chapstick), and Nancy Kassebaum (for Erik Estrada).

The latest fad "cure" for Herpes II will be "genital coating," or having one's pubic area laminated. This will not only be a significant stride in venereal disease prevention, but will become the rage in sexual stylishness among liberals, Californians, and Christian fundamentalists. 3-M will introduce a spray-on sealant called "Crotch-Gard" in twelve designer hues, and sell 26 million cans.

Beginning in Detroit, whole states in the Midwest will be gradually paralyzed by massive general strikes and plant takeovers by unemployed auto workers and their aftermarket allies—workers in tires, batteries, tape decks, fuzzy dice, etc. They will coalesce into a kind of super-union, called Solidarity West, behind a mysterious figurehead identified only as "Lech Michigan." Federal troops will be used to restore order. The U.S.S.R. will announce an embargo on vodka to America.

SCENES



SOLDIERS' PLAYS

Sixteen years ago, an American army sergeant lay wounded on a mountain peak on the Cambodia-Vietnam border, waiting to be airlifted. At that unlikely moment, he decided to be an actor.

The soldier was Thomas A. Bird, and he made good on his wartime fantasy. Not only did he become an actor, so that he could articulate his feelings about his war experiences, but he also founded a theater so that other veterans could exorcise their own nightmares about the war and share the healing.

The theater is the **Veterans Ensemble Theater Company** (VETCo.), which in its three years of existence has produced eight plays by former servicemen, five revivals of war-theme classics, and many workshop readings of plays still in the works. In addition to the performances given in its New York City theater, VETCo. takes its work to veterans hospitals and to wider audiences through television appearances. Although non-veterans work on some shows, the plays are mostly written, performed, and produced by veterans for veterans—more than 1,500 in three years—and for all others who need to know.

"We're at a crucial point at de-

veloping an audience," says Tom Bird, sitting pensively in his airless, souvenir-stacked office. "We want to continue to address the moral and ethical issues that war raises. But we also want to appeal to larger audiences, and to do plays that more people want to see."

The company's dual impulses—to present professional theater according to all the rules of that respectable game, and to speak out on matters of profound importance to the country's "invisible minority" population of war veterans—are not easily integrated in a gaudy profession that places great store in entertainment of the laughing-and-scratching variety. But the combination of purposes gives VETCo. an identity utterly unlike that of any other performing-arts company.

VETCo. members don't even *look* like the rest of the theater crowd that shares its space at 314 W. 54 St. Like any other complex shared by several Off-Off-Broadway companies, this is a busy building. Music bubbles out from open doors. Wigged actors in period costume prance down the corridors. People are always yelling for coffee. But some guy comes down the hall in baggy pants, hanging off his skinny behind, and with this messianic gleam in his eyes, and you *know* what door that man's headed for.

The plays they do are different, too. Things like *In Pursuit of Liberty*, a dramatization of the 1971 Christmas Eve demonstration in which members of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War occupied the Statue of Liberty. Like *A Few Good Men*, a combat fantasy-drama about a handful of the estimated 2,500 American servicemen still unaccounted for in Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos. And like *Sarge* and *Dong Lai*, two harrowing portraits of veterans coping with severe physical and emotional legacies from the war. Even their revival productions—Arthur Miller's *All My Sons* and Arthur Laurents's *Home of the Brave*, for example—offer a clear notion of the company's uncompromising political aesthetic.


CATHY BLAIVAS

A Few Good Men: *still unaccounted for in Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos.*

"The goal of the company is to combine our individual needs to speak about a shattering aspect of this country's spiritual life," says its artistic director. In creating a "forum for understanding," Thomas Bird and his colleagues are really offering veterans of all wars—"all the invisible minorities within the veterans community"—an artistic platform for becoming visible again. Social visibility, argues the group's manifesto, begins with articulation.

These days, Tom Bird has finally begun to feel that articulation is not such an impossible goal. A soft-spoken, smooth-shaven man with a priestly demeanor, he sits in his office surrounded by words. There are scripts, if not everywhere, at least in evidence. In the first year of its existence, VETCo. got only about forty manuscripts. This year it's up to about 200. And the more scripts he receives, the better the director can assess the issues that are dominating veterans' minds.

"In the beginning, we got a real preponderance of autobiographical plays," says Bird. "They always had to do with some guy's personal living nightmare. Some of them made great reading, but this kind of heavy psychodrama I would call therapeutic rather than theatrical writing. There would be big problems translating them into dramatic terms."

More recently, he's been getting plays of the more complex variety, such as the one about the veteran and his wife who have given birth to a deformed child. Or the one about the non-vet friends of a veteran trying to adjust to their buddy's imminent death from cancer. Or like *Back to Back*, a comedy,


BILL PIERCE

Veteran director Tom Bird.

set in a Vietnam bunker, that Bird is really high on. "The big metaphor in Vietnam was about waste," he says, in explanation of the play's appeal. "You waste time, you burn human waste, and friends get wasted. So, hey—*war* is a waste, which is what this play is all about."

But even the more common psychodrama horror plays are important to VETCo.'s work, Bird points out, because they're all part of a larger scheme to involve thousands of veterans in communicating with each other through a common dramatic voice. "One of the greatest compliments to our work is that it serves as a model for similar groups of Vietnam veterans involved in theaters across the country," he says. As soon as some secure funding level is reached, VETCo. hopes to establish "a national communications network with these groups to form a national veterans theater."

In the meanwhile, the scripts that are slowly coming out of back pockets and duffle bags already serve as eloquent testimony about where veterans' heads are. For Tom Bird, every day of script reading is in the nature of a revelation.

"For the most part, the plays we get from Vietnam vets are about being back there. Or about what it



was like shortly after they got home. World War II vets, on the other hand, tend to send us musicals, or plays with George Patton characters. At least, there are a lot of large, bald-headed, boisterous men in them."

Bird himself is a very broad-visioned person. In December 1981, he was one of the four Vietnam combat veterans who undertook a controversial trip to Hanoi financed by *Penthouse* Magazine. Although the trip was made by special invitation from the Vietnamese government, the mission was strictly unofficial in the eyes of the U.S. State Department.



BILL PIERCE

In Pursuit of Liberty: *Vietnam veterans strike back.*

In a follow-up visit this past June, Bird led another group of VVA members to Vietnam, where they continued talks with Vietnamese officials on a number of crucial issues. These included: a fuller accounting of 2,500 servicemen still listed as missing in Vietnam and neighboring countries; an international scientific commission to study the effects of Agent Orange; and the enlistment of humanitarian agencies to aid the children of Vietnamese women and now departed American soldiers.

Although the trips were inconclusive, Bird was sobered by his own experiences. "Those trips served to refocus my attention on America," he says thoughtfully. "We saw a lot of suffering in Vietnam, especially children suffering, and when we came back we hoped to find that America would be responsive. We hoped to find that America was not really rotting at the core.

"We perpetuated a chaos on those people, only to withdraw as if we had no moral responsibility to them. Our State Department, as a matter of policy, is isolating Vietnam from basic humanitarian aids. Maybe it's deliberate, to get Americans so mired down in their own economic difficulties that they can't see this, or anything else. Then the administration can just go ahead with their own unilateral foreign policy, cutting social programs so they can raise the defense budget and build up the military. Maybe that's what they're doing, but I find it to be immoral."

In his distress over the "absence of morals and ethics" that he sees in America, Bird has found himself in what he calls a spiritual crisis. "Either I'm not praying properly or I'm not asking the right questions in my prayers, but I'm not getting the right answers to my prayers," he says, with sadness rather than anxiety in his voice. His basic prayer, he says, "has something to do with making the world a better place to live in, on a human level." Tom Bird considers that a lot of veterans pray the way he does. And he hopes that these days, when answers don't come so easily, they will come to his theater and help each other in the solution.—*Marilyn Stasio*

FILMS



DEAD SEASON

In a dark and slightly dingy way, it shimmers with quality. You'll see it in the decors, the Irish bars, the wood-paneled offices of one Boston law firm and the authentic grime of another. You'll sense it in the camera's placement: low angles that whisper "perspective," long-distance shots where you'd expect close-ups, so that no intimacy may be shared out of context. Above all, you'll know it from the casting in Sidney Lumet's ***The Verdict***. Paul Newman is a lawyer no longer young, out of luck, out of courage, cash, sobriety—out of everything except sex appeal and integrity. James Mason, genially imperious and suave, is so successful that his huge law firm could redraft the Constitution once a month and never feel the effort. Between them, the lady in the shadows, is Charlotte Rampling. That does it for me. No director casts Charlotte Rampling as love interest, for love interest. He casts her to show his commitment to patrician bone structure, his indifference to flesh, to secondary sexual characteristics. With a physical magnetism so elusive no ordinary man can feel it, she is the test, the proof he has outgrown the Pablum of the Dream Factory. Who would dream of Charlotte Rampling?

Frank Gavlin (Paul Newman) would. The middle-aged failure, reduced to soliciting business from widows at funerals, finally gets a good malpractice suit, which he's not supposed to bring to trial because everyone wants the settlement money, not the courtroom victory. But Gavlin actually sees the human vegetable created by the distinguished anesthesiologist of the hospital run by the Boston Archdiocese. And so he goes to battle against those forces—the Church, James Mason plus twenty junior partners, his own clients, and a judge bought and paid for—helped only by an old shyster buddy (Jack Warden) and the slender support of Charlotte Rampling.

Win or lose—guess which—there's an acceptable two-hour made-for-TV special hidden in this material. A bit pretentious maybe, too heavy on the atmospherics, but with enough standard goodies—the legal grandstanding, the surprise witness, etc.—to carry the show. They're all present in *The Verdict*. But they have been encased in such stylish cinematic circumlocution that you may have to pinch yourself to notice you're watching a thoroughly ordinary up-from-the-gutter courtroom melodrama with a pair of bad guys on the other side so gratuitously evil they might not even wash on prime-time television.

The curiosity here isn't the tacky story or the principal actors—Newman, Mason, and Warden—who are just fine, and of course are directed by a master, but the case of the master himself.

Sidney Lumet, now fifty-eight, must rank as the last complete movie professional. With thirty films to his credit, he seems ready to tackle anything—what he was born to do (*Prince of the City*), what he probably shouldn't do (*Equus, Deathtrap*), even what he can't do (*The Wiz*)—with equal amounts of well-placed or mis-

placed care and energy.

The Verdict is one of his mistakes. Drenched in manner and mood, it pretends to occupy more moral territory than it has actually won. Where *Prince of the City* struggled with ambiguity, *The Verdict* collapses in inconsistencies. Lumet pushes on anyway. Next time will be better, or the time after that. I think he is a specialist attempting a generalist's career, but unable or unwilling to bend unlikely material to the needs of his own artistic vision. No matter. Where the vision does surface it looks better in each new success, each passing failure.

You can't say the same for Hal Ashby or Robert Altman, potentially two richer talents than Sidney Lumet, who, in ***Lookin' to Get Out*** and ***Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean***, respectively, demonstrate the danger that lurks in thinking deeply for yourself. I'm not really sure that what Hal Ashby and Robert Altman do on screen these days can be called thinking—though both have, not too long ago, made fine movies of an especially personal stamp.

Lookin' to Get Out, about two Runyonesque New York gamblers (John Voight and Burt Young) persuing a desperate, bound-to-fail Las Vegas scam, almost defies characterization. It is breathtakingly inept, as if they had finished filming two weeks before the actors held line rehearsals, which in turn ended a month before the writers completed the screenplay. It is so utterly at wit's end that the mere appearance of a minor character with something to do—for example, a cocktail waitress taking an order and serving a drink—rivets your attention with its purposefulness.

Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean, on the other hand, never approaches wit's end. It was, of course, a Broadway play, a dreadful Broadway play that Altman directed and that he now asserts finds its true form on the screen. I'm told the staging seemed especially awful in the theater. On film, it's the screenplay that seems especially awful. But I suspect they deserve one another. Nothing could be made of those lines; nothing good has been.

Come Back to the 5 & Dime is small-town poetic realism (set in Texas, where twenty years earlier James Dean had come to film *Giant*) of the sort in which people, all of them women, lose their illusions and discover themselves. For example, Sandy Dennis learns that, despite her fond memories, the late James Dean didn't father her twenty-year-old son. Her stylish friend, Karen Black, did—before his sex-change operation. And everyone learns that sexy Cher still has her lovely breasts that way because they aren't hers, they're latex. And so on, and on . . .



Win or lose: Paul Newman as the out-of-luck lawyer in The Verdict.



Eva Mattes as Céleste.

I saw *Come Back to the 5 & Dime* under better circumstances than it deserved, in the elegant French seaside resort of Deauville, where they hold a festival of American films each year, and where a dozen miles down the coast you can visit Cabourg, with its Grand Hotel. At the turn of the century, Marcel Proust stayed there, and he made it a major setting in *The Remembrance of Things Past*. The hotel is a location, one of very few, in a superb new German movie based on the memoirs of Céleste Albaret, who as a young woman became Proust's housekeeper during the last years of his life.

The director, Percy Adlon, has previously made documentaries. But ***Céleste*** is drama—though not fiction—of a very subtle and lucid kind. Most of the time Céleste patiently sits and waits, while some yards down the hall, behind the closed door of his cork-lined bedroom, the fabulous invalid feverishly writes and revises the greatest prose work of the century—which she will never read. When he rings, she goes, usually carrying his tray of boiled milk and tea. He may not speak. But their eyes will meet, and through such things as the raising of a hand, eyes meeting, shared smiles, the film develops a relationship full of mutual respect, good humor, tenderness, irony, love, I'd guess, and, I am sure, a profound equality. Proust of course does speak, entertains, researches society for his novel, suffers horribly from asthma, eventually dies. Céleste also speaks, narrates for us, and when necessary meets Proust's repartee at its level. But the film depends so much on images and a repertory of small gestures that sometimes the talk, especially when it isn't between Proust and Céleste, seems an unwelcome intrusion.

The acting to carry such a chamber drama must be very fine. In *Céleste* it is spectacular. Jürgen Arndt captures a Proust of immense self-assurance, some malice, but more warmth, genuine kindness, and charm. This is the Proust one reads of, come to life. Eva Mattes's Céleste, on the other hand, has no such external reference. Everything grows out of direct response and an unadorned simplicity. Between Eve Mattes and the camera, as between Proust and Céleste, there is a perfect accord possible only in a great performance that is created just for film.

The Cabourg hotel, some Paris façades, and shots of Céleste's home village notwithstanding, this is very much an interior movie—a drama enacted around tables, chairs, the tea tray, half-opened or closed doors. It is Céleste's world, the world of a housekeeper, substantial, habitual, seemly, discreet. It isn't exactly Proust's world, though it sustains him, and between the master and the servant there develops a gentle rivalry that turns this into a subtle comedy of manners. After Proust dies, Céleste cuts off a lock of his hair—her own way of assuring a past recaptured. The movie builds to that moment, and the look that crosses her face, its last image, is a smile that keeps and reveals everything.—*Roger Greenspun*



WORDS



FUNNY MEN

On the front of Sid Caesar's book, ***Where Have I Been?*** (Crown) is the description "an autobiography." Beneath Caesar's name, however, it also says, "with Bill Davidson." What did Bill do? Go for coffee? Transcribe tapes? Collate material? Did he actually do some writing? And if he did, is it still "an autobiography"? I ask these questions not to be picky, but because somehow this small dilemma is a microcosm of the larger dilemma of authorized celebrity biography. If a celebrity with a career at stake is directing the literary process, can an honest book about his or her life follow? Does the publisher care? Does the reader?

Where Have I Been? purports to be an excruciatingly honest book about the meteoric rise and fall of the comedic genius behind early television's "Your Show of Shows" and "Caesar's Hour." After charting Caesar's humble beginnings in Yonkers, N.Y., where he learned to play saxophone and imitate the talk of patrons of his parents' luncheonette, the book tracks his career through the war and his USO experiences, through the nightclubs and Broadway dressing rooms of the 1940s, through the inception of television in the 1950s and the creation and development of two of the great comedy shows of the century. Mel Brooks, Carl Reiner, Larry Gelbart, Imogene Coca, are shown here in their early humor habitat, pioneers of a time when they couldn't produce TV sets fast enough to keep up with the demand. At the helm, Sid Caesar, the comic giant, sitting on a throne given him by his writers, master of the humor world, making money, Mr. Success. Up to this point, the book is great. Snippets of old "Show of Shows" sketches appear throughout the text, providing proper flavor for what is essentially a concise career history of the period.

It is around 1958, at the canceling of "Caesar's Hour," that Caesar's career and this book break down. Caesar, because of what he describes as "pressure" and lack of self-worth, addicted to booze and pills, goes into a twenty-year wallow, and the book becomes one man's alternative to Alcoholics Anonymous. Not that I am quibbling with Mr. Caesar's life. No, it's just that out of the death-grapple of a great artist, one expects more than the pat psychology offered here. The fear-thread running through the book is the story Caesar tells of how, when Sid was an infant, his brother Dave used to tie a rope to his baby carriage, let it roll down the hill in front of his house, and then hoist it back up again. Caesar, terrified by this event in infancy, finds it coming back to him in later years whenever he feels out of control. This, combined with guilt and self-loathing, provides the explanation for his dropout. Why is this not enough? Because one is given so little information about Caesar's relationship with his wife, who saw him through the bad years. Presumably, he feels she has suffered enough and wants to spare her. He does, however, give her a page to explain why she didn't divorce him. His children are also given time to describe his bad behavior, which they do with eerie detachment.



MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

Pivotal point: Why did Jerry Lewis break with Dean Martin?

Finally, we are left with Caesar offering his scientific method to other alcoholics who are seeking help. Although one appreciates the bluntness and honesty of this particular endeavor, when the book is done, one has learned next to nothing about the pressure and fear that makes being a great comic performer a job eligible for hazard pay.

Jerry Lewis in Person (Atheneum), by Jerry Lewis with Herb Gluck, is a more satisfying book than Caesar's only because Lewis didn't drop out for twenty years and therefore has twenty years' more anecdotes and credits to put forth. The careers of the two men are remarkably similar in terms of Catskill resort training, opportunities gleaned through Army USO shows, and nightclub performing, except that Lewis veered off into movies and Caesar gained command of television.

The pivotal points in Lewis's life seem to be the departure of Dean Martin and an injury to the spine, during a pratfall, that caused Lewis to get hooked on Percodan. Why did Martin and Lewis break up?



A meteoric rise and fall: Sid Caesar with Imogene Coca.

Well, it seems one day Dean just didn't want anything to do with Jerry anymore, ever, in any way. Was Jerry angry? Not according to Jerry. Just hurt. Okay. Anyway, Lewis didn't dwell on the split but branched out on his own, making movies and directing them, and all was well until the spinal injury caused a seven-year mental hiatus. This didn't stop him from doing his telethons, though, and in the end, heart surgeon Michael De Bakey got him off pills, and we can look forward to seeing him in the new Martin Scorsese movie.

Aside from guilt about his father and the standard feelings of inadequacy, Lewis cops to only one major crime: ignoring his wife and children. Like Caesar, Lewis admits to this quite freely and, having done his mea culpas, continues on with his discussion of Himself. As with Caesar, this omission of the human story, the nuts and bolts of daily existence outside of career, leaves a big hole in the book. One is left wishing that Florence Caesar and Patti Lewis would both go on Mrs. Allen Funt's show, "Are You Anybody?", and give us some down-home insight into what life with these great comedians is really like.

Russell Baker is not a comedic performer. He is a great humor writer, and though he does confess to giving his wife a hard time about getting married, he seems to love her and relate to her, at least in print, as a human being. Maybe it's the performing that alienates a person and not comedy, after all.

Growing Up (Congdon & Weed) is a lovely book. Mr. Baker, the Pulitzer Prize–winning columnist for the *New York Times*, has written a fascinating, complex, and charming account of his family's fortunes during the Depression and his childhood reaction to them. Penrod Meets Studs Terkel might be one way of describing it.

Baker, born in the mountains of Virginia to a schoolteacher mother and stonemason father who died of diabetes at the age of thirty-two, tells the story of his mother's trek east to get away from Ida Rebecca, her fearsome, matriarchal mother-in-law, and to find a home of her own. Between his mother and his father, Baker had about fifteen aunts and uncles, a huge family of strong, eccentric, American personalities who popped in and out of his life as they traversed 1930s America in search of some manner of gainful employment.



BEVERLY HALL

Family fortunes: Russell Baker recalls a Depression childhood.

This is not a book about a career. It is not a list of credits. It is a delicate story about influence and respect for it. Unlike Caesar and Lewis, whose various megalomanias swamp their books, leaving you with the feeling that humor is some sort of isolated genetic mutation, Baker paints an intricate portrait of the family members and the ethics they espoused that formed the matrix in which he grew up. Although he never says it outright, Baker clearly feels he owes a great part of his humor and personality to those who cared for him in a time when people had very little besides themselves to offer. That he owes more to his mother and his uncles and aunts than to the newspaper editors who later gave him work is evident throughout. The very humanity, reality, and depth of experience that is absent from the Caesar and Lewis books permeate this tale of the beginnings of a great American humorist.

After reading *Growing Up*, I find it even more odd that Caesar and Lewis could so arrogantly dismiss the importance of their personal lives, families, and country in the development of their comic personas. Perhaps this lack of gratitude and generosity and awareness of those closest to them goes further toward explaining their drug problems than the dreaded success that fate has dealt them.—*Emily Prager*

FALLING IN LOVE WITH LOVE

Jane Lahr and Lena Tabori are going to make a lot of lovers very happy. They've concocted this year's ideal love potion, a lavish, oversized paean to the most beautiful of human emotions. *Love: A Celebration in Art and Literature* (Stewart, Tabori & Chang) contains almost 100 full-color illustrations, flawlessly reproduced, of appropriately romantic works of art that alternate with matching literary selections. A cynic might point out that this reasonably priced volume overlooks the potential negative consequences of blind romantic passion . . . but it's doubtful that anyone could remain cynical for long while savoring its rich delights. A perfect Valentine.—*Peter Bloch*

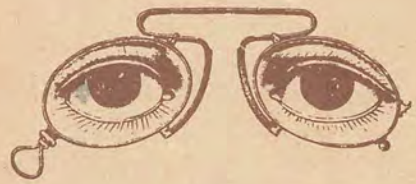
SOUNDS



THIRD WORLD INTRO

Split personalities, fertility rituals, mind control, and human sacrifice are hardly everyday subjects for pop songs. Nor do everyday pop tunesmiths arrive at arrangements for their songs by feeding recordings of African drumming into a sophisticated computer, adding synthesizer parts, rock guitar, and the sound of a whole troupe of Caribbean percussionists, and letting the computer stir, whip, and chop. And never, *ever*, do everyday pop stars admit that they're doing anything just for the money.

Peter Gabriel is not your everyday pop star. Even jaded British rock journalists who see outlandishly costumed new bands and oddball fads come and go year in and year out think he may be from outer space. After founding Genesis in the late sixties and building it into the most inventive and respected of all the early English art-rock bands, he quit cold in 1975. Since then he has released four stunning solo albums on four different record labels, each of them called simply *Peter Gabriel*. He also conceived and helped organize an ambitious festival of rock, folk, ethnic, and tribal music from every continent, dubbed WOMAD (World of Music and Dance) and held last July near his home and



studio, outside Bath in the English countryside.

The WOMAD festival was a cultural event of the first magnitude, but not even the participation of some of Britain's top rock stars kept it from losing lots of money. Without batting an eye, Gabriel persuaded his old mates in Genesis to join him for a one-time-only reunion concert in the fall. It drew 50,000 ecstatic Genesis fans and got WOMAD, an ongoing organization that aims to further cultural exchange, back on its feet. With typical bluntness, Gabriel called the concert "a case of asking the people for their money and giving them what they want—all the old Genesis music, nothing new."

Gabriel has always been determined to break new ground. Genesis combined dense, clever rock with concert presentations that grew increasingly theatrical, leading up to *The Lamb Lies Down on Broadway*, a mid-seventies mixed-media presentation that entailed scene and costume changes, elaborate masks, and a battery of special effects more advanced than anything seen in a rock show up to that time. The Genesis tour that presented this spectacle to America was a smashing critical and commercial success. When it was over, Gabriel abruptly announced he was quitting.

"There were both personal and musical reasons for leaving," Gabriel said recently as he sat in a borrowed Warner Brothers records office, pale and soft-voiced but intense, with steely blue eyes. "As the band got more successful, it began to be absorbed into the whole rock business machinery, and I felt that that was bound to become too confining. I had fought some battles with the other people in the band over the *Lamb* songs I'd written, and I just wanted to get out of the whole thing, out of the music business for a while. So I took eighteen months off."

Gabriel returned with a stunning new style of music—heavily electronic, powerfully emotional, and intense. "Here Comes the Flood," a song about a psychic invasion with a remarkably cinematic flow, helped his first solo album, *Peter Gabriel*, become a progressive radio favorite. Two more identically titled albums followed, and Gabriel's infrequent stage shows became the highlights of each rock season. The solid accomplishment and passion of his music, and the scope it offered creative musicians, attracted a core of first-rate players, including the bass virtuoso Tony Levin (who now divides his time between Gabriel and King Crimson) and synthesizer whiz Larry Fast. These and other top players (including, on one tour, guitarist Robert Fripp) stuck with Gabriel even when there wasn't as much money involved as they were accustomed to.

Gabriel's new album actually has a title, of sorts. His name is the only thing you see on the cover or the spine, but there's a sticker on the shrink wrap with another word on it: "Survival."

"Originally, I wanted my albums to have the same title but different cover pictures," he explained, with the barest suggestion of a grin tugging at the corners of his mouth. "Like issues of a magazine. But since I've made four albums for four different labels, the people at my new label, Geffen records, were very insistent about somehow identifying this one. So we compromised on this sticker—the world's first disposable album title."



PAUL CANTY/RETNA

Peter Gabriel: the computer as compositional tool.

The title may be disposable, but the songs are up to Gabriel's high standard. They are miniature movies, many of them disquieting or even shocking in terms of both subject matter (one song seems to compare Christian ritual to its roots in early fertility religions and in human sacrifice) and unexpected musical juxtapositions.

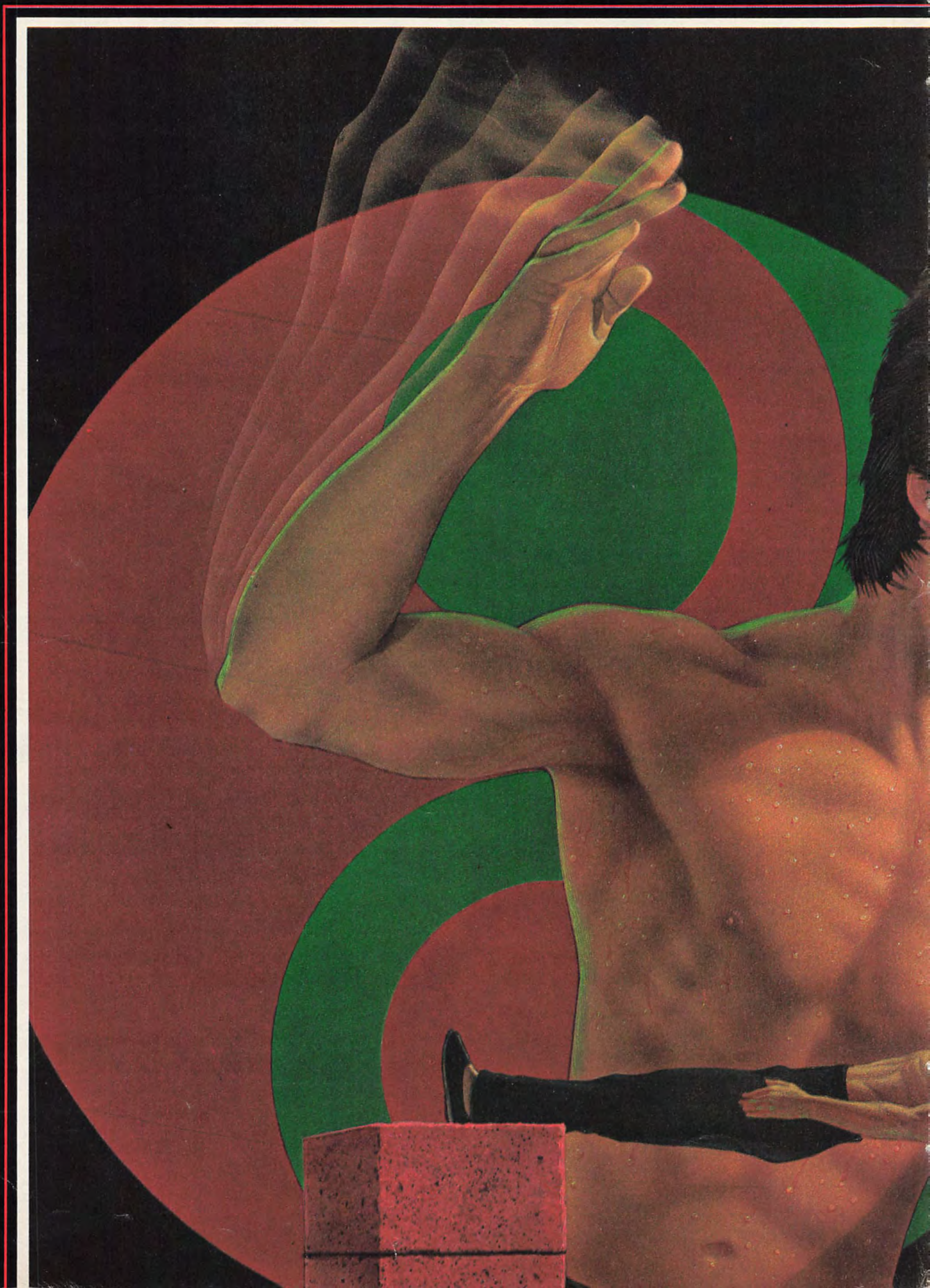
Gabriel is a leading exponent of the computer as compositional tool. He fed recordings of ethnic drumming and various animal and other natural sounds into a computer and electronically melded them together just to get a single sound, which he then looped, repeating it over and over as a basic rhythm part in his song "The Rhythm of the Heat." Layered on top of this odd twanging sound are synthesizers, a full rock rhythm section, and a West African drum orchestra. Yet the music never sounds cluttered—it's spacious, even open-sounding, like a tracking shot in a John Ford western.

Gabriel has been drawing on African and other Third World rhythms since his third album's "Biko," a processional-tempo tribute to the slain South African leader. He decided he wanted to give pop fans the opportunity to hear some of the ethnic music that has been inspiring him and many other rock composers in recent years, and the result was WOMAD. One of the festival's by-products is a double album, *Music and Rhythm* (Gem/PVC records), with selections by the cream of British progressive rock (the Who's Pete Townshend, XTC, Peter Hamill, the English Best, plus David Byrne of America's Talking Heads) and by drummers, devotional singers, and other musicians from every continent. The album is a wonderful introduction both to the world's traditional musics and to the many surprising ways in which they've influenced pop music we hear every day on our radios.

"There's a fad for African pop and African rhythms in England right now," Gabriel noted, "but I'm sure the Third World is going to have more and more influence on our culture long after this current fashion has died."

Gabriel's use of exotic rhythms also ties in with one of his principal themes—spirit possession, trance, mind control, all little-understood and to many people frightening areas of human experience. "I guess I write about these things because of some sort of struggle in my own life," he said. "I tend to think there are multiple personalities within most people, and that most of us are restricted by the single personality or front we've built up for the world. Other cultures have devised rituals, music, and so on that help people get out of their bodies, their personality fronts, and sometimes they're taken over by spirits or other personalities before being returned to their normal state. The only thing our culture has to help people step out of their personalities is therapy, and before you get into that you have to admit to yourself, 'I'm sick.' Well, what if you want to, *need* to have an experience of this sort but you're *not* sick?"

You *could* listen to a Peter Gabriel LP.—*Robert Palmer* O┼



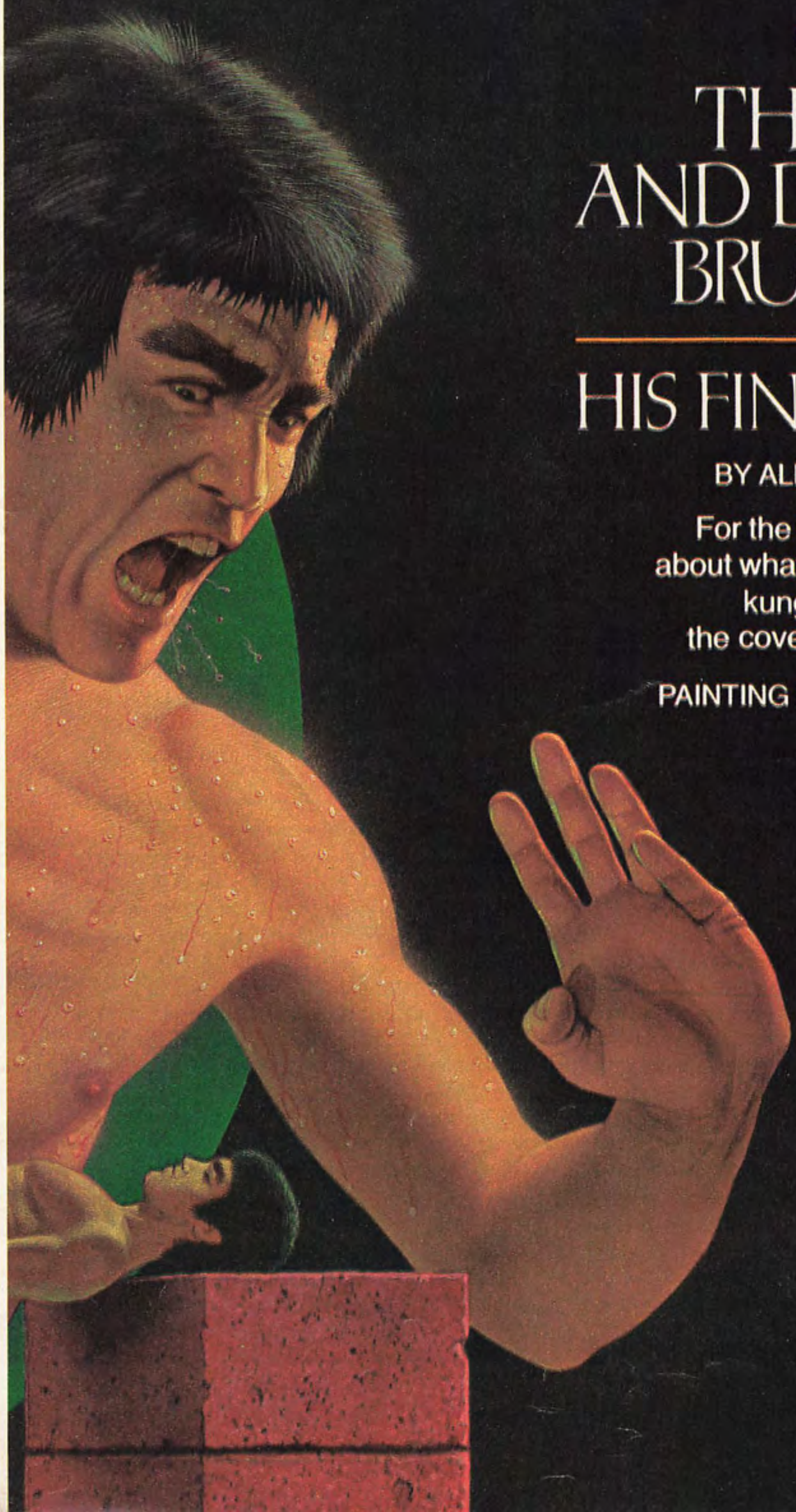
PART TWO

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF BRUCE LEE

HIS FINAL VICTIM

BY ALBERT GOLDMAN

For the first time, the truth about what killed the legendary kung-fu star...and the cover-up that followed.



PAINTING BY DON PUNCHATZ

All the witnesses agree: during the last months of his life, Bruce Lee was heading for a crack-up. No matter how you sized him up, the danger signals were unmistakable. The most obvious signal was weight loss. During his best years, Lee—who stood between five foot six and five foot seven and was very lightly boned—built himself up through diet and exercise to a peak of 155 pounds. Now this extra poundage began to melt away. Eventually, he went down to 120. When Danny Inosanto, Lee's principal disciple, saw his master for the last time, he was shocked by the change in his appearance. "You're too thin!" he warned. "How are you going to get your full power?" "My full power?" hissed Lee. "How about this?" With that he gave Inosanto a shoulder shot that sent the disciple flying twelve feet across the room. All the same, Lee was concerned about his inexplicable weight loss. His solution was to adopt a particularly nauseating diet: congealed bull's blood mixed with raw hamburger steak.

A more serious sign that Bruce Lee was in trouble was the startling fact that he had abandoned his exercise routine. A fanatic about physical conditioning and training, Lee had spent the better part of his life running, doing calisthenics, lifting weights, practicing martial-arts exercises, and sparring with his students. Believing that running was the best exercise, he did two to six miles of road work every day and pedaled ten to twenty miles every other day on a stationary bicycle. To achieve the ultimate in muscular strength and coordination, he had filled almost every room of his house in Hong Kong with martial-arts gear and exercise machines, most of the latter designed to his own specifications. Now, though, he spent most of his time locked up in his second-floor study, talking frantically on his telephones, sketching scenarios, and holding business conferences.

Money occupied the center of Lee's mind in his last days. After a lifetime of barely breaking even, he was determined now that he was famous enough to make—and keep—a fortune. His ideas of finance were pretty crude. Basically, he was concerned with hiding his wealth. He put his $250,000 house in the name of his "butler," Wu Ngan, so that in the event of a divorce his wife couldn't claim a share in the property. A more important consideration was how to hide his money from the IRS; for Lee was intent upon returning to Hollywood now that he was a superstar, but he dreaded the thought that the American government would take an enormous bite out of his earnings. When he sought the advice of Werner Wolfen, one of the smartest tax men in Los Angeles, he was told firmly by this expert (who saw Lee as a "street person") that he would not participate in any illegal schemes. Lee left the lawyer's office in high dudgeon. Just before he died, however, Lee sent the tax expert a handwritten note agreeing to follow his advice. This pattern of defying reason and then reversing himself was highly characteristic of Lee. It was the yin and yang of his reckless and impulsive temperament.

Another reason that Bruce Lee spent so much time holed up inside his walled villa (not a mansion, by any means, but a narrow, two-story Japanese-style house with its back to a railroad track) was that he was suffering from paranoia. During his final months, Lee fancied himself, like a character in one of his films, surrounded on every side by enemies. Just as striking as the similarity between life and art, however, was the difference. In his films, Bruce Lee walks fearlessly into death traps, cloaked in the invulnerability provided by his magic arts. In real life, he craved weapons, especially weapons he could wear on his person without being detected.

So he caused to be smuggled into Hong Kong, which has very strict laws against any sort of weapon, a whole arsenal of concealed weapons. Among his deadly tools were a comb that spat out a blade like an ice pick, a tear-gas pen, a sword cane with a twelve-inch blade, a walking stick with a .410 shotgun shell at one end and a tear-gas canister at the other, a pearl-handled .22 caliber magnum-load double-barreled Derringer (smuggled inside a ten-gallon can of Jack La Lanne protein powder), and a slew of serikens, the six-sided throwing stars that can be hurled with far greater accuracy than a knife or else held between the knuckles like a razor for slashing. Lee was not content simply to carry these weapons for self-defense. On more than one occasion, he whipped them out and brandished them with terrifying effect. Typical is the story told by Wong Nguk Chung, personnel manager of Golden Harvest Films and the editor-writer of a Bruce Lee fan magazine.

> "At last I've found something to relax me!" crowed Lee as he ate a hashish brownie. In the next ten minutes he ate some more . . . and in an hour he was transformed by the drug.

After the release of *Return of the Dragon*, the only completed film that Lee wrote, directed, and stunt-coordinated, Mr. Wong wrote a little notice in his fan magazine saying that Bruce Lee had "not matured yet as a director." That was an understatement, to put it mildly. This film is far and away the worst of the Bruce Lee pictures, and the fault is entirely that of its author, director, and stunt coordinator. What Wong didn't understand when he voiced his timid little criticism was that Bruce Lee—who had always been so open, friendly, and down-to-earth in his relations with the editor of the fan magazine—was now a changed man.

No sooner did Lee read the notice than he summoned Wong to the office of the boss of the film company, Raymond Chow. The moment Wong walked through the door, he got an order from Lee to sit down. Then the famous star fixed the frail little editor with his most deadly basilisk stare, and clenching his teeth in precisely the manner he used in all his films to warn the villain that his time was near, Lee proceeded to teach the writer his lesson.

"When you take a pen," he enunciated with pedantic but terrifying precision, "it's exactly as if you took a knife or a gun. One slip and you've inflicted a deadly wound." Then, just to make the point a little clearer, Lee grabbed his belt buckle and extracted from it one of those concealed knives you see advertised in mercenary magazines like *Soldier of Fortune*. Laying the tip of the blade precisely on the carotid artery in the editor's neck, Lee drove home his point. "My knife is just like your pen. If you criticize, you hurt!"

Wong, frozen with fear, gasped out the excuse that he had meant no harm, that his criticism was intended to act as an incentive for Lee to improve. Raymond Chow, another frail, bespectacled, professorial-looking man, chimed in with his assurances that Wong had meant well. Finally, the enraged Bruce Lee could no longer contain his rage. Turning to the office door, he gave it one of his famous kicks and sent it flying down the hall. Only then did he begin to simmer down and come to his senses. Characteristically, he wound up shaking hands and apologizing for his choleric behavior.

Editor Wong was by no means the principal offender in the local press. More frequent targets of Lee's rage were the newspapermen and especially the photographers. Though the local press worshiped Bruce Lee, it was naturally obsessed with the sex life of the man "who restored masculinity to the Chinese screen," to quote Golden Harvest's first Bruce Lee publicity release. Lee, for his part, was enjoying sexual abundance for the first time in his life.

Brought up in an uptight environment that hadn't allowed him sexual fulfillment as a youth, involved from the age of twenty-four in a tight marriage, an obscure little Chinaman in a Hollywood that is always infatuated with the current style of Occidental beauty, Bruce Lee was just now, at the age of thirty-two, having his first taste of being irresistible to women—an experience that would turn most men's heads. Unfortunately, he was not discreet in managing his liaisons. Nor is Hong Kong—congested, gossip-ridden, a Chinese vil-

lage of 5 million souls—the kind of place where concealment is easy. The upshot was that every time Lee indulged himself in a passing affair with one of his co-stars or a model or a courtesan, a story accompanied by a picture of the pair would turn up in the press.

Instead of resigning himself to this provocation, Lee would invariably fly into a rage and go roaring down to the office of the paper with murder in his heart. Charging into the copy room, he would demand to know who had written the story or taken the photograph. If he found his prey, he would slap the man around or choke him by the throat and then smash his camera. When the poor wretch was scared out of his wits, Lee would make a final speech, warning in tones that could not be forgotten that the next time this happened, he would come back and massacre the entire staff. In a town with two or three papers, these tactics of intimidation might have worked. In Hong Kong, which at that time had 121 dailies, there was always a fresh team of newsmen ready to risk their necks to get a hot scoop on the "Dragon."

The most serious aspect of Bruce Lee's bizarre behavior was the threat it posed to his most vital relationships, especially his professional relationships. Everybody who worked with the explosive star recognized that dealing with Lee was like handling dynamite. Every effort was made to avoid tension or quarrels. Lee's wishes were deferred to in everything; Lee was allowed to call all the shots.

Even so, there was no way to avoid accidents in the tricky business of making movies, especially movies that focused on violent physical combat. One of the most revealing episodes from Lee's final phase is the story of his deadly confrontation with Bob Wall during the making of *Enter the Dragon*.

In one scene, Wall, playing a villain, attacks Lee with two jagged-edged broken bottles. Lee knocks the bottles out of Wall's hands with a spinning kick, then he raises his hand to counter the next attack. The first time the scene was tried, Lee missed his kick, and when he spun around with his raised fist, he scored his hand against the jagged glass. The injury was not serious. At most, it would sideline Lee for two weeks. When Wall exclaimed, "Gee, I'm sorry, Bruce!" Lee snapped a curt "No problem" and left for Dr. Langford, his personal physician.

The truth was, however, that this accidental injury posed a grave problem because it caused Bruce Lee to lose face in front of the crew and the extras. Bruce Lee, after all, was regarded by the Chinese as a superman, a fighter who dealt out deadly punishment but who rarely took a blow, much less one that drew blood and put him out of action. Soon Bob Wall began to hear stories that Bruce Lee was going to murder the man who had maimed him. Wall, who had known Lee for years and recognized his sensitivity, put his head together with Fred Weintraub, the picture's producer, and came up with a solution.

One afternoon, Wall drove out to Bruce Lee's house and confronted him with the rumors that were going about. Lee denied everything, putting all the blame on the "Chinese." Wall persisted, explaining that he realized how important it was for Lee to maintain his image. Then he outlined his plan for getting the star off the hook. Lee fell in with the suggestion at once.

The first day that shooting resumed, Bruce Lee stood up in front of the assembled crew and made a short speech in Chinese. He explained that he had intended to kill Bob Wall as a matter of honor, but because Wall was an old friend and was needed to complete the picture, Lee had decided to assuage his pride by administering a terrible beating to the white devil. Wall, at this point, opened his gi to show that he was not wearing any protective padding. Then, with the cameras rolling, the men squared off to fight.

> “Lee was concerned about his inexplicable weight loss. His solution was to adopt a particularly nauseating diet: congealed bull's blood mixed with raw hamburger steak.”

Wall had told Lee that no matter how hard he kicked, Wall could take the blow. Now, Lee went to work with a vengeance. His first kick landed with such force that it hurled Wall into an extra standing behind him, breaking the man's arm. Eight times, Bruce Lee kicked Bob Wall—who never failed to utter loud groans and gasps—until Lee's footprints were all over Wall's chest and abdomen. Finally, the scene was wrapped.

That night Lee took Wall to supper at Hugo's, Hong Kong's finest French restaurant. As they sat at the table, Lee exclaimed: "Bob, that was the greatest thing anybody ever did for me. Did I hurt you?" Wall replied that he had been hurt worse in other fights.

Though all the American karate men who worked with Bruce Lee respected him for his great abilities and remembered him fondly for the way he had been in the good old days, they grew steadily more disenchanted with his behavior in Hong Kong. Particularly those who were seeking to make a career in films resented the way they were set up in the Bruce Lee films to look like clumsy oafs who could be knocked around at will by a guy who was much smaller than they. They recognized that when the films were exhibited, the fans would not view them as dramas in which the American karate men were playing assigned parts. The public would assume that the Americans were in fact inferior fighters, big, klutzy dudes who just couldn't hold their own against the Dragon.

This struck a sore spot among the Americans because they knew that though Bruce Lee had worked out with them many times, he had never once engaged in actual competition. His excuse was that tournament fighting was unreal, like "swimming on dry land." But when Joe Lewis (and subsequently, Bill Wallace) introduced full-contact karate, this excuse would no longer hold water. (Light-contact karate was introduced in 1963: you were not supposed to strike the face, and blows to the body were supposed to be half-pulled. Full-contact karate was introduced by Joe Lewis at Long Beach on January 17, 1970.) The feeling among the American karate men was that Bruce Lee simply didn't want to take the chances every competition fighter took of being hurt or defeated. His image, in other words, was more important to him than the actual test of combat.

The upshot of this feeling was a gradual estrangement between Bruce Lee and his old friends in the karate world. Some of the men who appeared in films with him swore that they would never repeat the experience. Others developed a rather wry and ironic attitude toward Lee, making fun of his histrionics on the screen, his poses, grimaces, and noises, none of which had any real connection with the martial arts. They especially ridiculed the notion that Lee could defeat champions who were much taller and heavier than he, or that he could take on a fighter like Muhammed Ali, each man using his own style, and walk off the winner, an idea cherished by many Bruce Lee fans. In short, the karate men protested against the illusion that was the greatest product of Bruce Lee's art, the universal conviction that he was the deadliest man on the planet.

In the final period of his life, Bruce Lee began to rely on hashish to lift from his oppressed mind all the terrible burdens that were driving him mad. He had a young gofer who was encharged with the dangerous assignment of procuring the drug, which was smuggled in from Nepal. Like many other Oriental countries, Hong Kong has highly punitive laws against illegal drugs. Possession of even five grams of "cannabis resin" is punishable by a fine of $5 million HK and life imprisonment. Bruce Lee, an immoderate man by nature, was not the kind to limit himself to just a couple puffs on a hash pipe. In fact, he never smoked hash, because, being a nonsmoker, he had an aversion to inhaling. It was his custom to eat the drug in the form of confections. Bob Wall recalls a visit to Bruce Lee's house about six months before Lee's death during which Lee both

CONTINUED ON PAGE 184









In which we see ourselves as others shouldn't.

AMERICA OFF GUARD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRIS FORGERSON

"The people of San Francisco are mad, stark raving mad!" declared the *New York Post* back in 1849, after the Barbary Coast had been overrun by gold-rush prospectors, politicians, and other assorted thieves and scoundrels. True, times have changed, but can the town that gave us Haight-Ashbury and Patty Hearst ever be the same?





Not, we submit, if festivities such as the Erotic, Exotic Masquerade Ball are allowed to proliferate. For despite that little nurse's uniform, this bash is hardly a Red Cross benefit.















Organized by Lou Albolafia, a promoter/politician who often runs for nude governor of California in his spare time, this masquerade party fills the countercultural vacuum that was created when the notorious Hooker's Ball (sponsored by the prostitute lobby group COYOTE) was discontinued in 1978. Held every Halloween and New Year's Eve, the party is an outrageous, Bacchanalian ten-dollar-a-head free-for-all. Dress–or lack of same–is optional. Some girls wear nothing but false eyelashes, while some guys (see man in Santa hat) display their own kind of Christmas spirit...

Group behavior being what it is, it seems the more densely packed the partygoers are, the more spaced out they become –like the makeshift Zulu warrior who demonstrates his roots to a rather closely knit couple...Guests don't have to entertain themselves, though. New Wave rock groups like the Chrome Dinettes perform; likewise, campy sex acts, including a hot-to-trot cosmic cowgirl riding her queen for a day. Male and female strippers also do their numbers, performing separately and/or together for equal-opportunity voyeurs.

















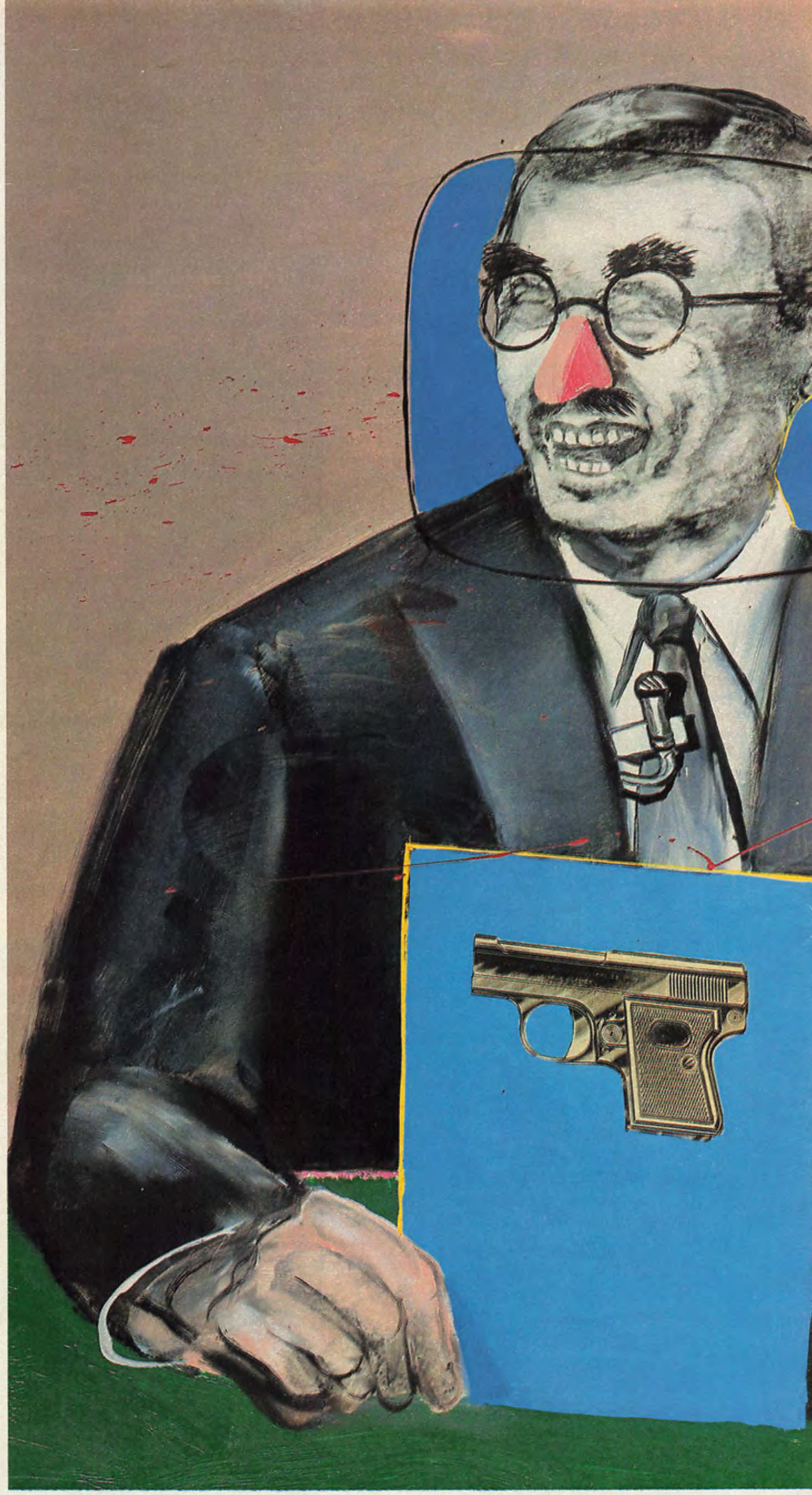






On the nights the parties are held, the Golden Gate Bridge becomes a second-rate tourist attraction. Sightseers flock en masse to the convention center to watch the revelers arrive–some of whom wear only flowers in their hair. We hasten to add that most of those attending are ordinary, fun-loving couples dressed in ordinary trick-or-treat gear. But it's the inevitable handful of nudists, exhibitionists, and eccentrics who tend to be the life of the party...Occasionally, an amorous couple may greet the Great Pumpkin or ring in the new year with more than a kiss and a handshake. All the above notwithstanding, however, we don't insist that San Franciscans are crazy. Let's just say we know where the phrase *off your trolley* comes from!





JUNK-FOOD JOURNALISM

If you think you're learning anything about the world from watching television news, think again. You'd probably learn as much watching the soaps.

DONNA WOOLFOLK CROSS

PAINTING BY MARSHALL ARISMAN



Recently, a friend remarked to me, "Well, you know you can't believe anything that the Russians say."

"What about *us*?" I asked. "Can you believe what *we* say?"

He looked shocked. "Well, of course! We're a free country. We get to hear what's really going on."

His feelings are typical of what most people believe about the kind of information we receive from our "free press" in America. It's certainly true that no government agency exercises a formal right of

From the forthcoming book, *Mediaspeak*, to be published by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan.

censorship over our press, and that articles embarrassing and even harmful to establishment interests can and do appear on news programs. Yet despite a steadily worsening economy and growing social inequities, the American electorate remains overwhelmingly pro-establishment—in favor of keeping our social and economic frameworks essentially the same. Is this because contemporary American society really is "the best of all possible worlds"? Or are Americans simply made to feel that way? How much of what we believe we know is the result of a deliberate attempt to direct our thinking in a particular way?

Probably a great deal more than most of us would like to admit.

Television news promotes the status quo by directing our attention toward a daily series of diverting but unrelated events, and away from deeper social problems that might lead us to question or challenge the current system of doing things. The very name "television news *show*" reveals its main purpose: to entertain, not to inform. Like other television programs, news shows even have theme music to put us in the mood for what we are about to hear. Though the background accompaniment to these pieces is usually intended to convey an impression of brisk efficiency, the tunes themselves are unremittingly cheerful and upbeat. The melodies of most news shows would not be inappropriate in a Broadway musical. The same music is played whether the story that follows is on a Middle East war or a royal marriage. Neil Postman, professor of media ecology at New York University, thinks that the underlying message being communicated is this: "By using the same music each night, in the same spots, as an accompaniment to a different set of events, TV news shows contribute toward the development of their leitmotif: namely, that there are no important differences between one day and another, that the same emotions that were called for yesterday are called for today. . . . "

A further source of distraction is that news shows promote the messenger above the message. The word *anchorman* derives from sports, referring to the last runner of a relay team, the one whose final effort decides the race. "Today's anchormen—particularly at local news stations," says one cynical network reporter, "are engaged not in delivering or interpreting the meaning of the news, but in helping to distract viewers *from* the meaning."

TV anchorpeople (now called "news presenters") are persons who, as Ron Powers has said, "by their very dress and manner and sense of fulsome consumer well-being, speak a new national language of comfort and assurance, of a peace that passeth for understanding." When a good-looking young anchorman debuted on Boston's WNAC, the station took out a full-page newspaper advertisement announcing: "We found our new anchorman in a motel room in Denver." He sounded like a hustler. Another New England newscaster, displeased with the way the news broadcast was developing that day, complained to the program manager during a commercial break: "You've got to get the camera closer to me. I have to make love to that camera. That's what I do—*make love* to those women right through that lens." A former anchorwoman in New York was hired even though her only previous job experience was as a California fashion model. She recently admitted she once interviewed Henry Kissinger without even knowing who he was!

The ascendancy of messenger over message is now so complete that no one saw anything amiss when one Baltimore, Md., station devoted segments of *five* separate television newscasts to the secret fantasies of its own anchor team. One anchorman had a childhood dream of being a motorman on the subway. So he was filmed flying home (at company expense) to drive a hometown subway train.

> "One Chicago news station actually introduced a program called "Heart of the News" in which a toothsome anchorwoman delivered headlines while ensconced in a heart-shaped bed."

The same confusion exists at the level of network news. When CBS took out a full-page advertisement for its coverage of the Iowa caucuses, the top half of the page was occupied by a picture of Walter Cronkite; ten other CBS newsmen appeared in smaller photos at the bottom. None of the candidates running for president was shown or mentioned. Another ad, for NBC news, pictured a viewer saying, "I don't want anyone but Jim Hartz to break the news to me. . . . These days, nothing could make the news easy to swallow. But when you're hearing about all the horrible things that are happening—there's something comfortable about Jim Hartz. You can tell he cares about it—but he gives it to you straight. When you see him calm and cool like that you feel it can't be all that bad. I guess to me he's the voice of sanity. And besides, I like his smile!"

Even Walter Cronkite has decried the promotion of "personalities" in TV news. "I think," he said, "that it would be absolutely splendid if you got rid of the anchorperson entirely and found some other way—subtitles or voice-over—to do the broadcast. The reason I say that is because of what has happened to the anchorman, this overglorification. There are a lot of reasons that is a mistake, but one is the mere suggestion that a person, because he anchors an evening broadcast, might be qualified to run for office. That terrifies me. There's no relation between those two things. It shows how skewed our values have become." Yet, during his tenure as anchorman, CBS continued to bill itself as "Cronkite and Co."

The concentration on personality and distraction from real information reached its apex in the Happy News format, so popular on many local programs. Happy News consists of cheerful interplay among the broadcasters to fill time between news stories:

> *Tom:* Hurricane Martha raged through the tiny town of Fall River, Massachusetts, today, leaving in its wake millions of dollars' worth of property damage. At least twelve people have been found dead, and the death toll is expected to rise as rescue operations continue. Over to you, John.
> *John:* Thanks, Tom. Gee, that's too bad about Fall River City. But at least we're having wonderful weather here, eh?
> *Tom:* Oh, you bet. (*Cheerily*) It's been just beautiful. We're planning on going out to the lake to take the kids sailing this weekend.
> *John:* Great idea. Nothing like being near the water in springtime, I always say. Well. . .
> *Tom:* Here's a late-breaking story about the drowning of a twenty-eight-year-old Springfield housewife . . .

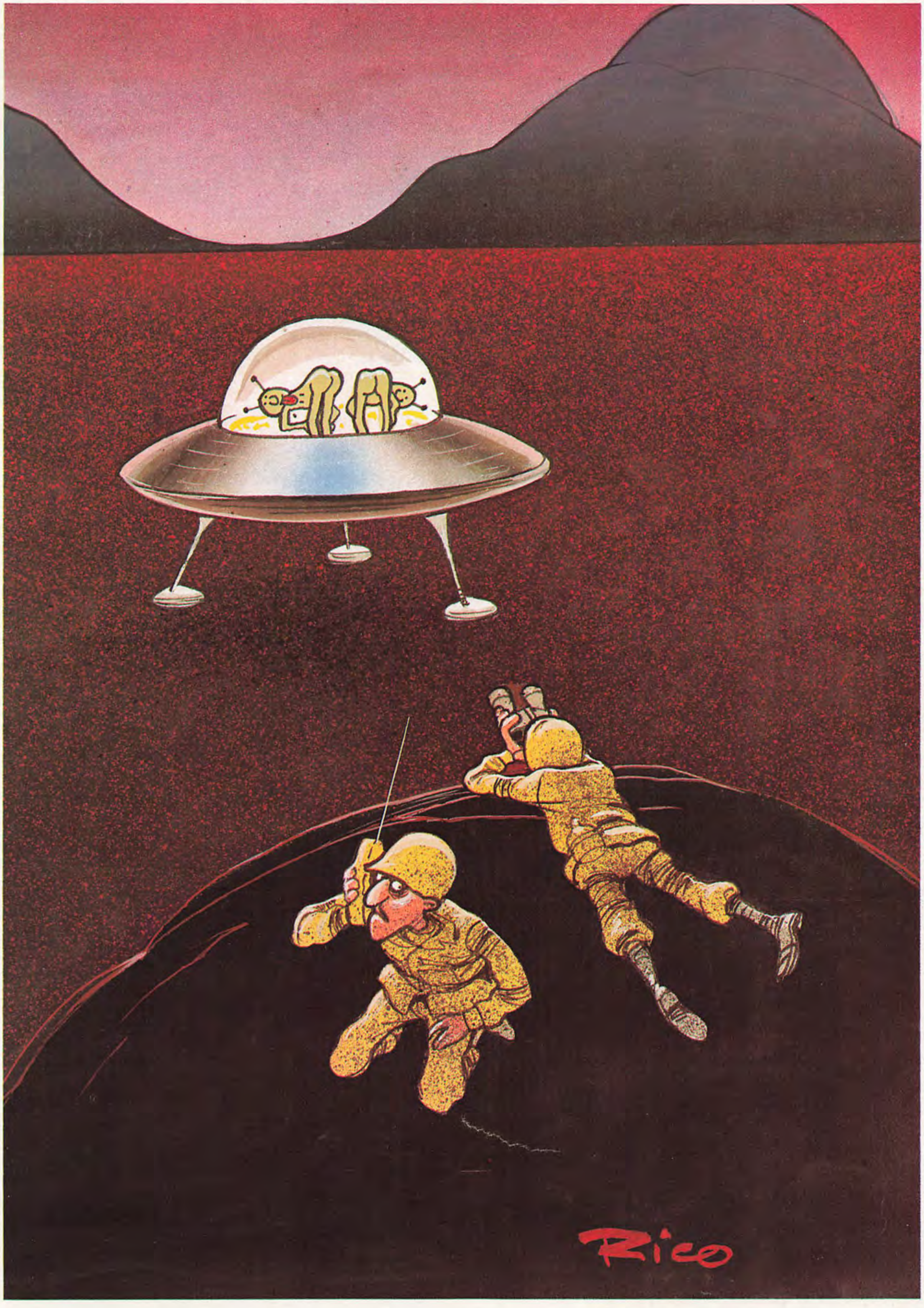
Much Happy News banter centers around the weatherman. On "Today," for instance, the anchors get a lot of mileage out of jokes about weatherman Willard Scott's obesity. (Gene Shalit: "If you step on his foot, his mouth opens.") And most news programs maintain a running gag—by now slowed down to a walk or even a crawl—about the weatherman somehow being responsible for the weather:

> *Anchor:* Slacking off on the job again, eh, Tom? When do you plan to do something about all this rain we've been getting?
> *Weatherman:* Well, *excuuuuuse me!* You win some and you lose some, you know, Jim.

Happy News also tries to end on a happy note. Cute animal stories are very popular as closers, like the one about a "watch pig" who guards a local junkyard. And in case you missed the point, the fadeout shows an image of a smiling or chuckling anchorman (who, having seen this news clip a dozen times, might by now have become inured to it), whose reaction is needed to point up that this is a "fun" finale.

The philosophy behind Happy News is

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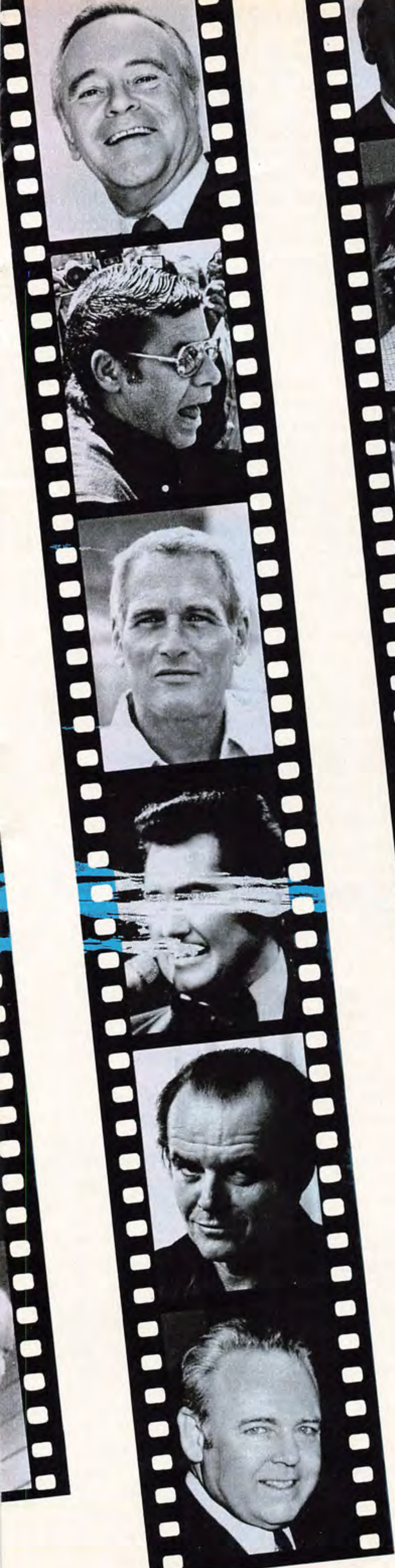
"Yes sir, it is an alien craft, and they would appear to be hostile!"


Kent III Kings: 2 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine;
Kent Kings: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine;
av. per cigarette, FTC Report, December 1981.
© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1982
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Kent
When you know what counts.
KENT III
KENT III
ULTRA LOW TAR
Satisfying Taste
KENT
KINGS
KENT
MICRONITE II FILTER
KING SIZE
Low tar
Ultra low tar
Experience taste you can count on.







An insider's guide to Hollywood politics—how the top forty stars route their clout.

LIGHTS...CAMERA... ACTIVISM!

BY FRANK BIES

Around Tinseltown, the game's called Star Wars or Hollytics. Whatever the label, no one's denying the surprise resurgence of political activism around the Hollywood Hills. Robert Redford stomps for redwoods. Pam Dawber preaches solar energy. Sylvester Stallone goes ten rounds the United Way. The big charities—cancer, heart, lung, muscular dystrophy, multiple sclerosis—now boast long waiting lists of celeb crusaders eager to help rid the world of disease. Political rallies feature star-studded casts that focus somber attention on abused children (Cheryl Ladd's major cause), oil monopolies (Warren Beatty's), or nuclear disarmament (Paul Newman's). Few self-respecting stars would appear on the talk show circuit these days without denouncing the evils of strip mining or espousing the wonders of Easter Seals.

Of course, politics and Hollywood have never been total strangers. As far back as D. W. Griffith's *The Birth of a Nation*, film evinced its power to stir up the social conscience. The influence cuts both ways: during the Hollywood Dark Ages, the blacklisting era, the film community learned the grim consequences of its supposed insularity. Often, around a war or a cause, Hollywood has purposefully helped rally the rest of the nation. During World War II it was Liberty Bonds and patriotism. The onset of the Vietnam War provoked many segments in Hollywood to voice their protest—most infamously, of course, Jane Fonda. However, since that war subsided, quite some time ago, actor activism has gone into quiet decline. Until recently.

In part, Hollywood's resurgent interest in politics can be traced to the election to president of a former actor named Ronald Reagan. Limits imposed on individual campaign contributions also prompted many political candidates to seek out celebrities and music performers to grab attention and fatten the campaign coffers. The political concert was born. Linda Ronstadt and the Eagles rock 'n' rolled for Jerry Brown, Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin crooned for Reagan. Star power seemed to promise votes, as evidenced by the successful New Jersey senatorial campaign of ex-basketball star Bill Bradley, which attracted glamorous biggies like Robert Redford and Jack Nicholson.

In addition to certain key electoral campaigns—Brown's, say, or Bradley's or New York feminist Bella Abzug's or George McGovern's presidential bid—political activity was also aroused by several pivotal 1970s movies, "issue" films like *Coming Home*, *Norma Rae*, *All the President's Men*, *The China Syndrome*. On occasion, the stars of such films considered the movie a forum, giving the "polformance" of their life; and some stars, though certainly not all, found themselves politicized by the roles they played. And let us not forget the home screen, which has often upstaged the silver screen in terms of actor activism. Thus a landmark in Hollytics history was the day last year that America's trusted prime-time newspaper editor, Lou Grant/Ed Asner, bolted from the city desk and, along with fellow TV actors Howard Hesseman (Johnny Fever of "WKRP in Cincinnati") and Ralph Waite (Pa Walton), stormed Washington on behalf of left-wing El Salvador insurgents. And let us not forget that most galvanizing of "polevents," the "I Love Liberty" extravaganza—staged by TV's very own Norman Lear.

Not unexpectedly, in Washington—where the real political lions roar—the politics game in Tinseltown has occasionally been mocked as "Hollywood Squares." Yet such a slur badly distracts from the tremendous clout and political influence wielded by the star folks from California. Certainly, some Hollytickers wouldn't know a redwood from deadwood, a porpoise from a purpose, and are primarily motivated by that great god, Publicity. But the majority harbor varying degrees of commitment and sophistication on issues that range from handguns to Hanoi. Who knows what about what? Who leans left and who runs right? To shed some light on the scramble of stars and causes, *Penthouse* presents *the* authoritative guide on Hollytic's Top Forty. Entrants are arranged, for convenience, in alphabetical order.

ALAN ALDA: Strictly a single-issue advocate, the man from M*A*S*H was one of the first big-name male celebrities to come out of the macho closet and proudly call himself a feminist. A longtime supporter of the women's movement and an activist for the Equal Rights Amendment, Alda contributed both time and money in the push for ERA ratification, donating funds for drives in nonratified states and championing the cause on the media and university lecture circuit. Political beliefs are liberal and fueled by a deep underlying—and sincere—sense of morality. With ERA lapsed into political oblivion, however, Alda may well be an activist without a forum.

> On one occasion, when he was contacted to contribute to a conference on nuclear disarmament, Newman opened his checkbook and calmly wrote a check for $50,000.

EDWARD ASNER: Late bloomer in Hollytics. Asner's political rise coincides with his success as TV's Lou Grant. Upon graduation from the comedic, curmudgeonly editor of "The Mary Tyler Moore Show" to the crusty trusty star of his own series, Asner bloomed into an actor with a political conscience; or, as Tom Shales of the *Washington Post* described the transformation, "a case of the role taking over the man." Considered a radical liberal, Asner is associated with the American Civil Liberties Union, the Equal Rights Amendment, the Institute for Higher Learning, Common Cause, Americans for Democratic Action, the National Committee for an Effective Congress, and the Jewish Chautauqua Society, among other organizations. Walked picket line on behalf of air controllers during PATCO strike. Tough unionist stance led to presidency of Screen Actors Guild. Co-founder of Medical Aid to El Salvador. Noted for calling adversary Charlton Heston a "cocksucker" and "scumbag," respectively. Lost decisive battle with Heston over union merger between Screen Actors and Screen Extras guilds. Lost big in prime time as well. A few days before the merger vote, the lights in Asner's city room were turned out and the presses stopped. CBS's cancelation of "Lou Grant" worries some that militant Hollyticking is ushering in new era of blacklisting (see Howard Hesseman).

IRVING AZOFF: One of two heavyweight "polirockers" in Hollywood (see Jeff Wald), the manager of the Eagles, Chicago, Stevie Nicks, Dan Fogelberg, and Boz Scaggs has organized and staged numerous political concerts for Democratic candidates and popular issues. Raised nearly a half-million dollars for Jerry Brown's ill-fated presidential campaign. Has also staged concerts and fund-raisers for Sen. Alan Cranston and Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley. Azoff is also a mover and shaker on the no-nuke concert scene, lining up his clients and their friends for the collective musical abolition of fusion, fission, and critical mass. Although he favors gun control as well, Azoff likes to maintain a low profile about his political affiliations. "His politics are his personal affair," a spokesperson says, "and he wants them to remain private. All I'll say is that he's an American. But don't quote me."

WARREN BEATTY: Described by many as the "father of modern Hollywood politics," Beatty was the first major star to immerse himself in the drudgery of campaign organization and tactics during George McGovern's 1972 presidential bid. Also credited with being the first to organize a political concert as a fund-raising tool, staging three such events during McGovern's unsuccessful quest. Highly idealistic, expressed utopian views in many of his films, influenced perhaps by an early admiration for John Kennedy's Camelotian philosophy. Member of the Hollywood summit that formed Energy Action, the anti-oil lobby. Supported Edward Kennedy in the last election and Robert Kennedy in 1968. Political films: *The Parallax View* and, last year, the biggie, *Reds*.

PAT BOONE: Anyone who still drinks milk when he's hitting age fifty can't be anything other than a Republican, and Pat Boone is one of Hollywood's most visible conservatives. Unabashedly hypes Mom, the flag, and apple pie. Member of the Republican National Committee. Good friend of Ronald Reagan. Very good friend of Vice-President George Bush. Affiliated with numerous Christian organizations, including the Bethel Bible College, and is often seen on television Sunday morning services. Also active in many charities, notably the Boy Scouts and Easter Seals (he's chairman). Recently appeared in pro-school prayer rally.



"I had the entire place done in my favorite period . . . early series '74"!

MARLON BRANDO: Chief Hollywood advocate of Indians rights. As millions of television viewers around the world well recall, Brando sent as his representative Sacheen Littlefeather to accept the Oscar for 1972 Best Actor role in *The Godfather*. Caused a flap when he gave land to the Indians the white man's way: the land reportedly wasn't fully paid for. Later, when Indians announced plans to sell land to developers for single-family homes, Brando said the Indians could do what they wanted with the forty acres. Brando has also been active in civil rights, but his name seldom makes endorsement or fund-raising lists because of what Hollytickers describe as his "esoteric" approach to politics. "No one can *ever* figure out where Marlon is coming from, or how his political conclusions will manifest themselves," one Hollyticker says. "You just can't tell if it's visceral or intellectual—or both."

JACKSON BROWNE: Among the most ardent antinuclear performers in the music industry, Browne is the winner of this year's No Nukes Civil Disobedience award. He was the only rock star arrested during the successful Diablo Canyon demonstrations in California; when the protests were over, construction on the nuclear power facility straddling a fault line was halted. A member of the Alliance for Survival and Musicians United for Safe Energy (MUSE), Browne joins a long list of rock performers, including Bruce Springsteen, Fleetwood Mac, Bonnie Raitt, James Taylor, and Carly Simon, who are involved with the issues of nuclear energy, gun control, and the environment. Browne's "After the Deluge" from the *Late for the Sky* album is considered a no-nukes survivalist anthem.

JILL CLAYBURGH: A decade ago, Ms. Clayburgh became the role model for millions of women who emerged from the feminist wars to take their places as "individuals and persons" in sexist, chauvinist America. Starring in such vehicles as *Luna*, *It's My Turn*, and *I'm Dancing As Fast As I Can*, she reflected a panoply of women's political and social concerns, ranging from drugs to incest. But her portrayal of an abandoned housewife in *An Unmarried Woman* is regarded as a classic study of every woman's struggle for independence and identity. Although she has settled down recently—marrying playwright David Rabe and having her first child—domestic tranquility hasn't dulled Clayburgh's sense of social responsibility. She is actively involved in nuclear disarmament, and her group, Performers Active for Nuclear Disarmament (PAND) is one of the busiest in New York.

WARREN COWAN: The charity kingpin in Hollywood is not Jerry Lewis, Danny Kaye, or even Frank Sinatra, three philanthropic giants who deservedly rate the title. The distinction goes to Warren Cowan of the publicity firm Rogers and Cowan. Honorary chairman of the United Way and all-around benevolent guy, Cowan works the celebrity-charity connection better than anyone else in the business. With the finesse of a wheeler-dealer high on altruism, he matches the right celebrities with the right charity, arranges public-service TV gigs, travel and promotional arrangements, and dispatches celebs to earn billions for their favorite charities—usually when the stars are set to release a film or find themselves at a major career crossroads. A typical Cowan coup was the signing of Sylvester Stallone to play the lead in a United Way Campaign, which was announced just a few days after *Rocky III* was released. Other Cowan talent castings include: Farrah Fawcett, the American Cancer Society; Wayne Newton, the Arthritis Foundation; Dyan Cannon, Big Brothers/Big Sisters of America; Pat Boone, Easter Seals; Cathy Lee Crosby, Special Olympics; and Jack Lemmon and Charles Bronson, The United Way.

> When the proceedings moved to Hollywood and focused on *its* cocaine connection, Cathy Lee (Crosby) denounced the hearings as 'media hype and sensationalism.'

CATHY LEE CROSBY: Major claim to fame: antidrug crusader. As chairman of the board of the Get High on Yourself Foundation, she, along with producer Robert Evans (*Chinatown*, *Marathon Man*), who was fulfilling a public-service obligation for cocaine possession, spearheaded a congressional investigation into national drug abuse. But when the proceedings moved to Hollywood—with help from actor-turned-congressman Robert "B-1 Bob" Dornan (see Robert Dornan)—and the focus centered on the Hollywood community and *its* cocaine connection, Cathy Lee sensed a witch-hunt, called a press conference, and denounced the hearings as "media hype and sensationalism." Since then, while still battling the evils of drug abuse, Crosby has crusaded for the Special Olympics and muscular dystrophy.

BRUCE DERN: Despite an outstanding performance as the distraught, suicidal Vietnam veteran in the political blockbuster *Coming Home*, this intense and talented actor avoids politics like the plague. "I am the most apolitical person in the United States," he says flatly. "I don't endorse. I don't campaign. I don't vote. And I don't get involved." Like Burt Reynolds, Clint Eastwood, and a handful of other Hollywood apoliticals, Dern is often called but seldom serves.

ROBERT DORNAN: Congressional representative from California's star-studded Twenty-Seventh District and a viable member of Hollywood's conservative right. Former actor and talk-show host. Was national spokesman of Citizen's for Decency Through Law. Ran for mayor of Los Angeles and lost. Ran for Congress in 1978 and 1980 against Carey Peck (Gregory's son) and won, with help from his uncle, Jack Haley, and endorsements from John Wayne, Bob Hope, Pat Boone, Danny Thomas, Lucille Ball, Jimmy Stewart, Clint Eastwood, and other Republican heavies. Member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee and of the same Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control that caused an uproar over Hollywood's alleged drug and cocaine connections (see Cathy Lee Crosby). Chairman of the Task Force on American Prisoners and Missing in Southeast Asia, Dornan over a decade ago originated the bracelet campaign for bringing Vietnam MIAs and prisoners of war home. His staunch support of the B-1 bomber (primarily because his district has high aerospace employment) has earned him the nickname "B-1 Bob."

MICHAEL DOUGLAS: Intelligent and articulate, this prominent leftist won't take stands on issues without studying and understanding them first. Made a powerful antinuclear statement as producer and star of *The China Syndrome*. Reportedly was miffed when Jane Fonda exploited the film during the Three Mile Island crisis. Established the Foundation for Violence in America, a nonprofit research organization formed to investigate handgun controls. Member of the Democrats for a Democratic Congress as well as the antinuclear group, Californians for a Bilateral Nuclear Freeze. Signed petition supporting Edward Asner's Medical Aid to El Salvador. Has contributed to the Greensboro Peace Fund in opposition to the Klu Klux Klan and the American Nazi party. Supported Jerry Brown's bid for a U.S. Senate seat. Has supported the American Civil Liberties Union in the past, but not lately. Ditto for Jane Fonda's Campaign for Economic Democracy.

KIRK DOUGLAS: Old-school Hollyticker credited with being the first actor to courageously stand up to the blacklist by insisting that Dalton Trumbo write the script for *Spartacus*. Has traveled the world for more than two decades on behalf of the State Department as a goodwill ambassador. Most recent trip was to China this year for the Reagan administration, even though Kirk did not support the presi-

dent's campaign. Has championed civil rights, written about antidiscrimination, and supported other liberal social issues. Contributes generously to charitable causes, including mentally retarded children and world hunger, among many others. Awarded Medal of Freedom in 1981 by President Carter. Currently president of the American Cancer Fund.

CLINT EASTWOOD: Maintains a low profile about his politics, but Clint's films have always explored tough law-and-order motifs much in the rugged tradition of John Wayne, and within the Hollytic spectrum he is decidedly right of center. He has gone public lately, accusing Ed Asner of using the Screen Actors Guild presidency as a political tool for promoting Medical Aid to El Salvador. Member of Charlton Heston's Actors Working for an Actors Guild, a SAG splinter group formed in protest against Asner's politics within the guild.

SALLY FIELD: Until recently she never even bothered to vote, but two strong performances in the movies *Norma Rae* and *Absence of Malice* have heightened Field's social awareness and propelled her into the political limelight. Field recently began making the talk-show rounds and she has been sponsoring a series of celebrity fund-raisers for Dr. Helen Caldicott's Physicians for Social Responsibility, a 10,000-member organization of medical professionals who are morally bound and determined to deny world leaders the opportunity to play war games with the big bomb. Member of Action for Nuclear Disarmament and a supporter of the California Bilateral Nuclear Freeze. Labeled by some cynics as Hollywood's "new Jane Fonda."

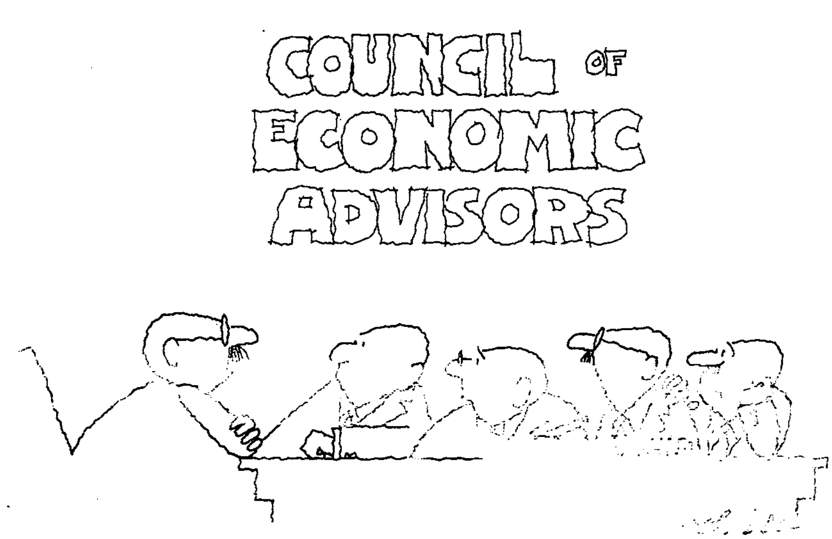
JANE FONDA: Indisputably the queen mother of celebrity politics. Turned radical in 1970. Made infamous pilgrimage to Hanoi in 1972. Married radical activist Tom Hayden in 1973. Together they founded the Campaign for Economic Democracy, a California-based grass-roots organization with 10,000 members that literally controls the city of Santa Monica, aptly dubbed the "People's Republic of . . . ," where the Fondas reside. Espouses rent control, utility rate controls, pesticide control, health-care cost controls, and the gradual phasing out of the nuclear-power industry. Also advocates unionization of farmworkers, better job conditions for clerical workers, and a myriad of other populist issues. All proceeds from the best-selling *Jane Fonda's Workout Book* are channeled into Hayden's campaign coffers. Some critics have questioned Jane's political expertise and sincerity: after the release of *Nine to Five*, Jane stumped the country for better pay for secretaries while her own staff picketed her office for being grossly underpaid. Recently the Hayden household was picketed by a local construction union for not using union labor for the $300,000 remodeling of their "modest" Santa Monica home.

LEE GRANT: Outspoken and sincere, she and her first husband, novelist-playwright Arnold Manoff, were together blacklisted for almost twelve years (Manoff, still blacklisted, died in 1964). Involved in the usual run of liberal Democratic Hollytics. Was a highly visible pacifist during Vietnam War demonstrations and participated in McGovern benefits in 1972. Presently is involved in antinuclear movement and Medical Aid to El Salvador. Was with Ed Asner in Washington when $25,000 medical fund for guerrillas was established. Member of Hollywood United for Safe Energy, the antinuclear organization, and directed powerful 1981 documentary *The Willmar Eight*, about eight women employees of a Minnesota bank who staged the longest bank strike in U.S. history.

JOAN HACKETT: Longtime outspoken advocate for passage of the Equal Rights Amendment and activist for nuclear disarmament, Hackett makes frequent appearances on radio and television talk shows to expound on feminist issues. On the nuclear front: member of Hollywood United for Safe Energy and the California Bilateral Nuclear Freeze. Although Hackett lends her time and support to feminist causes, such as establishing rape crisis centers, her political and charitable affiliations are kept "very private"—she is among celebrities, like Francis Ford Coppola and Lily Tomlin who make polappearances but contend they do so as private citizens.

HOWARD HESSEMAN: Dr. Johnny Fever, the all-too-hip disc jockey from "WKRP in Cincinnati," favors decriminalization of marijuana but is antidrug when it comes down to the harder stuff. Active supporter of Greenpeace and Save the Whales. Also an advocate of the Gray Panthers, the militant senior-citizens organization. Member of two antinuclear groups, Hollywood United for Safe Energy and the California Bilateral Nuclear Freeze and of the National Committee for an Effective Congress. Was at Ed Asner's side when Asner held a Washington press conference establishing a medical fund for El Salvadoran left-wing insurgents. It is either coincidental or ironic that "WKRP in Cincinnati" was canceled by CBS on the same day that "Lou Grant" was. Some insiders suggest the action marks the first wave of a new blacklisting era (see Ed Asner).

CHARLTON HESTON: He is considered among Hollywood's conservative elite, but is actually more of a moderate and certainly—as Ed Asner found out—a political lion you don't want to tangle with. Marched with civil rights leader Martin Luther King in 1960. Made two trips to Vietnam on behalf of the Johnson and Nixon administrations, and has traveled extensively to other countries as goodwill ambassador for the government. Served for



"Gold and oil fluctuate too much. Let's tie the dollar to the value of a blowjob."

six terms as president of the Screen Actors Guild, longer than any other actor except Ronald Reagan. Actively supported and campaigned for Reagan, but also supported Gregory Peck's son Carey, a Democrat, in an unsuccessful bid for a congressional seat. Strong track record on humanitarian and charitable causes. Has been approached by *both* parties to run for the U.S. Senate from California. He declined. Formed Actors Working for an Actors Guild to combat a proposed merger between the Screen Actors and Screen Extras guilds.

BOB HOPE: The man politicians love to be seen with, believing that a joke from Hope is worth a thousand votes, if not more. Philosophically tends to be conservative but has many Washington friends on both sides of the aisle, including Ronald Reagan, Tip O'Neill, Gerald Ford, and Edward Kennedy. Recently spent five days at Kennedy's Hyannis Port home. Best known for unselfishly entertaining U.S. military troops abroad for more than forty years. Although at one time labeled a "warmonger" by Jane Fonda, Hope is actually a pacifist with an overriding disdain for war and violence. Was almost killed in Saigon during Vietnam USO tour. Favors gun control, particularly since the attempted assassination on Ronald Reagan, whom Hope supported and campaigned for during the last election. Impressive charity credentials include the Salvation Army, the Boy Scouts, and the Heart, Lung, and Diabetes associations, among others.

JACK KLUGMAN: Liberal, idealistic, and Democratic, chief medical examiner Quincy is most visibly active in antidrug issues. Campaigned and picketed against over-the-counter sale of "lookalike" drugs now being legally sold in California and across the country and testified before several congressional committees on drug- and medical-related topics (a la his alter ego). Was the overwhelming choice of the graduating class of Mount Sinai Medical College to be commencement speaker. Advocates solar energy and is antinuclear. An impassioned speaker, Klugman works for a number of local charities and is deemed a potent fund-raiser.

NORMAN LEAR: A political heavyweight with clout. Frequently courted by Washington liberals, the creator of "All in the Family" and a half dozen other breakthrough television programs of the 1970s is vociferously anti-censorship and a staunch defender of free speech. Also quite active in women's rights. Currently president of the Hollywood chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union. Established Democrats for Change, a consortium of celebrities and politicians that publicly denounced President Jimmy Carter's handling of domestic and foreign policy as well as of the economy. Supported John Anderson's misbegotten bid for the presidency. Founded People for the American Way, a Washington-based lobby formed to combat Jerry Falwell's Moral Majority. Produced and personally organized "I Love Liberty," an immense and lavish television spectacle involving more than 100 celebrities and distinguished Americans to demonstrate that no single special interest group, particularly ultra-right Christian zealots, has a monopoly on the slice of American pie called patriotism.

JACK LEMMON: Although he has appeared in two of Hollywood's most potent political films in recent years—*The China Syndrome* and *Missing*—Lemmon is regarded more as a political actor than activist. Politically, his offscreen life pales in comparison with his powerful polformances. He dabbles in liberal Democratic Hollytics but his activism is limited to occasional Americans for Democratic Action meetings, ecological issues, and supporting Edward Kennedy in the last presidential primary. Lemmon is generous in donating his time and energy to do public service announcements for a variety of charities.

> "Anyone who still drinks milk when he's hitting age fifty can't be anything other than a Republican, and Pat Boone unabashedly hypes Mom, the flag, and apple pie."

JERRY LEWIS: Known mainly for three decades' work with "my kids" and the Muscular Dystrophy Association, the clown prince has turned his annual Labor Day telethon into the second most watched television program in the country, rated only behind the Super Bowl, and has raised millions of dollars in the process. Otherwise keeps political views and endorsements personal, stating that as an entertainer he should not get on a soapbox to influence other people. Not a party person, but did indirectly support Edward Kennedy in his last electoral bid.

PAUL NEWMAN: A political sophisticate who puts money where his politics are. Reportedly has contributed hundreds of thousands of dollars to Energy Action, the anti-big oil lobby he created with Robert Redford, Warren Beatty, and Neil Diamond. On one occasion, when he was contacted to contribute to a conference on nuclear disarmament, Newman opened his checkbook and calmly wrote a check for $50,000. Bones up extensively on issues before endorsing them: "He gets in deep," says a close friend. "He knows missiles and warheads, their range and capability. With Paul, it's not emotional or rhetorical. He talks on a nitty-gritty, nuts-and-bolts level." Is now considered Hollywood's elder statesman on nuclear disarmament. Served as special emissary to the United Nations on nuclear controls. Has track record as civil rights worker dating back to 1960s. Backed George McGovern in 1972, Ramsey Clark in 1976, and John Anderson in 1980. All three lost. Now supports issues rather than candidates, saying his endorsement usually signals the "kiss of death" for a candidate's chances for success. Made Richard Nixon's Enemies List. Wife Joanne Woodward is also active, notably in charities and Planned Parenthood. Both are avid supporters of the arts.

WAYNE NEWTON: Las Vegas's flashiest superstar is well entrenched and a prominent figure within the Republican party. Highly sought-after performer for conservative fund-raisers and concerts. Crooned for Ronald Reagan during the last national election. Also performed recently for Sen. Paul Laxalt and California Lt. Gov. Mike Curb. Sings and works on behalf of numerous establishment organizations, including the Jaycees, Variety Club of Southern Nevada, St. Jude's Hospital in Memphis, and the National Conference of Law Enforcement. Benefit work also includes a concert for Indian rights at Kennedy Center in Washington (Newton, like Brando, is part Indian). Charity work includes benefits for the American Medical Center's Cancer Research Fund and the Arthritis Foundation.

JACK NICHOLSON: A man who seems far too individualistic to involve himself in matters political, Nicholson nonetheless dabbles in liberal Democratic politics—not unlike his good friend Warren Beatty. He supports a nuclear freeze and is a member of Hollywood United for a Safe Energy. Has also supported and campaigned for ex-basketball player Bill Bradley, who won a U.S. Senate seat from New Jersey—no doubt with a little help from his friend Jack. Nicholson is also a good friend of Colorado Sen. Gary Hart, and 1984 might well see him stumping the Colorado campaign trail for Hart's reelection. Otherwise, Nicholson's politics are very personal. And very private.

CARROLL O'CONNOR: The man who plays Archie Bunker is a liberal, a paradox that this active supporter of the American Civil Liberties Union has had difficulty coming to grips with in the past. "He's been filled with a lot of hostility because the press—and the world, for that matter—will only accept him as Archie Bunker," says syndicated columnist Marilyn Beck. In real life O'Connor is a lifelong Irish Democrat who in the last presidential

CONTINUED ON PAGE 190





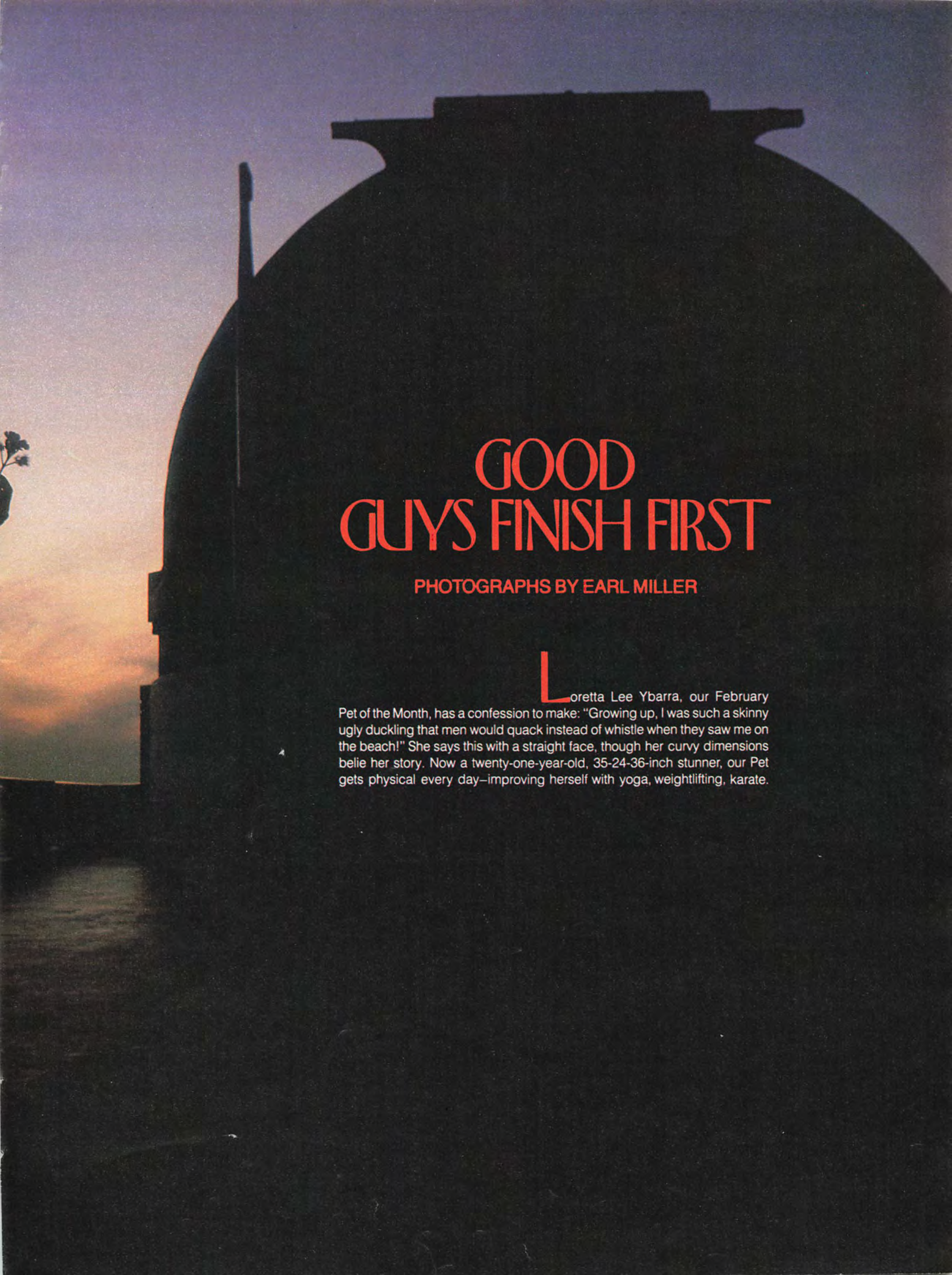




LORETTA

❛I'm like the Conan comic-book character Red Sonja, the she-pirate who can only love men when they defeat her in battle...❜

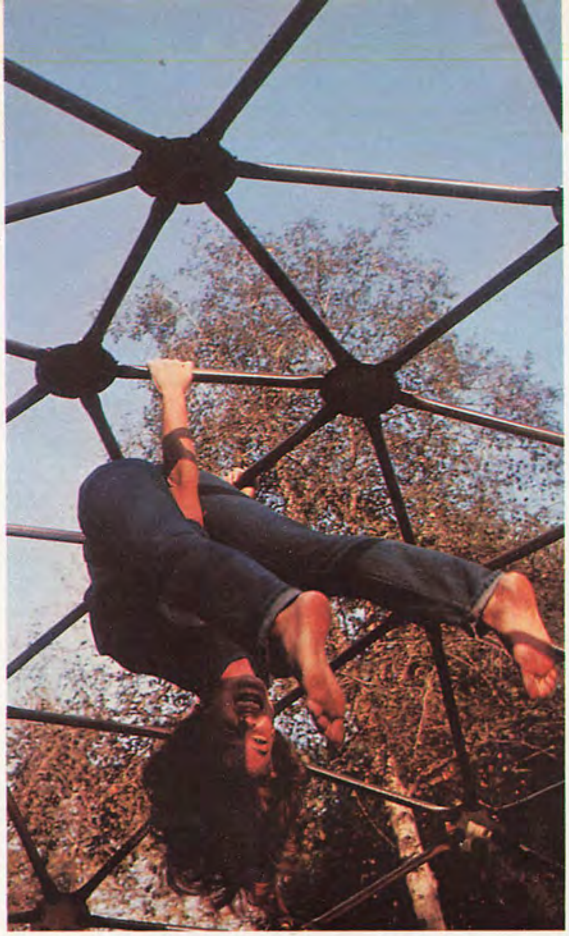




GOOD GUYS FINISH FIRST

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Loretta Lee Ybarra, our February Pet of the Month, has a confession to make: "Growing up, I was such a skinny ugly duckling that men would quack instead of whistle when they saw me on the beach!" She says this with a straight face, though her curvy dimensions belie her story. Now a twenty-one-year-old, 35-24-36-inch stunner, our Pet gets physical every day–improving herself with yoga, weightlifting, karate.



"This means I can repel bad guys and attract good guys." It also helps her make an unusual living in Hawaii as a Peel-a-Gram girl. "Since I'm a singer-song-writer-actress," she says, "this is wonderful on-the-job training."











"According to the client's wishes, Peel-a-Gram ratings go from
G to triple-X. For G you get a song and dance routine in a body suit;
for PG, a bra and panties with a partial striptease; double-X
is all nude; and triple-X means two other girls along with me..."
The body boggles.

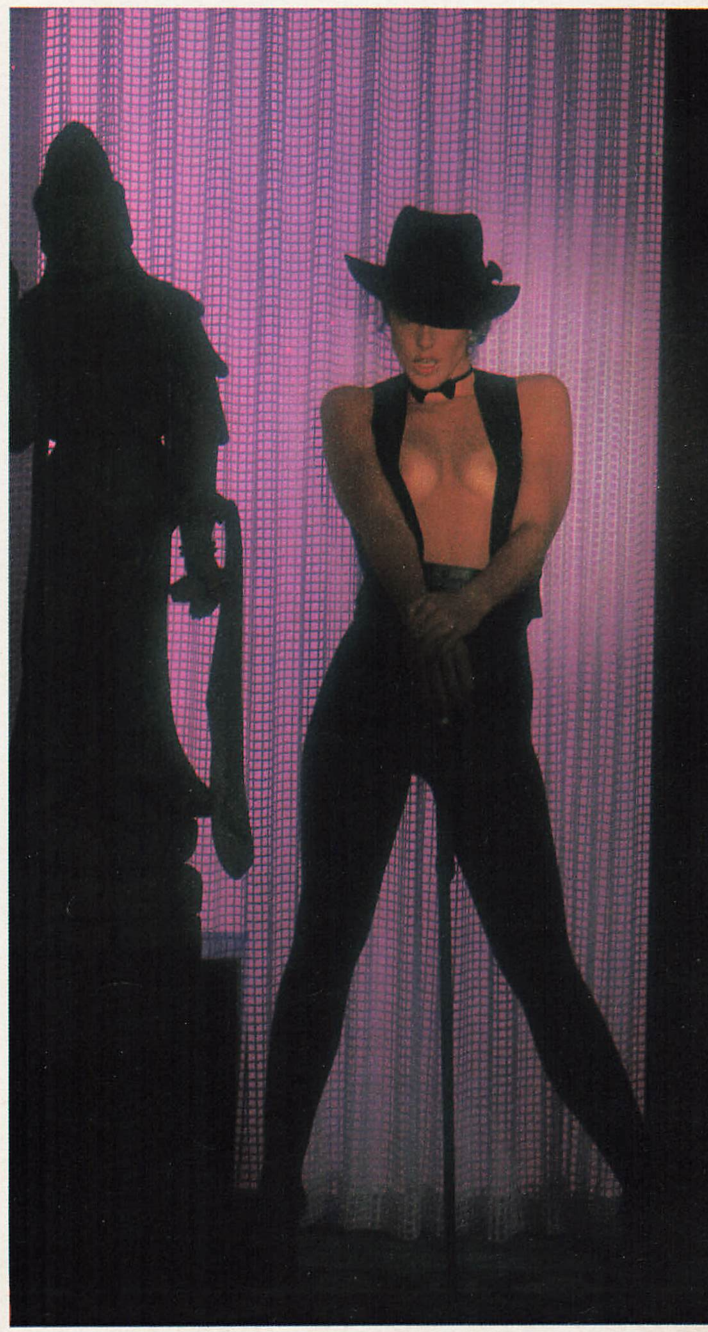




Hair and makeup by Robin Neal and John Maldonado.












EVERLAST
MADE IN U.S.A.







During our Pet's ninety-pound-weakling adolescence, she idolized Red Sonja, the she-pirate in Conan the Barbarian comic books, and began her own body-building routine. "Like her, I only love men who can overcome me in battle....They're not hard to find, but at least I don't go down without a fight."







The fight of a lifetime, we'd say! Meanwhile, Loretta's career is looking up. "*Penthouse* is a fabulous break for me," she beams. "It will help me realize my dream of creating and starring in a choreographed rock 'n' roll musical tour."



She's already written the songs: "My own favorites are 'She-Devil,' 'The Temptress,' and 'Hell on Heels.' I guess I'm something of an exhibitionist," she admits. "Last New Year's Eve I was hired to be the New Year's baby at a famous local restaurant..."









"...I bounded out of a cake with just a ribbon banner on top and a tiny diaper down below!" she laughs. "I wish you could have seen me in that diaper!" Better still, lovely Loretta, we wish we could tie one on with you.

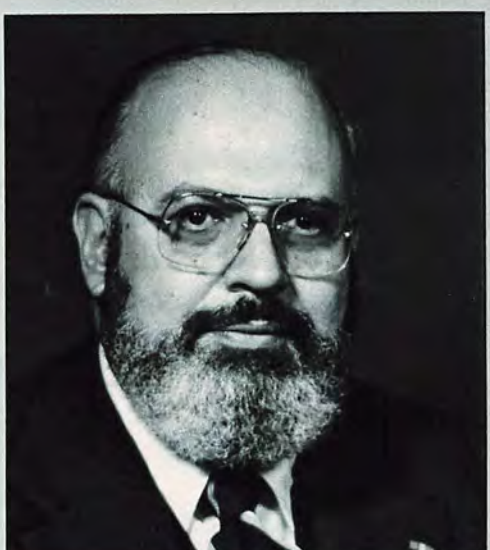

MISS LORETTA YBARRA/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH




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BRIGHT 100s
20 Cigarettes
BRIGHT 100s
Fresh Clean Taste
Low Tar
BRIGHT
BRIGHT
20 Cigarettes
BRIGHT
Fresh Clean Taste
Low Tar
You never had it this fresh!

ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION



BY DIEGO ASENCIO

The author is Assistant Secretary of State for Consular Affairs. In 1980, when he was Ambassador to Colombia, he was held hostage, with other diplomats, for sixty-one days in the Dominican Republic Embassy in Bogotá. This article is excerpted from his forthcoming book, *Our Man Inside*, which was written with his wife, Nancy, and which will be published by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

STANDING UP TO TERROR

In February 1980, I entered my thirtieth month as the ambassador from the United States to Colombia. My assignment to this South American nation in the uppernorthwest corner of the continent was my first as ambassador. I'd spent many years in Latin America holding different positions within the American embassies in Mexico, Panama, Brazil, and Venezuela, so I felt fairly confident of my ability to interpret the heart and brain of Latin politics. I had also learned to be wary: many a doctor has reviewed an EKG only hours before the patient suffered a massive coronary without seeing anything remarkable on the readout tape. A diagnosis of health in politics, as in medicine, is often no more than an educated guess—a probability—and there are enough exceptions in modern Latin history to keep anyone from calling the chain of cause and effect predictable.

Certainly we professional diplomats knew that Latin politics was notoriously volatile, but I would not have believed in February 1980, for instance, that I would end up the prisoner of professional terrorists for two months. As a diplomat used to the low lighting of comfortable offices, I never would have believed that I'd get caught in the middle of a full-scale gun battle and have to crawl on my stomach across the floor to hide under furniture while people around me were getting shot. Worse, I wasn't prepared for the moment when I'd be confronted with the possibility of shooting down a woman. Even as a veteran negotiator, I'd never thought the time would come when I would have to marshal all my skills to bargain for my own life. No one told me about these things at the Georgetown Foreign Service School; in fact, no one even suggested they might happen one day. Yet happen they did; and I survived, but not without scars, and not without a greater sensitivity to the plight of the hostage—an increasingly commonplace figure in the arena of international politics.

The security of embassy personnel on foreign soil, especially those in unstable or hostile nations, has become a question of primary importance because of the tragic events of the last few years. But there are larger questions involved that encompass much more than bodily safety. The answers to these questions affect the methods and therefore the results of our efforts to deal with the political business of nations. Because of their grave and lasting implications, they must be carefully considered at all levels of serious diplomacy.

The state of the art of security technology in our embassies is unquestionably sophisticated and for the most part effective against unsanctioned physical violence against these installa-

We cannot surround ourselves with such technological excess that we appear to those who see us from the outside as a nation of intimidated, frightened people. We cannot cower or retreat from the threat.

tions, although the seizure of the United States Embassy in Teheran by Iranian militants who had the overt support of the revolutionary government demonstrates that no facility on foreign soil is impregnable. This technology may protect the embassy itself, but it doesn't protect the ambassador . . . not if he's going to do his job properly.

An ambassador confronting his position in an unstable or unfriendly country has two primary options: either he can develop a bunker mentality and seclude himself in his fortress, or he can face capture, injury, or even death by conducting his legitimate business. Then even the most comprehensive security system in the world can't protect an ambassador.

In my own case, I was accompanied everywhere by a security contingent of at least four armed men. My car, an armored Chrysler, was always followed by an escort car. The ambassador's residence is protected by a tall brick wall surrounding it, and the only entrance is through a chain-locked iron gate. Sensors scan the tops of the walls and alert security to intruders. Inside, a guard force continuously patrols the grounds. It is an elaborate safeguard system designed for most contingencies, and nothing short of an army can pierce its defenses.

At the office, anyone who tries to enter the embassy grounds must pass through a magnetometer. The visitor must then proceed to the receptionist, seated behind a sheet of bullet-resistant glass, and wait to be escorted to the person he wishes to see after the appointment has been properly verified. Each floor has at least one armed guard on it, and an additional squad of marines is on standby in case of an emergency. It is a formidable defense system. The amount of organizational planning and logistics required to mount a successful assault against either the residence or the embassy would discourage all but the most zealous.

Even here it should be noted that no office building, no matter how elaborate the security precautions, is infinitely defensible. The defense of our embassies abroad is predicated on assistance from the host government in the event of attack. Where such authorities are hostile or abdicate their responsibilities, it is not surprising to see embassies overrun.

Still, an ambassador who restricts his activities to his residence and the mission would be relatively safe, at least compared with the ambassador who goes out into the streets and offices of his host country. Compliance with principles of near absolute security presupposes a passive existence in which business is handled by telephone and message, and personal contact is restricted to those willing to come to the embassy. Modern diplomacy requires more. An ambassador is not merely the conduit by which governments speak to each other, and is not solely the guardian of U.S. interests in the country to which he has been assigned. To be fully effective, he must represent the United States to the citizens of his host country. He must engage in discussions and negotiations with the officials of the government to which he is accredited. He must be available to the local media in order to explain U.S. policies. He must, as his country's standard bearer, represent the United States at the various traditional functions, ceremonies, and receptions where he is invited, not as an individual but as an agent of his government. In short, an ambassador must function in public.

During my ambassadorship to Colombia, on any typical day, I might attend meetings with government officials in their offices in the morning, have lunch with members of any number of business or private associations, and participate in a television interview in the afternoon. In the evening, I might drop in on two or three cocktail parties and then wind up at a formal dinner party at an embassy or in someone's home.

Unfortunately, it is this kind of exposure that makes diplomatic personnel so attractive a target to terrorists. No assassination attempt against a president of the United States has ever been made inside his own office. It has always occurred when he was away from his desk, either in a crowd or en route. That is true for the majority of terrorist acts against individuals of rank or importance in any country. Certainly that's not surprising: it is an application of mere common sense. Such tactics require only a modest investment for the possibility of a major political coup.

Yet the government of the United States—or any country—cannot allow the activities of a few to dictate the method by which we conduct international diplomacy. We cannot revert to paranoia and lock away our emissaries, making them inaccessible and difficult to communicate with. That would be dramatically counterproductive. Nor can we surround ourselves with such technological excess that we appear to those who see us from the outside as a nation of intimidated, frightened people. National self-esteem is at stake. We cannot cower or retreat from the threat; we cannot compromise our confidence in our ability to be a vigorous and forthright nation—which requires a certain amount of openness—in our relations with foreign countries. Our role as a global leader depends on it. We must pursue an open policy of diplomacy despite the increased threat of terrorism.

The girls were naked and positioned on top of the pool table. The boys were chalking up their cues. It was the best party Beowulf had ever given.

FICTION BY IRVING WEINMAN

It was only last year, but it seems a lot longer; maybe because it was our last year at high school and we got up to all sorts of strange things like the famous pool game, or it could have been the way I fell in love with Emmy Ross, though I didn't see it like that, then.

It was Beowulf, his real name was Steve Kerzoff, who'd introduced me to Emmy, the head cheerleader and prettiest girl in the school—long, light brown hair and wide, very dark blue eyes. She went with Tommy Morgan. They're probably married by now. He was three years ahead of us and a great football player. But once he left school, Emmy started mixing a bit more, and though no one had the guts to ask her out, she'd sometimes show up at parties. Until last year, I never talked to her, just looked at her face and pretty legs when she was cheerleading and thought about what she'd look like naked sometimes. When I did meet her she turned out to be nice; not good at school but sort of sharp and sarcastic and funny. And once—oh, Jesus, it still amazes me—when it was late after school and I was down at my basement locker, she stuck her head out of the girls' locker room and whispered, "Hey, Harvey, want a belt?", showing me a half pint of Schenley's. So I went in there and took a big swig and then passed her the bottle and she drank it without even wiping it off, and we just went on like that—there was nobody there—and when we finished the bottle she sighed, and out of nowhere just put her arms around me and we kissed and my heart was pounding so loud I thought old Carlisle the headmaster could probably hear it in his office two floors above. And she let me put my tongue in her mouth and it was terrific, like the rye we'd drunk and so sweet, but, I

POCKET POOL AT BEOWULF'S

PAINTING BY RICHARD MATHEWS





don't know, we got scared that someone would catch us, so we sort of pushed away from each other and she laughed and said she had to go home. And nothing happened after that. We'd sometimes see each other and kid around, but with her it was just like before, like the kiss hadn't happened. But I thought about her and went to sleep dreaming about her every night. I was crazy in love with her, but I just couldn't ask her out. So there it was, that is, until the famous pool game at Beowulf's.

We'd had some wild times there: Porky Melnick once won fifty dollars off Jack Hooper in one night's pool, and another time Jerry Reilly and some kid from Jamaica Plains had gotten into a fight with pool cues and Jerry smashed his head open with a butt so that we had to take this kid to the hospital and we were scared shitless that he'd squeal but he went along with our story about him smashing his head on a car door. And once, Beowulf and I had actually screwed two girls on the poolroom sofas, but they were from Weymouth and nobody else was there, so no one at high school believed us. Yet all that wasn't enough; we had to do something crazier. Like we knew that after that year we'd all split up, so we had to do something to make that place our own, to always have it, that memory.

Well, one day in May, Beowulf and Hooper and I were standing around in front of our lockers after school with our hands in our pockets, just hanging around, talking. Jerry Reilly came by and said, "Hello, you hot shits. What are you doing, playing pocket pool?"

He didn't stop for an answer, but Hooper made as if he'd grabbed his prick through his pocket and jerked it off in Jerry's direction, saying, "Yeah, Reilly, yeah. Want to play a hand?"

"Ptee! Holy Spinoza!" went Beowulf.

"What the fuck's eating you?" I asked.

"Pocket pool. That's it, pocket pool!"

Hooper and I took our hands out of our pockets.

"Don't you see? We have a pool game at my place, but instead of pockets we shoot the balls into girls' cunts!"

Beowulf was flushed and grinning, with that mad set to his eyes that he had whenever he came up with a wild idea, but I wasn't convinced. "Oh, an idea worthy of you, slayer of dragonflies, but where the hell are we going to find girls to go along with this?"

He came right up to me and hooked his thumbs under my T-shirt collar as if it had lapels. "Didn't Romeo find his Juliet? Didn't Antony find his Cleopatra?"

"Yes," I said, "and didn't Dutch find his Master?"

Hooper hadn't any idea about our word games and that made me pretty glad; I didn't like that rich snot even then, let alone for what he did afterwards. Anyhow, Beowulf told us how we should leave everything to him; he'd get the girls and all we'd have to do was provide some booze and make sure we hadn't pulled our pricks completely off by the time of the game. I went away thinking who on earth he could get to agree to something like this, and Annette Ableman was the only name I could come up with, because Punchy Cohen had told me he knew an older guy who'd screwed her for money. But three others? No, it couldn't happen.

About a week later Beowulf phoned me and said it was all set.

"What's all set?"

"The pool game with the girls, you great lobotomy."

"Jesus, are you kidding? Who'd you get?" I looked to make sure my folks couldn't hear.

"Annette Ableman, and she said she'd find a girl friend to bring."

"Yeah, I figured she might be game. Who else?"

"Oh, no one special: just Emmy Ross. And she's bringing Mary Haloran."

"How did you get Emmy, I mean, what did you say?"

> Beowulf shouted, "Let the game commence," pulled off his shirt and trousers, and stood there in his underpants with his permanent blue five o'clock shadow and wicked jolly smile.

"You know me, Harv, I just started talking, kidding around about funny ideas for a party, and one jocular vein led to another until she thought it was her idea as much as mine."

"But Mary Haloran—she goes steady with that enormous animal, Rock McGinty. He'd kill us if he found out."

"Don't get your jockstrap in a twist. He won't find out. It's all set for next Friday. Tell your folks you're spending the night here and bring a couple bottles of booze. And remember, mum's the word. We don't want this all over the school."

He told me it would be him, me, Hooper, Jerry Reilly, and the four girls. After the call I just stared at my homework, thinking about Emmy Ross. When I tried to imagine her naked on the pool table, I felt angry and excited at the same time. I couldn't imagine her body, just that beautiful face.

Sure enough, by that Friday, word of a wild party was all over the school, though Beowulf figured no one but those involved knew what it was about or where it was. I sure hadn't told anybody, because I went around in sort of a daze. I was still feeling pretty strange walking up Thorndike Hill from the bus, up to Beowulf's house. It was one of those warm late spring evenings with the air smelling of ocean and new leaves and lilacs, like . . . well, I don't know exactly, the sort of air that seemed like a good promise or something, but this time it just stifled me like a heavy blanket. By the time I got to Beowulf's basement door I was out of breath and sat down on a rocker on the veranda. I opened one of the bottles of Canadian Club I'd lifted from my father's cupboard, opened it, and took a long drink, still figuring this game wasn't going to happen.

Then Beowulf opened the door: "Oh, rose, thou art sick?"

"No," I said, "just a worm in the night. Here, have some wormwood."

He took a tremendous swig and handed it back to me, saying, "No, thanks, never touch the stuff. Come in. I was just polishing my balls."

After I pushed around some sofas and armchairs where he directed, I went on upstairs, dropped my pajamas in Beowulf's bedroom, and went into the kitchen to say hello to Lilly and Harry, his folks. Harry was sawing away at what looked like half a cow, and Lilly was pouring dark brown molasses over a giant pan of beans.

"Hello, Harvey, dear," she said, going up on tiptoes to kiss my cheek. "Look, Harry, it's Harvey."

His hand was slippery with beef fat. "Hi, kid. Have some baked beans?"

Lilly opened the oven and a tremendous smell of beef, beans, and molasses spread over the kitchen.

"No, thanks. I just had supper." But boy, it smelled good.

"These are just about ready," Lilly said, lifting out the big tray. They've cooked for twelve hours. Harry brought home all this beef yesterday, so we thought we should make beans."

I saw another big tray in the oven. There must have been fifty pounds of baked beans and beef ribs. Any other night they would have convinced me to load up a plate and dig in. Besides, I really liked Lilly and Harry. So I stayed around the kitchen for a while talking with them and watching them cook; I wasn't even thinking of what was going to happen until I heard someone come in downstairs. I told them I'd see them later.

Hooper was downstairs smoothing his short hair in the mirror. It didn't need smoothing. "Jesus, Hooper, calm down. You're going to come in your pants before the girls arrive."

"Very funny, Stein. As always."

Hooper was dressed pretty nice: light blue cashmere sweater, clean chinos that made mine seem grubbier, and brand-new white buck shoes. I went to the mirror and accidentally on purpose stepped on them. "Gee! Sorry, Jack."

He narrowed his eyes: "Hey, Beowulf, would you tell this animal to stop acting like a ten-year-old?"

Beowulf finished racking the balls and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 178



DANIELLE

❛Why live one day at a time when you can live one night at a time?❜











MILLION DOLLAR BABY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ED HOLZMAN

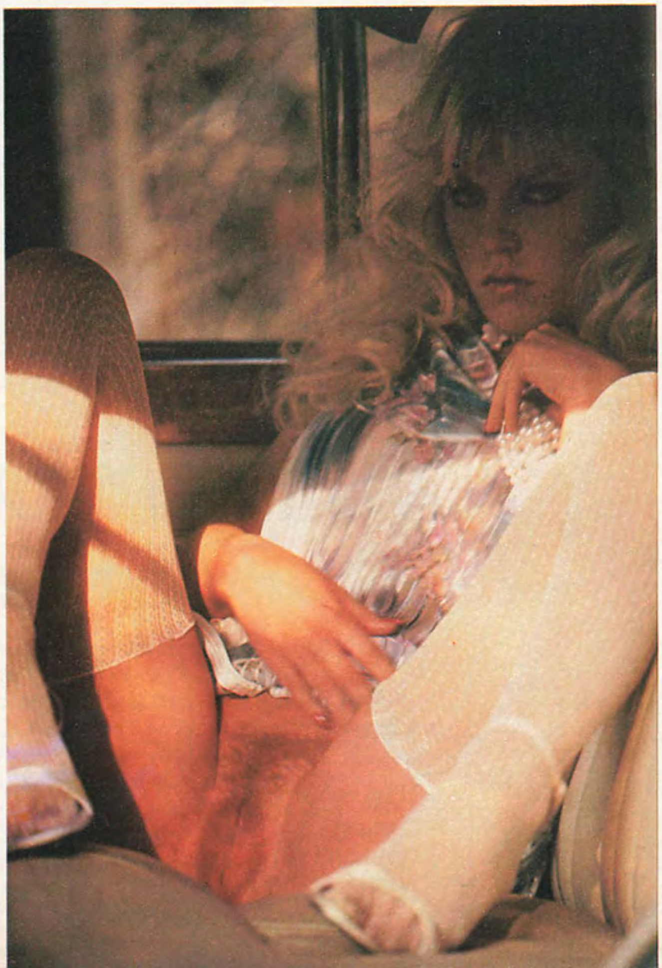
She's only twenty-two, but delectable Danielle Martin is already known (and loved) by tens of thousands of men. A much sought-after photographer's model since the age of eighteen, our half-Norwegian 36-23-35-inch Pet broke into motion pictures soon after. Hardly a case of breaking and entering, however: being a natural platinum blond with radiant skin, a beautiful face and body, and a sultry come-hither look, the doors opened wide before she knocked.

So far, our photogenic Pet's starred in several well-received erotic films. On a recently completed promotion tour in Japan, Danielle signed so many autographs she came down with writer's cramp.

The plot of her latest film, entitled *The Blond Next Door,* is seductively simple, being a stirring if not action-packed testament to the joys of a good neighbor policy!



This is her advice to those who live one day at a time: "try living one night at a time! It makes for a much more interesting, if occasionally hectic, life," she smiles. Along with landing a part in a major Hollywood film (she's taking acting lessons now), Danielle's other big dream is to someday have a chauffeured Rolls Royce at her 24-hour disposal. Just the thing for a girl who lives fast, loves hard, and travels light.



















When it comes to sensual men, Danielle's a devoted fan. As long as the guy's entertaining, she claims, she's as constant and loyal as Lassie–but the minute things get boring, she's splitting for parts unknown. Presently, our Pet makes her home in Marina Del Rey, California. A discontented Arizona native, she prefers sea breezes to dust storms.









An admitted rock 'n' roll junkie with a weakness for offbeat musicians, California's her land of plenty. She much prefers Rolling Stones to ambling cowpokes, even those who own their own ranch...



When you own your own million-dollar body, she shrugs, who needs extra cash? Her favorite feature is her firmly rounded derriere. In skin-tight jeans she's a certified public hazard, inviting rear-end collisions.





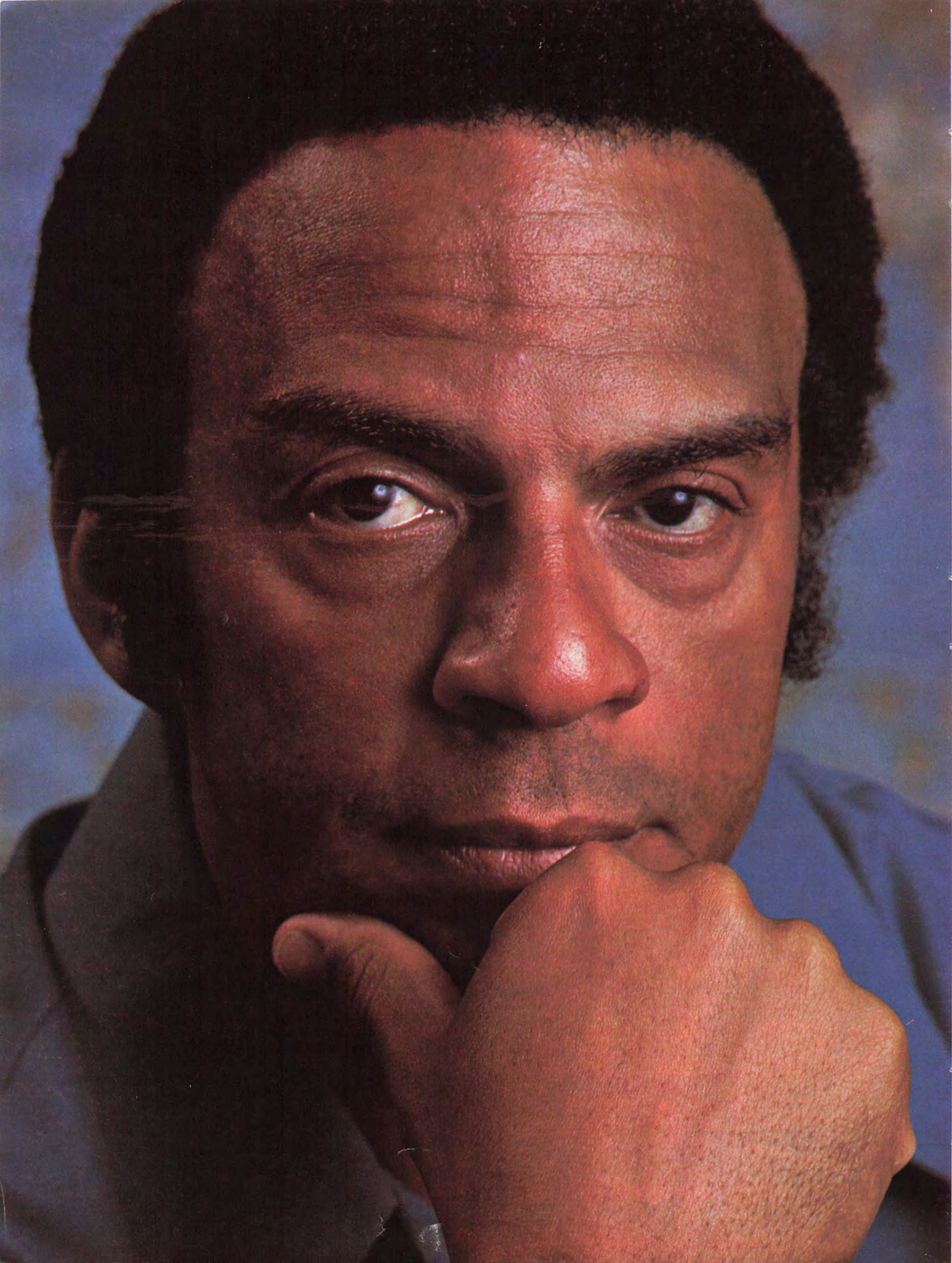




For Danielle, the future looks bright and promising. "It would be for everyone," she feels, "if they accepted the freedom they were born with." It's her right, she's convinced, to seek pleasure anywhere she likes. And we agree, of course, but having our freedom of choice, we choose to seek our pleasures with– you guessed it–Danielle!







PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

"The redefinition of sexual roles and relationships is even more dangerous to society than the struggle between the races. . . . You could escape from the problems of revolutionary change in the Third World, but there's no escape from a revolution going on in your own bedroom."

ANDREW YOUNG

Andrew Young first emerged as a leader of black and poor Americans during the optimistic days of the early 1960s. John F. Kennedy was president, an era of social advancement and new frontiers was announced, and the first, tentative steps of a new civil rights movement were being taken. Throughout the sixties Americans could not fail to notice Andrew Young marching next to his mentor, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., in the streets of Birmingham or Selma—in the front lines of what seemed to be the final drive to erase racial discrimination.

It was a time of civil disobedience, when Young and King led thousands of American blacks and whites in marches and sit-ins, challenging more than a hundred years of laws that denied equality to black citizens. Even while resistance by the authorities to change was great and violence by police a common sight on the evening news, the activists never deviated from their belief in peaceful demonstrations—even when they resulted in prison sentences.

The leadership of King and Young brought a political and social revolution not only in the South but everywhere in this country, culminating in the 1964 Civil Rights Act and the 1965 Voting Rights Act. Much of Lyndon Johnson's Great Society legislation was influenced by the civil rights movement. Furthermore, King and Young dramatized a shocking fact that most Americans hoped to deny: that widespread poverty does exist in this country. Not since the end of World War I had Washington, D.C., witnessed such a massive demonstration by the poor and the hungry as when the Poor People's Campaign—organized by King and Young, among others—descended on the nation's capital.

But by this time the bright mood of hope and optimism in America had turned dark and violent. Frustration over the war in remote Southeast Asia had turned many middle-class college students away from the goal of social equality, and the rhetoric of angry young blacks and whites became increasingly violent. Reason was lost behind the rifle of the assassin. And in 1968, shortly before the Poor People's Campaign was to arrive in Washington, Martin Luther King fell victim to the growing insanity. There remained, however, one voice of reason and sanity, speaking quietly and steadily throughout the madness—the voice of Andrew Young. Over the years, when he was not marching, he was at the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLU) headquarters, directing its Citizenship Education Program and training others in community organization and leadership to expand the civil rights movement.

Young was born in New Orleans on March 12, 1932. After graduating from Howard University in 1951 and the Hartford Theological Seminary in 1955, he was ordained to the ministry in 1955. But by this time, like so many other black religious leaders, he began to feel that there was more to be done than simply be a church pastor. It was never his intention to be a leader of the newborn civil rights movement, but rather to be a part of it. And although he was probably more a product of history than one of its shapers, once he was seized by events, Young took the opportunity to guide the growing army of young blacks, impatient over being denied what properly was theirs.

But by 1972 America—at least, grass-roots America—had grown tired of confrontation and angry dissent. It was ready to elect Richard Nixon to a second term in the White House. Although reluctant, and only after Julian Bond re-

PHOTOGRAPH BY DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

fused to run for election, Andrew Young ran and was elected from the Fifth Congressional District of Georgia. He was re-elected in 1974 and 1976. In Congress he developed a broader view of social inequality. Serving on the House Banking and Currency Committee and its subcommittees on International Finance, International Trade, and Mass Transportation, Young saw that the plight of poor blacks and whites was related to the reluctance of American industry to expand into foreign markets. Young realized that such expansion, especially into Third World nations, would create more jobs at home. He began to use his influence to change this state of affairs, and he continues to do so.

Sometime in the early 1970s a seemingly strange alliance was formed. Andrew Young's support was sought by the then governor of Georgia—Jimmy Carter. Young suspected Carter's overtures to Georgia's blacks and to himself, but over a period of time, Young's skepticism about the governor broke down. In 1976 he supported Carter for the presidency. It has been acknowledged by Carter and others that Young's support won the black electorate and possibly the election for the man from Plains.

Soon after the election, Carter named Young U.S. ambassador to the United Nations. It was an appointment that quickly became controversial, and Young's conduct during his nearly three years was to prove to be even more controversial. It seemed that few observers of international events could remain neutral about him. Even within the Carter administration, Young had his critics, most notably National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski. Conservatives in the Congress and the press were often outraged at Young's unhesitating criticism of traditional American allies. For example, he found Britain's "old colonial mentality" still strong when he visited that country in 1977. And he called Swedes "terrible racists who treated blacks as badly as they were treated in Queens." But his conservative critics often forgot that Young was even harsher on the Russians, whom he called "the worst racists in the world."

Young's downfall as U.N. ambassador came in 1979 when he met secretly with a representative of the Palestine Liberation Organization. To this day, the source of the news leak has not been discovered, but the hysterical fire storm of protest that erupted at home and abroad resulted in Young's being portrayed by some as the personification of black anti-Semitism. Despite his years of involvement with Jewish organizations, Young felt he had to resign.

Afterward, he did not simply retreat and nurse his wounds. He returned to the South and in 1981 was elected mayor of Atlanta. His new goal was to revitalize that major city from the effects of runaway inflation and high unemployment. He set out to establish Atlanta as a great "international" city. Bringing his long-held economic beliefs to the test, he has attempted to bring foreign capital to Atlanta. He believes that America has for too long lagged behind Germany and Japan in taking advantage of new markets in emerging Third World nations, and he has used his new office to begin to rectify that situation.

This exclusive interview was conducted by *Penthouse* contributing editor Allan Sonnenschein during several days in Atlanta last fall.

Penthouse: What do you think is today's most important social issue?

Young: The redefinition of sexual roles and relationships is one of the main crises in our society today, even more dangerous to society than the struggle between the races. Women, increasingly, are casting off their subservient status. They have always been as smart as men; they've always worked as hard. Now they're insisting, and being backed by the law, on getting as much money and power as men. All of this requires a great deal of adjustment in most men's thinking. This is the very rough problem that men will be facing for the rest of this century. You could escape from the problems of revolutionary change in the Third World or of race relations in your city, but there is no escape from a revolution going on in your own kitchen, much less in your own bedroom.

As men, we have got to realize that we really don't need to be threatened by women's progress. I remember my own marriage. For the first five or six years of our marriage, my wife pretty much went along with almost anything I said. And then I remember the day when she answered me, "I don't believe that!" She had challenged my view! It was like a ton of bricks falling on me. I dealt with it jokingly, because she had just received her master's degree. But she really came back at me with a kind of forcefulness that had not been there in the first years of our marriage. I had to really think: did I want a partner or a puppet? If I wanted a partner, then I had to be willing to understand her views and change my thinking to accommodate them. Then we could pursue life as partners together. And that was about twenty years ago.

Penthouse: How is it now?

Young: I have really learned to appreciate the value of being married to a thoughtful, independent woman.

Penthouse: Are black men more chauvinistic than white men?

Young: They have been, yes.

Penthouse: Are they changing?

Young: Black men have been so threatened in their jobs and in society that they have been pampered by their mothers and by their wives at home. And now their wives are no longer pampering them but demanding that they be men at home. And frankly, a lot of guys are cracking up. The whole battered-wife syndrome comes into focus here.

When I came back to Atlanta after being at the U.N., the biggest problem I noticed was the number of black couples who were upper-middle-class, well educated, well employed, and getting divorced. It was a tragedy, because they had just reached the point where they had completed their educations and their children were grown and they were financially secure and ready to settle down to be leaders in the community—they had enough money to invest in projects to create jobs and they could provide leadership to charitable causes and so on. And here they were, all going through personal traumas. The situation is an epidemic. Everybody thinks, "This is my special problem; I can't get along with this crazy woman!" But it's something that is happening to everybody. And people are just not being prepared to understand that. There's nowhere to go in our society to get help with this.

Penthouse: Is this happening to both blacks and whites?

Young: Oh, yes. In fact, I think black women tend to be more tolerant. I sometimes think that white women are becoming free with a vengeance, that they want to get even for past inequities. Black women just want to get equal. They're not going to stay in the backward position anymore, but they're not going to take advantage. Part of the reason for this is that most black folk today are raised in homes where both parents worked and where there was a sharing of responsibility. In fact, there is a sense in which the black family has often been accused of being matriarchal, because women have been so strong. I don't agree with that—I think that women have been very strong socially and publicly, but in the home and in the bed, black men have been dominant. But I think that young black women and the black family are better prepared to deal with an equal rights movement than, say, the white family in which the father worked and the mother lived in the suburbs and really didn't assume very much responsibility, didn't know very much about the family finances, and essentially did as she was told by her husband.

White women are casting that off, and in so doing are going from one extreme to the other. Black women have not had as far to go, and they're not quite going to an extreme. But they are demanding changes.

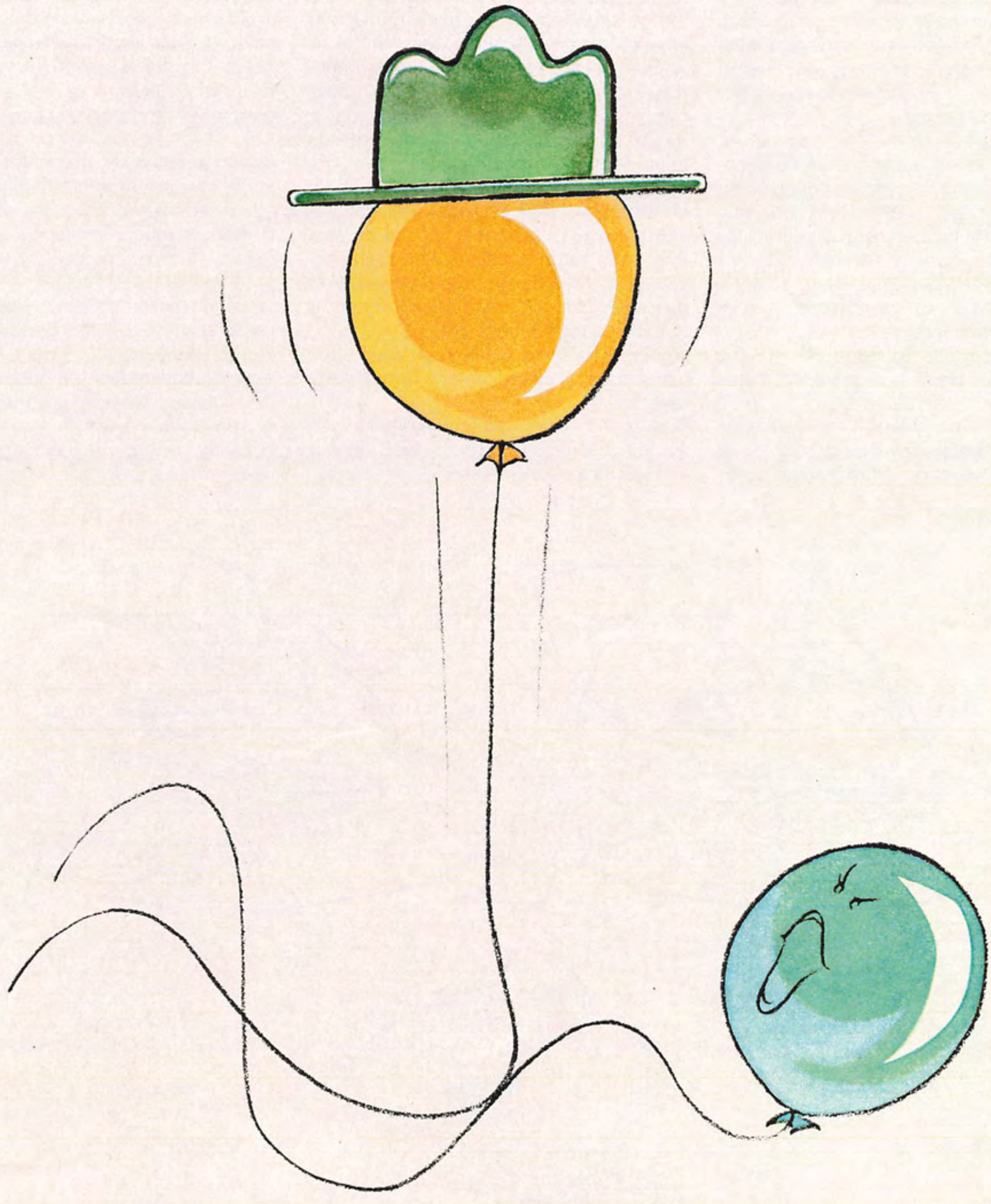
Penthouse: Do you think the American family is in danger because of these changes taking place?

Young: I see a danger, but I also see an opportunity. I believe that we profit by most changes. I'm sure that my marriage is far more interesting and meaningful because we have been going through a process of learning to respect each other as we've grown and changed over twenty-eight years.

Penthouse: Did you and Dr. King ever envision that you would be responsible, not

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"What does that mean: 'The International Brotherhood of Bugle Boys always comes first'?"

just for the black civil rights movement, but for the civil liberties of gays, women, minorities?

Young: Yes, we did. We thought that society would be stronger when human rights existed across the board, when a general liberalization took place.

Penthouse: Do you support the gay civil rights movement now?

Young: I do. I defend gays against discrimination on the basis of sexual preference. We have all kinds of ordinances in Atlanta that protect gays. I've appointed gays to boards in the city. I've made sure that the police have workshops to teach them how to be sensitive to gays. I meet with the gay community in gay bars regularly. We've even attempted to recruit policemen who are gay.

I had a clash with the gay community, though, because I would not sign a document proclaiming "Gay Male Lesbian and Transperson Day." I didn't feel that government ought to interfere with, certify, or proclaim any kind of sexuality, which I think is a strictly personal issue. I felt the important thing was to defend people against discrimination.

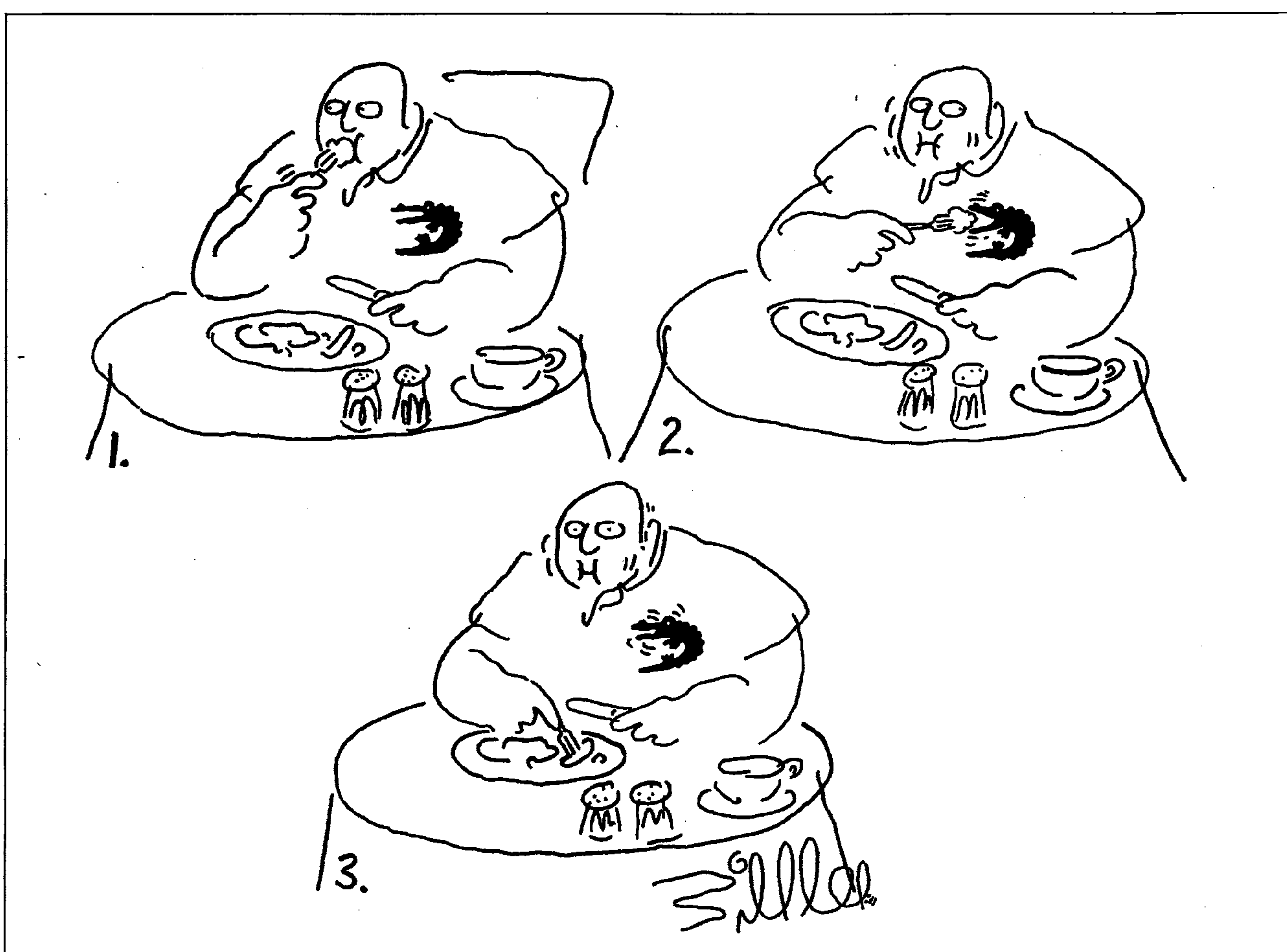
I was always uncomfortable with the concepts of "black power" and "black pride." Dr. King said that there is such a thing as "Jewish power" and "Catholic power," although they'll all deny it. But I believe that the very fact of people going around proclaiming their power and pride is an indication that they don't have either. It's as if they're looking for somebody else to give power to them, to certify them. Self-acceptance is something that has to come from *within.* It cannot and should not come from the government. What the government should do is prevent discrimination.

Penthouse: Some people think that gay rights may be a bit frivolous compared with the civil rights movement and the women's movement.

Young: I believe that sexual rights, in any form, are basic to human existence. But the top priorities have been the right to eat, the right to an education, the right to be housed. Certain of the most fundamental bases of survival have been denied most people. People have been starving to death. So, while sexual freedom is certainly important to people who feel discriminated against, it's not totally destructive of their physical existence. At worst, they can still sneak off and do what they have to do privately. And I am convinced that sex has to be private—it is not a public right. You don't have the right to public sexual freedom.

Penthouse: What were your aspirations when you first joined the civil rights movement?

Young: I've never had any aspirations for anything, to tell the truth. I joined up with Martin Luther King essentially because I felt guilty about being cooped up away in a New York suburb while the students were marching. Also, because I grew up in the South and always felt that my place was in the South. When I joined the civil rights movement, I was thinking of it in terms of just taking five years off from pastoring churches. Once I got into it, it was obvious that it was going to take longer than that. Mahatma Gandhi's favorite hymn was "Lead Kindly Light (Amid the Encircling Gloom)" and part of the verse is "I do not ask to see the distant scene. One step enough for me." I think I've always taken that as my motto. My grandmother always said, "Let the day's own trouble be sufficient unto the day thereof." And so I've never really thought that far ahead. I honestly never thought I'd be mayor of Atlanta. I didn't want to be mayor of Atlanta. But when I left the U.N. and came back to Atlanta, I realized that if I held any position other than mayor, I would be working for somebody else. As mayor of a city like Atlanta, you're the boss locally, with 8,000 or so employees. We influence a budget of close to a billion dollars a year. Atlanta is, potentially, one of the great cities of the world. There are 430 Fortune 500 companies located here in Atlanta. We have a major airport; we have a wonderful system of transportation—mass transit, train, and highway. There's everything you need here to make a great international city.




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Penthouse: When you campaigned for mayor of Atlanta, you planned to bring foreign investments here. What is your plan?
Young: My primary goal is not to import foreign investment but to export American goods and services.

Here in Atlanta I'm trying to create a situation in which any company that wants to purchase any kind of U.S. technology can come to Atlanta with its problems, its money, or its good credit potential. I feel like we ought to be able to mobilize the economic clout of one city and draw on my international connections with more than seventy countries in the world to see if we can't create in this city one international bridge and show what can be done, what should be done. And then maybe we could get the state and the nation to respond. We think that we can consistently demonstrate that the American marketplace can meet the needs of any developing country or developing company. As these companies bring their needs to Atlanta, we will help them put together packages to meet their needs.

Penthouse: And how would this help American blacks directly?
Young: It would help American blacks because every billion in exports generates 30,000 new jobs. Also, American blacks are part of the key to American businesses' doing business abroad. To do business in Africa and the Caribbean and Latin America, American business is going to have to take in more blacks and Hispanics. It's Asian-Americans, both Chinese and Japanese, who are opening the markets to China and Japan. It's Palestinians or Arab-Americans who are handling most of the trade with the Middle East. It's Jewish Americans who are handling most of the link with Europe and with the Jewish community in Israel.

Africa is, essentially, the richest continent in the world today—rich in terms of raw materials and natural resources, but also rich as a market, in that there are 450 million people on the African continent that need everything we produce. As we begin to meet those needs, black Americans are going to become involved in international trade and finance; they are going to become joint-venture partners with predominantly white businesses because of their friendships and ethnic connections. They're also going to get more jobs.

Penthouse: The civil rights problem in the United States today is an economic problem?
Young: Exactly. In the 1960s our problems were social. We broke down social and legal barriers with some measure of success. In the 1970s we integrated the politics. We went from virtually a few hundred black elected officials to more than 6,000. We represent almost 30 percent of the Democratic vote on any given election day, nationwide. In the 1980s we've got to integrate the money. And that's going to be done internationally; it's going to be done through the kind of utilization of the political power we've achieved to generate economic growth and development.

Penthouse: Atlanta has had two mayors, Mayor Maynard Jackson and yourself, who have been very concerned about civil liberties. But at the same time, your Fulton County solicitor-general, Hinson McAuliffe, who just recently left office, spent much of his time telling the people of Atlanta what they should be reading. How do you account for this seeming discrepancy?
Young: Mr. McAuliffe was elected countywide and there was no serious challenge to him. Nobody else was really interested in being county solicitor.

Penthouse: But how did McAuliffe get elected?
Young: This is a very conservative community. While it's not conservative racially, it has been conservative on both civil liberties issues and particularly on sexually related issues.

Penthouse: Are you saying that McAuliffe has a political base here?

> "I believe that sexual rights are basic to human existence. But the top priorities have been the right to eat, the right to an education, the right to be housed."

Young: I think so, yes. But only because nobody wanted to challenge him. I think that's what gives the Right its strength; it takes a much more courageous person to openly oppose what seems to be the traditional value system than it does to fight to try to maintain it. People don't necessarily agree with McAuliffe; they just don't want to use up the energy to run the risk in taking him on.

Penthouse: Do you perceive him as a threat to the First Amendment?
Young: No. Most of his cases were thrown out when they got to the federal court. We had the contrast of having one of the most liberal federal circuit courts in the country in this conservative political atmosphere.

Penthouse: Wayne Williams has been another Atlanta figure who has made national headlines. But a lot of people have questioned whether he acted alone. Are you completely satisfied that Wayne Williams was the killer of all those black children?
Young: The evidence indicates that he was. It really was a massive amount of evidence. The jury, after listening to the evidence for over nine weeks, took only a couple of hours to decide he was guilty.

Penthouse: Williams was on trial for just a few of the many murders. Investigators in different parts of the country claim that other black children have been murdered since Wayne Williams has been in custody. Do you know anything about this?
Young: I've heard people say that. In fact, during the trial, people said that there were cover-ups of murders. But it's hard to cover up the murder of a child. The parents would certainly cry out. And we had no interest in a cover-up. Wayne Williams was fairly well known in our community. Nobody wanted him to be guilty. I knew his parents for years. I did an interview with Wayne Williams when he was in ninth grade. Went home and said to my wife, "This is one of the brightest kids I've ever met." It was a great shock to us that he was guilty.

Penthouse: Do you have any idea what his motivation could have been?
Young: I really don't. Except that he was a child of his parents' old age and they apparently placed no limits on him. He was very abusive to them. He had no sense of anybody's rights but his own. Part of the incriminating testimony was that he had a split personality. The case reminded me of the old book by Meyer Levin, *Compulsion*, about the Leopold and Loeb case. It's the kind of sickness that is very hard to explain. It probably has a lot to do with self-hatred. Here was a young man who was really very talented, who had many opportunities, but who was never able to pull it together. This was a kid who owned a radio station when he was thirteen. He could have done almost anything he wanted had he been able to channel and discipline his abilities, but he was not able to do that.

Penthouse: What do you think about George Wallace's being reelected governor of Alabama?
Young: Well, I think that the black community in particular loves to see somebody admit that they were wrong. And they want to believe. We almost *have* to believe that white people *can* change. Otherwise there's no hope. So when Wallace went around telling people that he had been wrong and he'd changed, it was very impressive.

In general, the two things Wallace had going for him were; one, that religious belief in the black community that a sinner can repent, and two, the sympathy vote because of the attempt on his life. In the black community particularly, people don't want it to ever seem as though assassination can succeed politically. This is why, after John Kennedy's and Martin Luther King's assassinations, we tried to see to it that even though the men were gone, the things that they had lived for came about. A case can be made for the fact that more positive things came about after President Kennedy's death than would have had he lived. And the same thing is true of Martin Luther King's assassination.

Penthouse: You're not still suspicious of Wallace?
Young: I'm not nearly so suspicious of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134



"You're quite right! It is colder than a seal's tittie!"

WINTER WONDERLAND

BY REVILO



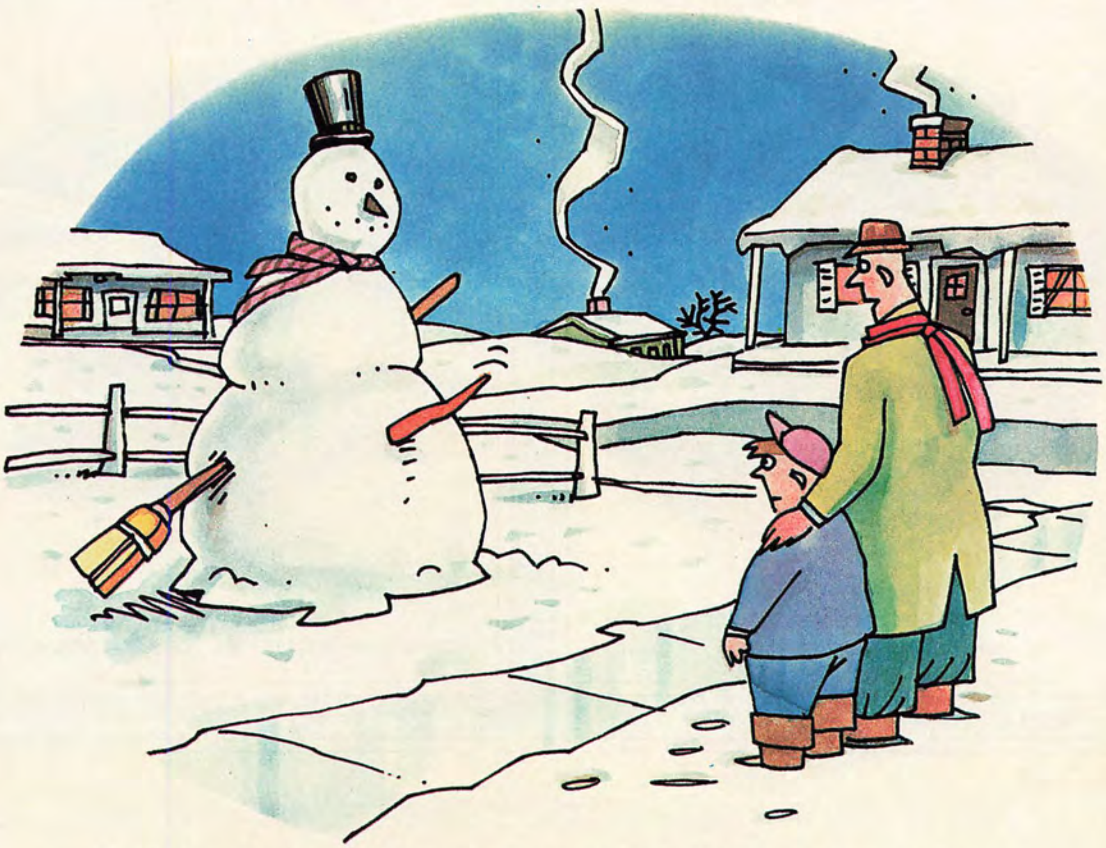
"Nice putt!"



"I know! Let's take naps
and wait till the blizzard's over!"



"Pantywaist!"



"Perhaps we ought to go in the house, Monty. I think Mr. Snowman wants to be alone."



"I'm sorry, Debbie,
it's not an erection—it's frostbite!"



"Where did your mom
learn how to skate like that?"



"Better get on the horn and cancel the garden party."



"Sure, you can snorkel this time of year in California, but this is Minnesota!"



"Taking down the Christmas tree and putting away the ornaments always make me cry!"



"Look, Bjorn, Father Christmas brought us instruments of death. Would you like to play?"



"Tag! You're it!"

INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

Wallace as I am of the people around him. I'm convinced that Wallace has changed, but I'm not convinced that the people around him have gone through "the valley of the shadow of death," as he has. Once you come face to face with death, you dig down deep at life; life is no longer just a casual political phenomenon that you can deal with in a dilettantish manner. But nobody else around him has shared the agony he experienced.

Penthouse: Do you think he has the potential to be a leader of both whites and blacks in Alabama?

Young: He very definitely does. He has leadership abilities. He can articulate issues so that they are understandable. He's a great communicator, and that's a fundamental basis of leadership. He makes poor people believe in themselves. And he's a real fighter and he's just not about to give up.

Penthouse: What does Ronald Reagan mean to American blacks? Is he a step forwards or a step backwards?

Young: Ronald Reagan, frankly, is a standstill. He's not been able to push the black community back, because we've made too many solid educational and economic gains. He has hurt the black poor. But the civil rights movement never really helped the black poor enough. We had a poverty program, but, frankly, it helped the middle class more than it did the poor. Food stamps help the poor and also help the middle class. Medicaid and Medicare help the poor. Reagan is cutting back those programs, so to that extent he hurts. On the other hand, after he began to understand that he had to do something about the Voting Rights Act, he signed a better voting rights act than had either Lyndon Johnson or Gerald Ford.

Penthouse: What is his motivation to assist poor blacks when he has almost no black constituency?

Young: His motivation is his knowledge that the stability and security of the nation depends on satisfying all of the citizens. Also, Ronald Reagan is a genuinely decent man. He doesn't know about the implications of race and culture in our society. He's just learning. But he's not a bad man.

Penthouse: How do black African leaders perceive Reagan?

Young: As a dangerous man who is a threat to the safety and security of the developing world.

Penthouse: They do?

Young: They do. And it's not that he's a bad man, but that he doesn't know anything about the world. That he is dangerously naive and ignorant. That's the perception.

Penthouse: Would you like to see Jimmy Carter run again?

Young: I'm not sure. I think that Jimmy Carter was a great president. Well, I shouldn't say *great* president. I think he was a *good* president. He did all the right things. He was not a great president because he did not have a comprehensive vision that he could communicate to the American people. But he was in the process of putting the whole thing together. If he could have articulated a vision, it would have been based on facts and on a realistic appraisal of what's possible in today's world, and toward the fulfillment of an American ideal.

I saw a slogan the other day: "There's a simple answer to every problem and it's usually wrong." And I think that's the case with Ronald Reagan's simple answer. The simple answer was that we could have tax cuts and balance the budget and increase defense spending. That's not only wrong, it's a lie. And yet people—intelligent people—wanted so badly to believe that there was a simple answer to our problems that they bought it.

Penthouse: Many people have said that the Moral Majority also thrives on simple answers. Do you think that their kind of candidate is the wave of the future?

Young: I really don't think so. The Moral Majority is essentially a press phenomenon—they magnified a significant but small religious community that had suddenly entered politics. But I don't know that it's fair to credit the Moral Majority with victories in the 1980 campaign.

Penthouse: As a Christian and ordained minister, what are your feelings about people like Falwell?

Young: I welcome all Christians in politics. But Moral Majoritarians are just beginners. As they start to cope with some real and complex issues, their politics will grow, but also their Christianity will grow. The people who came into politics with the Moral Majority were very much like President Reagan. They were very naive about today's world. They grew up in small towns; they were afraid of cities; they were afraid of the problems of the world. They had a kind of paranoia about communism without knowing anything about it and without being able to distinguish Russian communism from Chinese communism or any of the other varieties of Eastern European communism. But they'll come to realize that in our complex world we have to relate to people with whom we disagree vehemently. And that we're not going to wipe off the face of the earth people who disagree with us, particularly when they, too, have the capacity to wipe us off the face of the earth. Ultimately I hope they will be led to an understanding of the Christian gospel, which in a sense, in the Book of Ephesians, talks about reconciling differences, breaking down dividing walls of hostility between differing groups. In that



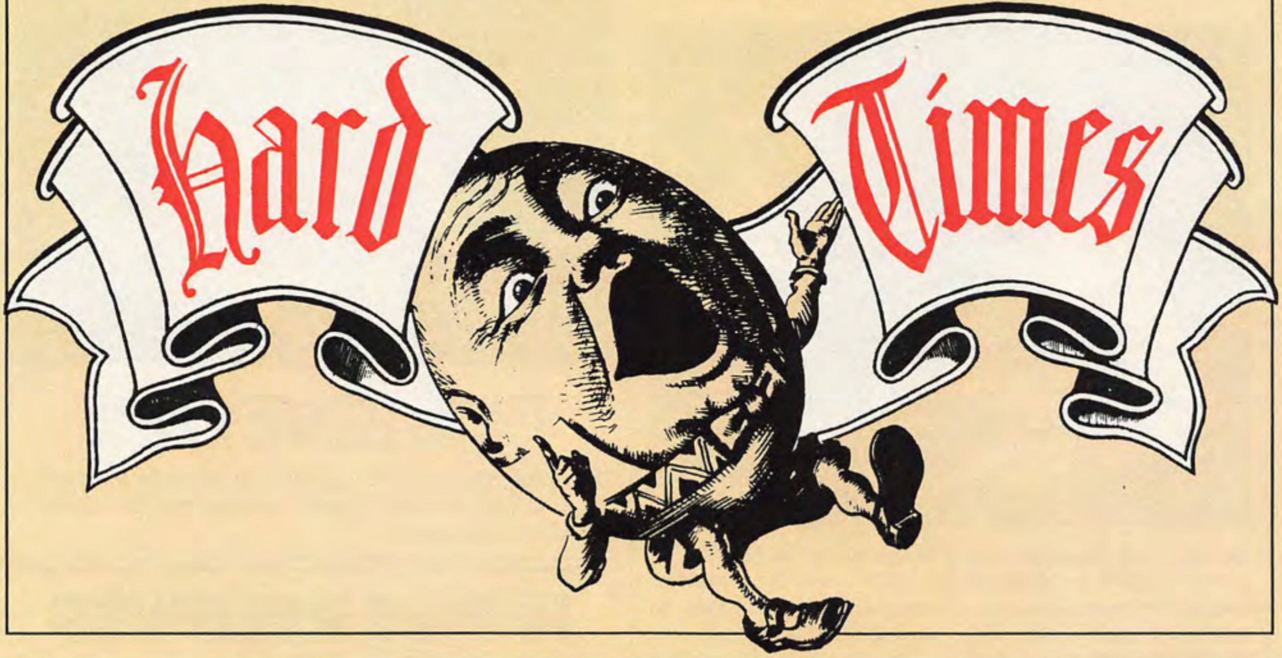
"Of course, I never dreamed *it was anything other than a misspelling . . ."*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

EXTRA



© HARD TIMES, INC. *ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT* *VOL. 2, NO. 1*

IKE MET SPACE ALIENS!



UPI



© 1980 COLUMBIA PICTURES INDUSTRIES, INC.

President Dwight D. Eisenhower met with beings from outer space almost 30 years ago, a British high government official reveals. A top-secret meeting, similar to the spectacular finale of Steven Spielberg's "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" shown above, took place at Edwards Air Force Base in California in 1954.

According to the Earl of Clancarty, a member of Parliament and the author of seven UFO books, the awestruck Ike watched as the aliens demonstrated how their spacecraft worked–and he convinced them not to make widespread contact with the people of Earth, to avoid panic. "The aliens spoke English," reported a former U.S. test pilot who was present. "They looked something like humans, but not exactly." *(National Enquirer)*

What did Ike look like?–Editor

WE HIT IT OFF– AFTER I SHOT HIM!



My husband Fitzgerald and I really got off to an explosive start when we first met– I mistook him for a prowler and blasted him with a double-barreled shotgun!

The poor fellow had run out of gas during a terrible storm and had walked up to our house looking for help.

After a few days, when he was able to sit down again, he cooled down and forgave me.

We started dating and in a pretty short time we fell in love and got married. (By Carlin Sanders, *National Enquirer)*



BOB MICHELSON

TRUE LOVE DEP'T.

"I'd rather live in a car than get stuck in the house with her!"– singer Johnny Lee about "Dallas" star Charlene Tilton (above), his wife of eight months.

JUDGE RELIEVES ACCUSED WOMAN

A 23-year-old woman was acquitted Thursday on a charge of mischief even though she admitted she had urinated into a police constable's hat.

"I believe the definition of necessity could be used in this case," provincial Court Judge Keith Libby said in dismissing the charge.

The woman was being held pending an investigation into the theft of credit cards May 18, she told Judge Libby. Just before she was released without charges, she asked to go to the washroom. She said a police officer told her to shut up.

Const. Dave Anderson, who was involved in the investigation, had left his service hat in the room where the woman was confined. She said when she was refused permission to go to the washroom, she used the constable's hat to relieve herself.

"I thought it could be used as a container," she said.

"Did you try to put the hat back where you found it?" asked the prosecutor.

"Yes, I do have manners," she replied. (*Vancouver Sun*– submitted by J. Hansen)

That's a piss-poor excuse, in our opinion.–Editor

IT'S A RUFF LIFE

James and Betty Neely's home has really gone to the dogs–47 dogs, in fact!

But they couldn't be happier, because their king-size collection of canines won them $200 in our contest to find the family with the most tail waggers in their house.

"Our dogs are strays, unwanted or ill-treated," 72-year-old Betty of Hamilton, Ohio told the *Enquirer.*

"We're proud we never turned one away...and we love them all."

The Neelys spent $1,000 to convert their garage into a heated and air-conditioned room for the dogs to sleep in. But only one mutt beds down there–the rest sleep all over the couple's eight-room house.

The Neelys' neighbors never complained about the huge canine family.

Mrs. Neely revealed: "The two nearest houses are 100 yards away. The people on one side just love our dogs. And the woman on the other side doesn't mind all the barking–she's hard of hearing." *(National Enquirer)*



TRANSWORLD FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC.

FATAL VESTED INTERESTS

An official of a company that makes security equipment was stabbed to death by a friend Friday as he was demonstrating a bulletproof vest. Lieut. Tom Mundy of the police said that Mark Wagstaff, 30 years old, co-owner of Wagstaff Enterprises, put on the vest at a breakfast meeting of the Pyramid Club and asked the friend, Jim Shepherd, to try to stab him in the chest. The first attempt failed but not the second, the police said. Mr. Shepherd was described as "in extreme shock." *(New York Times*–submitted by Phyllis Lemkowitz)

More Americans Recognize E.T. Than VP George Bush



MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

M. EVANS/SYGMA

By an incredible margin of almost 2 to 1, more Americans recognize Hollywood's E. T. (left) than Vice President George Bush (right). *Enquirer* reporters across the country asked people if they could identify photographs of the lovable space alien and pictures of the Vice President. The results were stunning. Out of 300 people interviewed, an overwhelming 220 recognized E. T. But only 115 knew who Bush was. "Isn't that David Frost?" asked one man when he saw Bush's photo. But he immediately recognized E. T., who, he joked, "looks like my mother-in-law." *(National Enquirer)*



TRANSWORLD FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC.

Expiration Date

Archie A. Arnold enjoyed shocking people in life, and he got a last laugh in death as well. Before he died, the Auburn, Ind., man secretly arranged to have parking meters set in cement beside his grave, following his burial. On April 21, Arnold's time expired–as the signs on the parking meters say–a victim, ironically, of an auto accident. And mourners who returned to the grave after the funeral were shocked, indeed! *(National Enquirer)*

Some people just can't take a joke–Editor

ENDS SPEECH WITH BANG

Former Councilman Gus Patrick, defeated for re-election last year, shot himself to death yesterday while addressing the City Council during a discussion of the city budget.

Patrick, who was in his 50s, had been reading from a prepared statement on the budget when he reached into his pocket, pulled out a pistol and shot himself in the head, witnesses said. He died at a hospital.

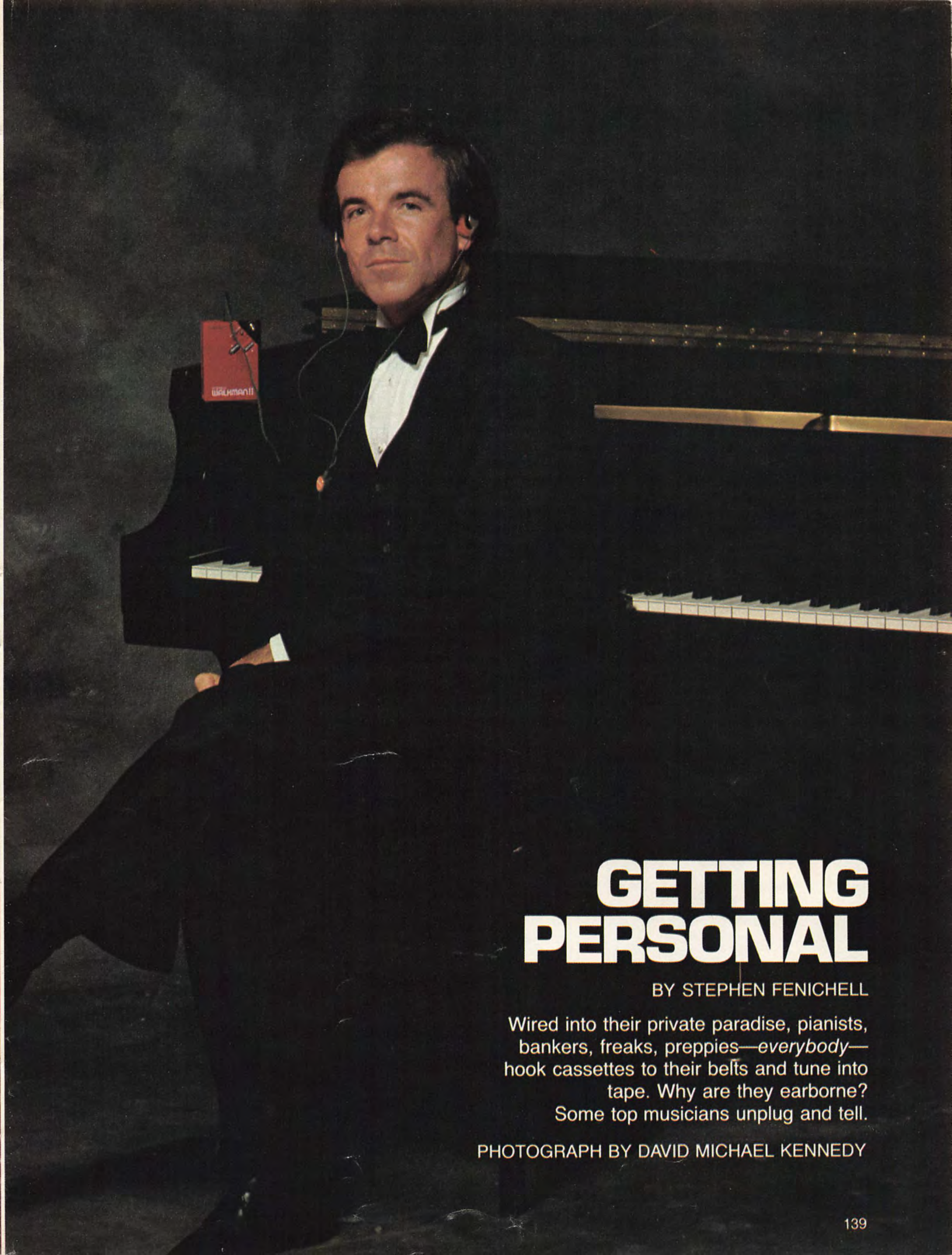
Patrick had questioned a raise proposed for City Manager Andy Tomlinson. When he digressed to say the city was going to be sued because of Tomlinson's handling of a traffic problem, Mayor Larry Caldwell interrupted to ask that Patrick stay on the subject of the budget.

Patrick resumed reading his statement. Then he commented about the Fourth of July and patriotism, said that since leaving the council his advice had been ignored, remarked about being suppressed and pulled out the gun. (*San Francisco Chronicle*–submitted by Jim Robinson)

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Please include the name of the newspaper and the date the clipping was published.





GETTING PERSONAL

BY STEPHEN FENICHELL

Wired into their private paradise, pianists, bankers, freaks, preppies—*everybody*—hook cassettes to their belts and tune into tape. Why are they earborne? Some top musicians unplug and tell.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID MICHAEL KENNEDY

To the uninitiated, the public behavior of personal-stereo owners seems nothing short of bizarre. On they go down city streets, lip-syncing inaudible rock concerts, snapping their fingers and tapping their toes to unheard symphonies. To those with eardrums tortured by huge beat-blaster "boxes," the headset fad is a welcome, silent addition to parks and buses. However, some city fathers have not proved so tolerant, passing countless ordinances that ban personal-stereo owners from indulging in their pet pastime while operating cars, even bicycles. From fear of traffic mayhem largely, but also, perhaps, from a deeper suspicion. Those tuned out to others' private tuning find something distinctly antisocial—even cultishly subversive—in the sight of all that jiving and clapping and swooning to music that no one else hears.

Should you manage to catch his or her attention (best method: wave your arms wildly before the eyes of the rapt listener, in hope that he will either remove the earphones altogether or generously depress the optional "mute" button), the personal-stereo user—or abuser—will talk in almost mystical terms of "perfect sound" or of "being engulfed by powerful melodies," as if personal stereos were providing that final and elusive technological access to the proverbial music of the spheres. Certainly there is a moment of divine conversion, a revelation experienced by countless first-time headphone experimenters: many a personal stereo has been bought in a rash frenzy of consumerist desire within minutes of trying on, and being transported by, somebody else's.

Of all the personal-stereo fanatics, perhaps none are quite so eloquent or transported as the professional musicians themselves, who seem perfectly willing, if it were possible, to have the music of their choice surgically implanted in their heads. Their next best option is clearly the little headset stereo, and from classical pianists to the funkiest of rock-star performers, practically nobody in the music world would be caught for long without at least one. Listen, now, as they take off their headphones for just a few minutes and give avid testimony to the unparalleled delights of this mobile music mania.

MISHA DICHTER

Misha Dichter sprang to instant international fame as a pianist when, at age twenty-one, he captured the Silver Medal at the prestigious Moscow Tchaikovsky Competition. Today, the thirty-six-year-old Dichter plays regularly with all the major orchestras of the United States and Europe.

The personal stereo has changed my life. I plan to be playing a Handel suite at a recital this year which I would never have heard had I not listened to it on my Walkman in an airport a while back. I find I have less and less time to listen to music at home, so when I finally do return after a long tour, about the last thing I want to do is put on a record. When the personal stereo came along, I was finally able to listen to music I wanted to hear at convenient *times* and in convenient *places*, namely, in airplanes and in airports, where what they play over the loudspeakers shouldn't be dignified by the name. Finally, I could use that dead time waiting creatively, listening to real music instead of Muzak. I also have the FM radio insert, which, if I grow tired of whatever tapes I've carried, permits me to tune in to the local jazz and classical stations. Often I'll be so totally transported by some performance that I really won't notice a half-hour's layover. The personal stereo is really a defense weapon against the encroachments of an increasingly hostile acoustical world. It's a chance for the individual to assert his *own* musical tastes over the imposed sound-barrage of anonymous "others." For me, it's opened up an entire new musical territory, because I can now bring music of my own choosing into places where no *real* music has ever gone before.

DAVE EDMUNDS

Legendary Welsh rock-'n'-roller Dave Edmunds is best known for his wry, witty takes on various American-pop classics, many produced and recorded with his recently disbanded Rockpile. From his hit UK single "I Hear You Knockin'" to his own distinctive version of the old Crystals/Phil Spector classic "Da Doo Ron Ron," Edmunds has epitomized the best of the British "Pub Rock" movement. His seventh solo rock-'n'-roll LP, produced by Columbia Records, is called D.E.7th.

I used to see people wearing these things, bopping along just oblivious to it all, and it used to irritate me a lot. Until someone came along and gave me this little GE Stereo Escape unit and I became something of an instant convert. I mean, it still does gall me a bit to see someone sitting in a room full of people wearing those itty-bitty headphones, or driving a car cut off from it all. But I do find the personal stereo terrifically handy, because I get sent a lot of cassettes by budding songwriters and bands, and usually they're not very good.

(Previous page) Cassette Duet: pianists Peter Nero (left) and Misha Dichter (right) stay tuned to their private keyboards.



David M. Kennedy

PERSONAL BEST

With the booming popularity of stereo cassette recorders, top manufacturers are offering top-of-the-line models so advanced and loaded with features that they resemble a home deck. A sample that sounds sumptuous:

AIWA HS-JO2: auto reverse mechanism, Dolby-compatible noise reduction, AM-FM tuner, detachable stereo condenser microphone, built-in whip antenna, home convertible: $220

GENERAL ELECTRIC ESCAPE II: super-compact and ultra-lightweight, muting switch, battery LED indicator, dual headphone jack, top-mounted volume and balance controls: $129.95

JVC CQ-F2K: cassette-sized FM stereo tuner pack, metal tape compatibility, Dolby noise-reduction capability, cue and review facilities, anti-rolling mechanism to stabilize tape transport: $149.95

PANASONIC WAY RQ-J20X: dbx-equipped sound-reproduction system, three-position tape selection for normal, metal, or chromium, cue and review controls, single-wire headphones, LED indicator: $149.95

SANYO SPORSTER MG-100: auto reverse, Dolby noise reduction, metal tape capability, talk and mute switches, soft-touch play control, dual headphone jacks, lightweight stereo headphones: $119.95

SONY WALKMAN WM-7: automatic reverse, Dolby noise reduction, remote controls for start, stop, and reverse located on headphone cord, feather-touch controls operable through case: $169.95

TOSHIBA KT-R2: player-recorder with FM stereo tuner pack, dual stereo headphones, jacks, metal tape capability, MQTF (Music Quick Transfer System), four LED indicators, optional speakers: $219.95

So it's quite nice to be able to play all this stuff without making such a nuisance of myself around other people.

The unit is also invaluable on the tour bus because you're practically living together, you and the band, and it's important not to get on anyone's nerves. With these things, people can listen to whatever they want. You need to withdraw a bit; it happens on the road.

PHILIP GLASS, KURT MUNKACSI

Avant-garde composer Philip Glass achieved worldwide recognition and acclaim in 1976 for his modern opera Einstein on the Beach, *a collaboration with director Robert Wilson. Glass is currently at work on a new opera,* Akhenaten, *and has written the score for* Koyaanisqatsi, *a feature film without actors directed by Godfrey Reggio. Mr. Munkacsi has been Philip Glass's producer and engineer on his recording projects for a number of years. Their most recent collaboration,* Glassworks (CBS Records), *is the only album with a cassette version specially mixed for a personal stereo.*

(Glass) I like to think of myself as one of the few "serious" composers who's tried to adapt to changing technology in the musical field. We're evolving a very sophisticated, exciting, complex pop music nowadays largely because of increasingly innovative production methods—we've all grown up together, in a way, musicians and listeners both; it's very challenging for composers like myself working in so-called concert music, with someone like David Byrne (Talking Heads) doing such wonderful things in "pop" music. Everything is growing together and up and out—it really is fantastic, and the personal stereo is a part of this process. The quality is so absolutely astounding in such a small package. I remember visiting a friend of mine in Los Angeles some years ago, and he gave me one of the very first Walkman units. I listened to a piece of my own music on it, and I was stunned. I now keep several units around because I've got a fourteen-year-old daughter, and mine was constantly disappearing.

(Munkacsi) When Philip and I began work on recording *Glassworks*, I decided that a special "personal stereo" mix for the prerecorded cassette would bring the music that much closer to the many people who now listen to music that way. We wanted to recognize that technological innovation and deal with it straight on; I designed a "Walkman" mix that would be heavier on the bass and on the reverb, to compensate for certain weaknesses or limitations in the headsets themselves. It was great fun to see what we could do with the idea, and in future recordings I plan to take the personal-stereo mix concept to the limit; the next ones will be just as dynamic, if not more so. *Glassworks* must be the only album out now on which the tape case itself has written on it, "Specially Mixed for Your Personal Stereo Player."

GREG HAWKES

Renowned keyboards player for the Cars, a group that in five years has produced four highly successful albums: The Cars, Candy-O, Panorama, *and the hit* Shake It Up. *Hawkes is currently producing an album of his own, primarily electronic and instrumental, tentatively entitled* System.

I bought my Walkman during our Japan tour in 1980. At the time it was a novel thing to do, because though Walkmans were available in the States, the whole personal-stereo phenomenon hadn't yet hit full swing, while in Tokyo *everybody* on the street was wearing them—from little schoolgirls in uniforms to middle-aged businessmen in three-piece suits. I bought the unit primarily for flying, because I find personal stereo really cuts out a lot of the unpleasantness of air travel. In a larger sense, music is so popular today because it smooths over so many irritations of everyday life; the personal stereo lets you take that one step further by making that sonic insulator portable.

> "Most musicians are frustrated disc jockeys, and if you're also a producer, the disc-jockey urge can really take over. With the Walkman I can finally be my own DJ."—Al Kooper

There is also a real connection between the new technologies available for *listening* to music and the new ways available to *make* music. For instance, on airplanes I now take a little Casio portable keyboard that I listen to through my Walkman headphones, which means I can practice right on the plane or in the airport without disturbing people. Maybe it's primarily a toy now, but the implications for the future are tremendous. Things are happening so fast in music these days, it's hard to evaluate what's really happening. I just know this personal-stereo stuff excites a lot of musicians, and we'll all just have to wait and see what develops.

AL KOOPER

A triple threat—live performer, studio producer, and one of the greatest rock "session men"—Kooper backed up Bob Dylan on "Like a Rolling Stone" and "Blonde on Blonde." His own Super Session, *a 1968 album with Steve Stills and Mike Bloomfield, is considered a rock classic. During the '70s Kooper produced hits for Nils Lofgren, David Essex, and the Tubes while playing and arranging three tracks of George Harrison's* Somewhere in England. *His most recent album is* Championship Wrestling *for Columbia Records.*

Most musicians are frustrated disc jockeys, and if you're also a producer, the disc-jockey urge can really take over. With the Walkman I can finally be my own DJ—on an airplane, on the street, in hotel rooms. I don't bother with the radio insert, which is cool, because radio sucks these days. When I first picked up my Walkman, I started carrying it around New York, which turned out to be really strange. In fact, I sort of gave up on that, because you have to take the headphones off to deal with what you have to deal with: in the real world sometimes taking your music with you sort of confuses matters. The Walkman is best with a really good headphone record, like a *Supertramp* album. I rarely listen to records I've been involved with, but the other day I put the Tubes' first album on the Walkman and it really jumped right out on me: a good headphone album has lots of separation and pans that make the sound flash right across your head; then you've got a real personal-stereo record. I'll guess we'll be seeing more and more of those coming along, which sure is cool by me.

STEPHANIE MILLS

Twenty-five-year-old Stephanie Mills leaped to fame at age seventeen playing Dorothy in the Broadway musical The Wiz. *Since then she has been concentrating on records and nightclub and concert appearances, developing a whole new sexy image, exemplified by her hit* Tantalizingly Hot *on Casablanca/Polygram. Stephanie is a native New Yorker who now makes her home in Hollywood.*

I love my headphone stereo for roller-skating. I skate in the Valley when I'm out in L.A. and at the Roxy when I'm in New York. I love skating outside on the roads with my music—it's a trip. I love to be surrounded by music, I love moving places with my music. I have wonderful sound in my car, and in a way that's a lot like personal stereo. Moving with music is like moving *through* the music. It's the velocity of the music when it's almost right there inside your head—that's what's so intense. I like wearing my headphones for all sorts of exercise and outdoor activity—running (when I run), lying out beside the pool, and on the beach. And I like the fact that you're not disturbing anyone else. It's such an intensely *private* experience. There's also something wonderful about sharing that experience with one other person and nobody else, which you can do when you listen with someone else on the other headphones. It's a kind of real communication, like being on a desert island or in your own private world created by the music.

PETER NERO

A nationally known pianist and artistic director of the Philadelphia Pops Orchestra,

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INTERVIEW

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writing of Paul, it was the hostility that existed between Jews and Greeks that Paul was trying to see reconciled.

But in the South we understood that as being the responsibility of Christians to break down dividing walls of hostility between black and white. Now I think it's appropriate to think of one of our Christian responsibilities as breaking down the dividing walls of hostility between East and West.

Penthouse: The Moral Majority has chosen the issues of abortion, pornography, the ERA, to focus on during this period when we might be in an era of total economic collapse and nuclear war. What do you think of this?

Young: Well, I understand their concerns, to an extent. I grew up with Bible Belt Christianity. I know that it's essentially personalistic. It makes the mistake of thinking that the individual can be saved without a significant social, economic change. I think that what is happening to the Moral Majority people is actually a worldwide phenomenon. It's a resistance to secularism. That's what you see in the Ayatollah Khomeini. That's what you see in Islamic fundamentalism. It's a feeling that the world is moving too fast for their religious understandings. And so they want to stop the world, or turn it back. Of course, there's no way that either Falwell or Khomeini can do that; sooner or later their followers will realize that.

But this country is based enough on religious foundations that it's not bad to be reminded that we're moving too fast, and that we really ought to think about the implications of abortion and pornography. Everybody needs to raise legitimate questions about the roles of those things in their lives. The question is, Can you raise them and then develop answers that are both rational and sensitive to your religious faith? One group of people tries to say: "No religion, no faith. I do as I please." I really disagree with that. Another group says: "No reason, no logic. I only believe the word of God." I don't believe in *that*. I think that we are both rational and religious beings, and we find a meaningful life only when we can somehow reconcile our faith and our reason. That's what I hope to see happen in a few short years.

Penthouse: Some religious groups are advocating a constitutional amendment banning abortion. Do you consider this a real issue—something we should be writing laws about?

Young: Well, it's not. But it is the type of issue that people face to keep from facing the real issues. They're afraid of the real issues, they're afraid of the real world, they're afraid of cities, they're afraid of problems of race. They're afraid of people who disagree in other countries. They're afraid of the hungry and poor of the world. Never in the history of humankind has the individual had to be aware of so much and had to deal with it. Every little instance of violence and bloodshed is on the news every day. People simply don't understand it. They can't make sense of it. All they see is that the simple life no longer exists. And they want to go back to it.

Television—mass communications—has changed the way we think and cope. The taking of the hostages in Iran was frightening to America, not because of the danger to forty-four people, but because for 400 or more days the American people had to *deal* with the situation. And we *couldn't* find a way to deal with it militarily; we couldn't find a way to deal with it diplomatically. But the biggest threat was that none of us could deal with it personally. And most people would have been grateful to President Carter if he had dropped an atomic bomb on Teheran. He would have been reelected.

Penthouse: Looking back on it, do you think your meeting with the representatives of the PLO was a mistake?

> Most people would have been grateful to President Carter if he had dropped an atomic bomb on Teheran. He would have been reelected.

Young: Let me put that meeting in context. There was a report on the U.N. Committee on Palestinian Rights that was coming before the Security Council during the month that I was serving as president of the Security Council. I was legally required to meet with all the parties in the dispute. My mistake was that I did it privately instead of publicly. But I was trying to keep that report from coming up that month simply because there was so much turmoil in Washington. That was the same month that the president had asked Schlesinger and Califano to resign; Brock Adams had already resigned. There was no possibility of dealing with an issue like Palestinian rights. The difficulty was that the resolution called for an acceptance of all the resolutions that assured Israel's existence and survival. But it also called for a Palestinian homeland. To vote "for" that meant you had to be willing to create a Palestinian state immediately. To vote "against" meant that you were vetoing the very thing that we were trying to get the PLO to do for ten years—recognize Israel's existence. So it was a no-win situation for everybody. I thought it was important enough to try to avoid a public confrontation. So, on my own, I decided that if I could meet privately and work it out, then okay. If I didn't work it out, it would still be okay.

Penthouse: Who really forced your resignation?

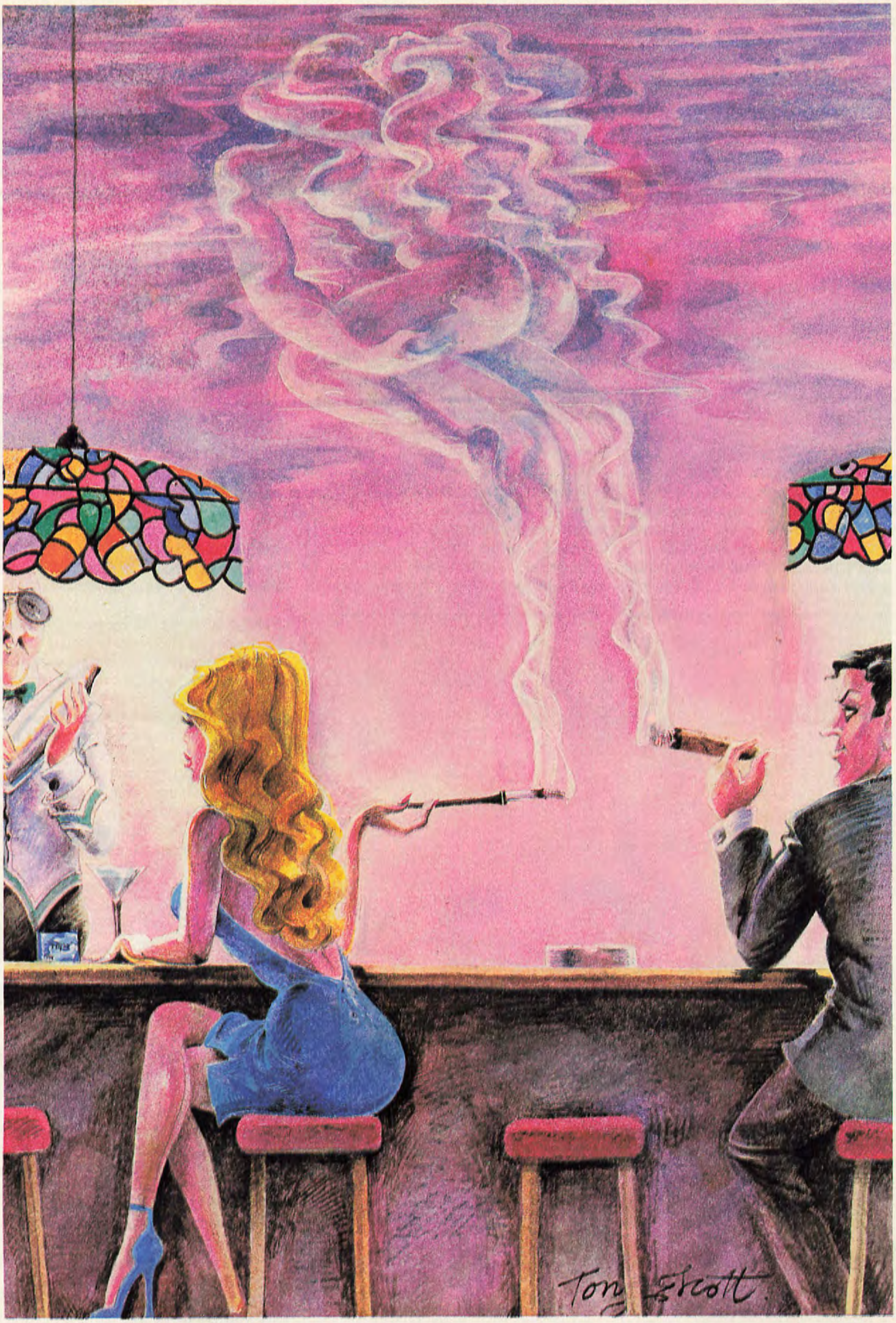
Young: The *New York Post* headlines—JEWS DEMAND FIRING. That made it a black-versus-Jew issue. And I could have handled the Palestinian issue, I could have handled any tension between me and the Carter administration or the State Department. In fact, once it got out of hand, everybody was concerned that I not resign, the Jewish community included. I met with representatives of the presidents of Jewish organizations. They asked me not to resign. Carter asked me not to resign. But then there was the raid on the Brooklyn police station by a group of Hasidic Jews; there is that really violent element within the Jewish community in New York. I was afraid of a group of JDL hotheads from Brooklyn and New York coming down to the U.N. to attack me. All I could see was a race riot in front of the U.N., which was the only thing that would really hurt me and hurt everything I'd been doing all along. Remember, I had worked mostly on Africa. Zimbabwe's independence was just in the process of happening. Then there was Namibia's independence. We were in the midst of ratifying the SALT agreement. These were the political issues I had worked on for three years, that I really wanted to succeed. I didn't want a fight over my job to take so much of the administration's time that these things could not take place.

Penthouse: President Reagan's secretary of state, George Shultz, seems to share many of your ideas—including the need for a Palestinian homeland. What do you think of his performance so far?

Young: I have more faith in George Shultz than I do in anybody else in this administration. He really knows the economy. And I think the problem with the other economists is that they don't know anything about the world; they're looking at econometric models without understanding that it's hard to put an oil embargo into an econometric model two years in advance. Shultz knows the politics *and* he knows the economics. Most of our secretaries of state, like Kissinger, knew politics but knew nothing about the economy. Kissinger didn't realize the extent to which the two impacted on each other.

Penthouse: Let's discuss domestic politics for a moment. Do you think that Sen. Edward Kennedy should run for president?

Young: I really like Ted Kennedy and I want Ted Kennedy to be president one day, because I think he'd be a great president. But he has given no indication as yet that he understands the international economic environment. That's been my one big reservation about him. I don't know who's advising him. I think they've mostly been election technicians. Kennedy tends to be very good on urban issues, on race


Tony Scott

relationships, on problems of labor. That's what makes him electable. He's got a solid domestic vision of what America ought to be. But he needs an international vision to go with it. America can never recover economically until we orchestrate and inspire a worldwide economic recovery. We can't recover simply through economic isolation. Now, Kennedy is not an isolationist. But by not having an international economic policy he gets forced into isolationist politics by labor unions and by his ethnic constituency, including blacks. But theirs is just another bygone, simplistic solution, which is the left-wing one instead of Reagan's right-wing one.

Penthouse: What did you think when the revelations came out about the FBI having wiretapped Martin Luther King?

Young: I felt that we had nothing to be ashamed of. Even people in public life have a right to a private life, and, in truth, nobody else really knows what anybody else's private life is like. In those days there were so many people monitoring and wiretapping that, believe it or not, we really trusted the FBI. We did not realize the extent to which the FBI was out to get us until about 1964. It was actually not until Dr. King was nominated for the Nobel Prize that J. Edgar Hoover attacked him. Up to that time we felt that we were not getting good support from the FBI, but we really believed that the FBI was under the attorney general and the president. And while we knew that Hoover had made charges privately to the president that there were Communists attempting to infiltrate the civil rights movement, we could not believe and did not know that there were any Communists in the movement, so we didn't pay much attention to it. We got concerned about the FBI when the students were killed in Mississippi and nothing was done about it for a while.

Once it became clear that Hoover was out to destroy Martin, we took the traditional nonviolent approach. We became more open with them. We told them more. On Dr. King's instructions, I called up and let them know about demonstrations in advance. Normally, we put it in a telegram so that it would be available to our lawyers as well. Dr. King was very disturbed by the revelations about his personal life, but we did not feel that it was affecting the movement.

Penthouse: Don't you find it strange that the FBI would be so obsessed with Dr. King and less concerned about such groups as, say, the Black Panther party and other militant groups?

Young: I really think they helped to *create* the Black Panther party and probably had infiltrated it fairly seriously. They had, to my knowledge, only one paid informant within the SCLC, and so they really didn't feel like they had control of us. I think they felt like they had pretty good control of these other organizations.

Also, I can understand why they were so threatened by us. If you read what the press was writing during this time, you can see why people were scared to death of Martin Luther King bringing 10,000 people to Washington. Hoover blamed Martin personally for Lyndon Johnson's not running again for president. Martin came out against the war in Vietnam and assisted in the mobilization of the antiwar effort. Spinning off from that antiwar effort was a dump-Johnson movement. Martin never had anything to do with that, but he was the leading spokesman against the war Hoover just connected everything.

Penthouse: Do you consider groups like the Black Liberation Army to be part of the civil rights movement?

Young: No, I don't. They didn't help us at all. I think they hurt the civil rights movement. They were the excuse that was used by Richard Nixon to stop civil rights progress. It's important to remember that all of the civil rights bills that resulted in the progress of the sixties were written *before 1965*. It was not until after the signing of the Voting Rights Act and after the institution of the Great Society programs by Lyndon Johnson that the Watts riots started—almost before they were implemented.

Penthouse: Why did the rioting begin after the legislation had been passed?

Young: Because of local police incidents, which might have been sparked by the feeling that blacks were getting ahead too fast. The Kerner Commission generally attributes most of the violence to heavy-handed treatment of people by police. It was interesting that the commission on the violence that occurred in Brixton, England, came to the same conclusion—that the violence was sparked by overaggressive police behavior. None of the violence was planned by the blacks; none of the violence was organized; none of the violence was thought through by the participants. It was a series of spontaneous reactions.

Penthouse: A more recent development of the civil rights movement is Jesse Jackson's Operation PUSH [People United to Save Humanity]. What do you think of Jackson?

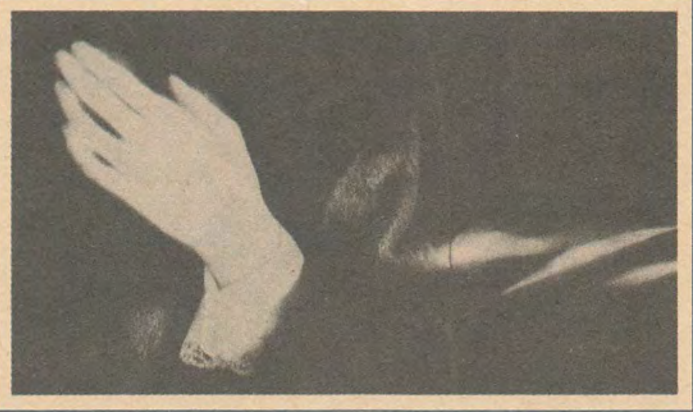
Young: Jackson is a direct spin-off from the SCLC. We have worked with him very closely. Jesse has been an extremely positive and creative force in America. He is doing a lot for the country, although he is almost always misunderstood and distorted by the press. But ultimately he will succeed, because he is right. Dr. King used to say that we're a ten-day nation, that they will condemn you for ten days. The second ten days they'll say, "Well, you may be right, but you're going about it the wrong way." The third ten days, they'll say, "We were going to do this anyway. The only reason it took us so long was that you were stirring up trouble."



"What'll it be, Vicky, your face or mine?"

An analysis of your subconscious fantasies—what they say about you and how they can affect your life.

Dream Watch



ANALYSIS BY DR. ALBERT ELLIS

Pamela, age twenty-seven

I work as an editorial assistant on a magazine. I enjoy keeping my body in good shape. During my lunch hours, I work out at a health club near the office, and I'm proud of the admiring glances I get from the guys at work. Most of the guys are athletic, good-looking married men. None of them has ever asked me out on a date or propositioned me, but we have gone out drinking together after late nights of putting an issue to bed, and we've had a lot of laughs.

I've had dreams about the guys at the office. The dream that turned me on the most started off in the health club. I don't know if I can remember all the details, but it was pretty much like this:

I'm working out on the Nautilus machine to tone up my pectorals. My senior editor (who's in his late thirties) comes in and tells me to take off my shirt so he can see my muscles. My naked breasts feel firm and slippery with sweat. The other men from the office are standing around watching, saying sexy things about how they'd like to

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT BILLINGS

suck my nipples and squeeze my breasts. Next, my editor orders me to use the leg-weight machine. I'm totally naked now, and I feel my cunt open when I bring my legs up. Seeing the men, who are getting hot and lusty, look at me as this happens is really exciting. I'm doing about twenty leg-lifts, and I'm watching the bulges grow in all the guys' pants as I work out.

My editor calls a halt to my exercising and tells me to shower off. I'm in the shower, rubbing soap on my body, and feeling how strong and sexy my figure is. I walk from the shower, naked, into the editorial conference room at work. All the guys are there, still fully dressed.

My editor begins to make love to me. I can see the other men watching. Next, I'm making love to the other men. I can't really tell which one is with me, but I can recognize the ones still sitting at the conference table watching me on the floor. I'm happy and still feeling great from my workout. I'm proud to be able to take on these strong men, knowing I won't give out and will fuck them all silly.

After each man comes, another takes his place without a pause. I'm laughing, watching my editor look at me approvingly. He tells me what great shape I'm in, that I'm in better shape than the guys, and that he wants to fuck me again. He pulls me up and I wrap my legs around him, and he really lets me have it, standing there. I finally come, and I start to

> “I'm proud to take on these strong men, knowing I will fuck them all silly.”

feel weak. He sets me down in the chair, and we begin the editorial meeting. I'm dressed, as if nothing has happened. Except for a glow all throughout the room, it's like a regular meeting. Then I slowly wake.

I feel secure in my job, and I know that everyone likes me. I'm just wondering, since this dream was really quite pleasant, whether or not I should carry it out in real life—I mean, to a certain extent, of course. I'm just worried that I'd create a lot of trouble for myself and be thought of in the wrong way. In the end, I just sort of keep rolling along, having nice sexy dreams, but no real sex life to speak of. I'm hoping that you can just give me a few words of advice, or counseling, or whatever.

Dr. Ellis comments:

Why should you not carry out your dream in real life—to a certain extent, of course? Not necessarily with the males in your office, since most of them are married, work fairly intimately with you, and might be jealous of each other or take it badly if you started up with several of them. But since you are obviously horny and have no real sex life to speak of, why should you waste your trim, hot, lusted-after body?

Either pick one of the men you work with, preferably one who has no other major ties, and try to make it only with him. Or if you think that even that is too risky, look for an equivalent partner outside your firm. What about the other males in the health club? Or at a sports writers' convention? Any woman who wants what you want and has as much as you have to give in return can easily get her sex desires fulfilled. And more!



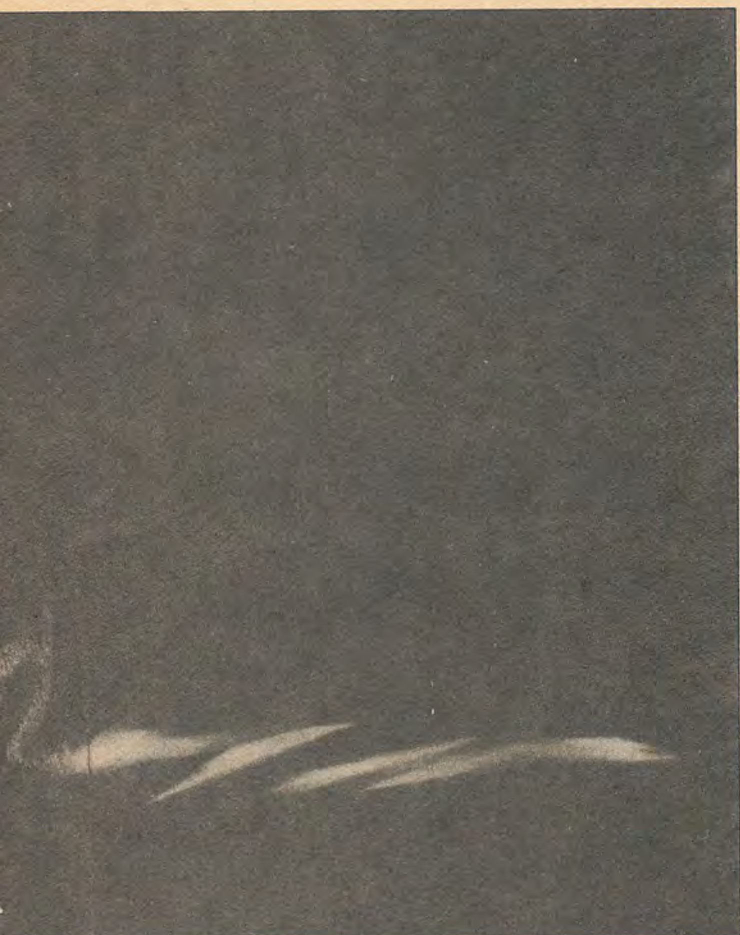
Dario, age twenty-two

I'm a junior account executive at an agency in Cleveland. It's my first job since graduating from college. I've made a lot of friends in the business, and we go out and drink together and look for girls. I have no steady girl friend, but every few months I get involved with someone. These affairs last for about three weeks or so, until one of us annoys the other and we go our separate ways.

Anyway, I don't think of myself as a cruel guy, but I had a dream in which I was very cruel. In this dream I was at the office, having a meeting with the account executives and the advertising director. His secretary came in with coffee, donuts, the regular stuff—and a bottle of Scotch. And she was naked except for her shoes and a bow around her neck. She took the tray to her boss. Suddenly the rest of us were naked, and I could feel myself getting an erection, but I couldn't see it because of the table.

My boss took the bottle of Scotch and forced it into the mouth of his secretary. She almost gagged, but started drinking the stuff. Some of the guys began eating the donuts. One wiped his hands on the breast of the secretary, who was kneeling by our boss. Our boss told her to suck the guy. I knew I was next because I'm the boss's favorite. I was sitting next to the guy getting the blowjob, and seeing her mouth on his cock was making me hotter and harder than ever. I could see the wetness of her mouth, and I reached down to touch myself. The guy came, and I saw her mouth pull back. The come fell on her shoulder.

I couldn't look at the boss, only at the secretary's mouth. She came closer to me. My boss asked me if I wanted her. I



was afraid to say yes or no. He nudged her, and she came and took my cock in her mouth. I wanted her to realize whose cock she was sucking, I think. Anyway, I took a lighted match and touched her shoulder with it, right where the other guy's come had fallen. It burned her and she cried out. I looked up to see if I'd made our boss happy. He smiled, and I hurt her again. She couldn't stop sucking my cock, I felt, until I came. But I knew that I wasn't going to come until I'd hurt her some more.

Then a telephone rang. The secretary got up to answer it, and as she did so I lost my erection. All of a sudden, all of us men were dressed again. My boss held out his hand for the telephone. The secretary was gone. That's when I woke up, I think.

I'm not sure if the dream means that I'm worried about my job or that I want to hurt women. I've run into girls who've wanted me to hurt them, but I've never really gone along with them. In any case, I'm hoping you can help me out in seeing what this dream is all about, since it has been perplexing me a lot lately, throwing a certain confusion on both my work and my sex life.

Dr. Ellis comments:

You may not be worried about losing your job but you do seem to be anxious about what your boss thinks of you and about how "manly" you are. He acts cruelly to the secretary in the dream, shows absolute control over her, and presumably indicates how "strong" he is. You try to go him one better; and when he forces her to suck your cock, you cruelly attempt to make her "realize whose cock she is sucking." So you think you not only have *to be pleasing to your boss but that your goddamned ego* must *be recognized.*

Although your desire *to please your boss and be acknowledged as an individual is legitimate, your dire* need *for approval and recognition makes you something of a love slob. To reduce your love slobbism, I would advise you to show yourself that pleasing your boss and others is* desirable *but not* necessary*; that intimidation and cruelty are weak, not strong; and that a "real man," if there is any such thing, cooperatively wins rather than cruelly coerces a woman's responsiveness.*

Gwen, age twenty

I'm a twenty-year-old female. I'm separated from my husband but I only lived with him for a couple of months. I've been separated for almost two years. Since I've been separated, I've lived all along the East Coast. I live now with a boyfriend. For a few months things have been really tense in our relationship. This is due to job stress and financial troubles my boyfriend had before he was separated from his wife. He's been separated a little longer than I. We've had a few fights. Bad fist fights. But when we make love, things seem like nothing could be wrong. He's the only man that's been able to make me feel totally satisfied after sex. I've never been able to have an orgasm before. Even now it's only because he or I masturbate me to that point. I really have no idea if this has anything to do with my dream. I don't understand what the dream could mean. It seems so real that I often wonder if I'm weird sexually or otherwise.

> "My boss asked me if I wanted her . . . and she came and took my cock in her mouth."

The dream starts out at a party. There's no one there I know except my boyfriend. The people there are all having a fantastic time. My boyfriend and I are sitting on this couch. I turn my head for a minute and he's gone. I go walking through the house.

I go through many empty rooms. Then this door is opposite the one I come out of. I walk in the room and there's my boyfriend and another couple. The girl is on top of the guy and they're going at it. At the same time the guy is masturbating my boyfriend. The guy I really can't see. But the girl is very odd-looking. She's very small and has a crew cut. On her shoulder there's a tattoo of a spider and its web. (I hate spiders.) My boyfriend's look is one of a drugged person. He just shrugs his shoulders, as if he doesn't care about what I am seeing. I run out of the room and the only thing that is there is stairs going up. I run up them.

When I get to the top, the place is full of guys. I turn to leave and the door at the top of the stairs is locked from the outside. Our roommate is the head of the group. He looks at me and says, "I hope I'm good enough for you now that I'm in charge." I try to run for the door and this humongous guy grabs me and I am able to put my arm through the door window and unlock it.

Somehow I break free from the big man. Before he can reach me, I head down the stairs. The door at the bottom has a bolt lock on it, which I manage to undo. I find my way

"I look up and there are all these naked broads standing around the bed. The only thing wrong is that the bodies have no faces . . ."

outside. My boyfriend is there with the car. We drive away. As we get through the entrance to the drive of our house, the house blows up. I look at my boyfriend but he doesn't even show that anything has happened.

Whenever I wake from this dream, I have to make sure he's there next to me.

I've never written to anyone for advice or to be analyzed. But this is one thing I'll never be able to figure out by myself. I've been having this dream for the past couple of months and it scares the hell out of me. Tell me, please, what it means.

Dr. Ellis comments:
You seem to be afraid to lose your boyfriend and your orgasmic ability that supposedly goes with him. In your dream, you first lose him entirely, then lose him to a male partner, then lose the house in which you live with him. Everything, including the house, blows up. No security for you—anywhere!

I would guess that you are sacredizing your relationship with your boyfriend. You seem to think you can only achieve orgasm with this particular man and in the special masturbatory manner that you have been using with him. Both these views are probably false, because you can most probably find other satisfactory lovers, and even find other ways of reaching climax. So, if you will relax, convince yourself that this man is not the only one in the world for you, and that orgasmic sex has other possibilities than those you have already achieved, I think you will begin having much more pleasant dreams!

Alan, age twenty-eight
I lead a pretty mundane life. I work with my father in his beer-distributing business in Newark. I'm married to my high school sweetheart. I go to work, I have my few at the bar, and I go home—most days of the week, anyway. I don't think I fool around much more than the average guy, but I've always been a sort of ladies' man on the sly. The way I look at it, there are a lot of empty pussies that need filling, and I'm doing a good deed when I help some horny, lonely broad through an afternoon or evening. My wife doesn't seem to know anything about what's going on, and my conscience never bothers me. But I've been having a dream, again and again, that's starting to worry me.

In the dream, I'm making love to my wife. I'm on top, letting her have it slow and easy, but I feel lazy and pull her over onto me. She's bouncing up and down, and I'm watching my cock go in and out of her. Then I look up, and there are all these naked broads standing around the bed. All different kinds of bodies and hair colors—mostly blond, but a few black, bushy pussies right near my head. The only thing wrong is that the bodies have no faces, just these spooky white oval shapes where the faces should be.

I don't lose my erection, and my wife is going fast and furious, almost coming. But I get worried, because the women's bodies are closer now, threatening to suffocate me almost. I'm afraid that my wife will open her eyes and see them. They start making noises along with my wife. Mouths begin to show on their faces. I'm still going at it with my old lady. My dick seems to be growing inside her, and she's going crazy, moaning and pounding harder and harder. I feel that if I come, the women will go away.

But they start stroking me with their hands, and it's creepy as hell. I move my head to avoid one that leans over to kiss me. I can't feel anything but coldness. All of a sudden, my wife is gone and I'm pounding away in thin air, my hand around my dick. My wife is with the women, and they start to fade away. I want them to wait till I come, but they won't wait. I pump and pump, but nothing happens—and I wake, tossing and turning, twisted up in the sheets.

I don't think I'm a stupid man, but I'm damned if I can figure this dream out. All I know is that I haven't had a good night's sleep since this damn dream started, and I'm hoping you can help me out.

Dr. Ellis comments:
Looks like you're not only fooling around but fooling yourself while fooling around! You say that "my conscience never bothers me" in regard to your doing a good adulterous deed in helping some horny, lonely broad. But your dream seems to say otherwise!

It suggests that you are somewhat guilty about anonymous, promiscuous sex and are afraid that your wife will find out about it and leave you. Unless you acknowledge this kind of guilt, you may not be able to rid yourself of it. Once you face it, you can convince yourself that adulterous sex is mistaken—and can push yourself to stop it. Or you can convince yourself—which you really haven't done yet—that it is okay (albeit at times disadvantageous) and continue to fuck around, as you have been doing. But just don't try to fool all of the people all of the time—including yourself!

"Dreamwatch" is a regular column that will try to interpret your dreams, to see what their "real" or underlying meanings are, and to determine what you can possibly do to fulfill these meanings—or to change them when they are encouraging you to engage in self-defeating behavior. Dreams, of course, may have many interpretations, none of which may be perfectly accurate or "true." To make the interpretations in this column more correct and useful, it is best that when you submit a dream for consideration, you include the following information: (1) Describe the dream itself, with its main details. Be as specific and graphic as possible. (2) Give your age, sex, marital status, and vocation. (3) Tell something about your present life condition, especially things you are worried or bothered about in your love life. (4) Note any significant or unusual event that occurred during the day or night preceding your dreams. (5) Give your own personal interpretation of what you think your dream may mean. Readers who wish to have their dreams analyzed and printed in the magazine should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Dreamwatch," *Penthouse* Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

BORDER CROSSINGS

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty-two questions to determine if you're an accident waiting to happen.

PSYCHOGRAPH

Are you hovering on the brink of psychological disaster? Answer the following questions and you may find out if you inhabit the psychic borderlands that separate "normal" folks from the truly troubled.

This psychograph is based on recent research into what psychologists call the "borderline personality." Anguished people who exhibit borderline symptoms may be negotiating the curves and potholes life puts in their path, but you always get the feeling they could drive over a cliff at any moment. They're not out-and-out psychos, but they're edgier and weirder than your average, run-of-the-mill Woody Allen neurotic.

A borderline personality, while it may cause massive internal torment, doesn't necessarily keep one from functioning effectively in society. Indeed, borderliners often walk a razor's edge between brilliance and craziness. In an excellent *New York Times* article on this subject, Louis Sass, a psychologist at Harvard Medical School and Holy Cross College, notes that Marilyn Monroe, Adolf Hitler, philosopher Sören Kierkegaard, Lawrence of Arabia, Zelda Fitzgerald, and writer Thomas Wolfe have been diagnosed as borderliners.

Research into the borderline personality is of recent origin. Even its exact definition remains controversial. But over the course of the last ten years many psychiatrists have come to agree that the syndrome develops in the very first months of life. All infants have trouble distinguishing what's them from what's not them. They live in an ambiguous world where the distinctions between internal and external reality go unrecognized. They have no sense of self and can't tell where they end and the rest of the world begins.

Most of us, of course, outgrow this, but borderliners—who have been estimated to make up as much as 10 percent of the U.S. population—never quite get things straight. They never develop an authentic sense of who they are. They feel at loose ends, disconnected from life. Their sense of reality remains askew.

Some researchers feel the syndrome is uniquely a product of modern life. The borderline personality may, says Sass, "reflect the fragmentation of contemporary society," with its disintegrating families and insecure institutions. In the view of such researchers, we grow up feeling that we're not part of anything solid. This lack of security prevents us from recognizing how the world really works. We feel cut off and, as adults, suffer an unquenchable loneliness.

In therapy, borderliners have always been tough nuts to crack. Traditional Freudian analysis, behavioral techniques, and drug treatments have all met with limited success. Recently, however, therapists who have combined a chatty Freudian approach with a sharper focus on day-to-day problems seem to have been meeting with success in treating borderliners. Still, some of these successful "cures" have involved hundreds of therapeutic sessions stretched over several years. When you live near the psychological border, there is, it seems, no quick fix . . . but at least there's hope.

1. Do you ever feel like you want to hurt yourself?
   (a) yes, frequently
   (b) sometimes
   (c) once in a great while
   (d) never

2. If you were being truly honest, would you say you're a manipulative person who likes to get others to do things without their realizing that they've been set up by you?
   (a) Yes, I'm very manipulative.
   (b) I'm quite manipulative.
   (c) I'm somewhat manipulative.
   (d) I don't honestly think I'm very manipulative at all.

3. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing your feelings?
   (a) I love being alone.
   (b) I enjoy being alone, but I also enjoy being around other people.
   (c) I'm quite sociable. I'd generally prefer to be with other people than to spend time by myself.
   (d) I hate being alone and will do almost anything to avoid it.

4. Is the following statement true of you: "I rarely have neutral feelings about people. I either love them or hate them. And sometimes I can go from one extreme to the other in a short time"?
   (a) That's very true.
   (b) That's quite true.
   (c) That's somewhat true.
   (d) That's really not much like me.

5. Would you say you're basically a conformist?
   (a) yes, very much so
   (b) yes, but probably not any more than the average person
   (c) No, I'm not much of a conformist.
   (d) I detest conformity and will go to great lengths to show I'm not a conformist.

6. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree?
   (a) At work I get along relatively well with my co-workers and superiors.
   (b) At work I tend to stir things up and often do not have the best relations with my superiors and co-workers.

7. Do you often feel desperate without quite being able to pin down the cause of your terrible feelings?
   (a) yes, almost always
   (b) frequently
   (c) sometimes
   (d) rarely or never

8. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "I see the world in terms of black and white. Most things are either good or bad, beautiful or ugly, great or terrible. I don't like compromises and in-between solutions"?
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

9. Do you find it necessary to have many sexual partners?
   (a) yes
   (b) I like to play around as much as the next person, but I don't feel a driving need to screw everyone I meet.
   (c) no

10. True or false: "I have trouble maintaining a deep emotional relationship.

I may get plenty of sex, but my serious love relationships tend to be short-lived, and/or filled with violent ups and downs. I guess you could say my love life (as opposed to my sex life) is generally unsatisfying."
(a) true
(b) false

11. True or false: "At any given time I have lots of friends, but there's virtually no one with whom I've been friendly for years and years. My friendships never seem to last."
(a) true
(b) false

12. Have you ever intentionally hurt yourself (example: feeling so bad about things that you've banged your head against a wall or smashed your hand into something hard)?
(a) yes, frequently
(b) yes, occasionally
(c) I've rarely or never done that.

13. Have you ever intentionally hurt your self badly enough to require medical attention?
(a) yes
(b) no

14. True or false: "I seem to live a more complicated life than most people. I'm always getting involved in weird, mixed-up predicaments that don't seem to happen to other people."
(a) true
(b) false

15. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing you?
(a) I'm a very orderly person. I like to keep a regular schedule and I rarely do things on impulse.
(b) I'm an impulsive person. I hate being predictable. I have trouble keeping to any schedule.
(c) I'm somewhere between the two extremes described above.

16. How accurately does the following statement describe you: "I love partying and night life. I go out every chance I get. I'd hate living without that sort of excitement"?
(a) I'm very much like that.
(b) I'm somewhat like that.
(c) I'm hardly at all like that.

17. True or false: "I get angry easily and often."
(a) true
(b) false

18. Do you have (or have you had in the past) trouble with drugs?
(a) yes
(b) I wouldn't say I have a problem, but I admit that I'm a fairly heavy regular drug user.
(c) no

19. Have you had an erratic work history, getting fired or quitting jobs because you were unhappy?
(a) yes
(b) somewhat
(c) no

20. How accurately does this statement describe you: "I get frustrated easily. I often get bored or angry with what I'm doing and abandon it. I guess you could say I have a disorganized life"?
(a) That's very much like me.
(b) That's somewhat like me.
(c) That's very little like me.

21. True or false: "I wish I could be as self-confident as other people."
(a) That's very true.
(b) That's somewhat true.
(c) That's a little true.
(d) That's hardly true at all of me.

22. Think about your life for a minute. If you were asked to describe who you *really* are in three or four sentences, could you do it?
(a) yes
(b) I suppose so.
(c) I'd have trouble doing that.

SCORING
All possible answers have been given point values. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose.

1. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-1
2. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1
3. a-1, b-1, c-3, d-5
4. a-5, b-5, c-3 d-1
5. a-1, b-1, c2, d-5
6. a-1, b-5
7. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-1
8. a-5, b-1
9. a-5, b-2, c-1
10. a-5, b-1
11. a-5, b-1
12. a-8, b-4, c-1
13. a-10, b-1
14. a-5, b-1
15. a-1, b-5, c-1
16. a-5, b-3, c-1
17. a-5, b-3
18. a-5, b-4, c-1
19. a-5, b-4, c-1
20. a-5, b-3, c-1
21. a-5, b-3, c-2, d-1
22. a-1, b-2, c-5

The highest possible score is 118 points; the lowest, 22. If you scored 95 to 118 points:
You exhibit virtually all the symptoms of the borderline personality. Something is definitely bothering you and you probably don't know what it is. People like you tend to lead intense lives, but no matter how aggressively they throw themselves into things, they always come away feeling frustrated, disconnected, and lonely. They often have strong creative impulses but rarely can organize themselves well enough to create anything of lasting value. If you're in this category, you may have trouble bringing your life under control without some help. You are definitely on the edge of a psychological precipice.

71 to 94 points:
You are on the border of having a borderline personality. You have many of the symptoms but they are not so intense or debilitating as they are in people who scored in the category above. You may be leading a relatively normal life, but it's unlikely that you're ever truly at peace with yourself.

46 to 70 points:
It's unlikely that you have a borderline personality. From time to time you experience some borderline symptoms, but that's not unusual. Just about everyone will exhibit some borderline behavior at some point in his life, but it doesn't get out of hand.

22 to 45 points:
You exhibit virtually no symptoms of a borderline personality. This doesn't necessarily mean you're "normal"—it just means you don't have the frantic, impulsive, almost wild, traits of a borderliner. You could be some other type of nut, but you're definitely not a borderline case.



"Let's come back and do it again on Washington's Birthday."

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

a cap. Then I spend the entire afternoon in a men's locker room at a local college. I chose the college because I know it's filled with horny young studs who want to have sex with no questions asked.

I have a favorite stall where I sit and wait for someone to take the stall next to me. I tap my foot several times, and if the man next door is interested (he usually is), he will tap his foot. We do this little dance for a few minutes until I'm sure he is getting excited in anticipation of a good cocksucking. Then I reach under the dividing wall and gently touch his legs, moving toward that pleasure spot between them.

The man will drop to his knees and stick his hard-on under the divider into my stall. Without hesitation I go to it, licking and slurping his meat with gusto. If the man is really limber, he can slide his knees under so his cock is sticking up on my side. When I get too excited, especially with the musky-smelling uncircumcised ones, I will turn around and slip that rod deep into my already clenched pussy. Imagine my partner's surprise when he knows he's fucking a woman! We both come quickly this way, and it's fantastic. But I have to be careful not to make too much noise: I like to squeal.

Sometimes I'm lucky enough to have men on both sides of me at once. I will alternate licking their cocks, then usually concentrate on one, jamming it deep into my throat while I kneel and let the man on the other side enter me from the rear. It's the ultimate fantasy fuck—to be screwing two men whose faces I never see and who never see me. To them I'm a warm sucking machine. To me they are stiff, throbbing rods who shoot their sweet cream into me.

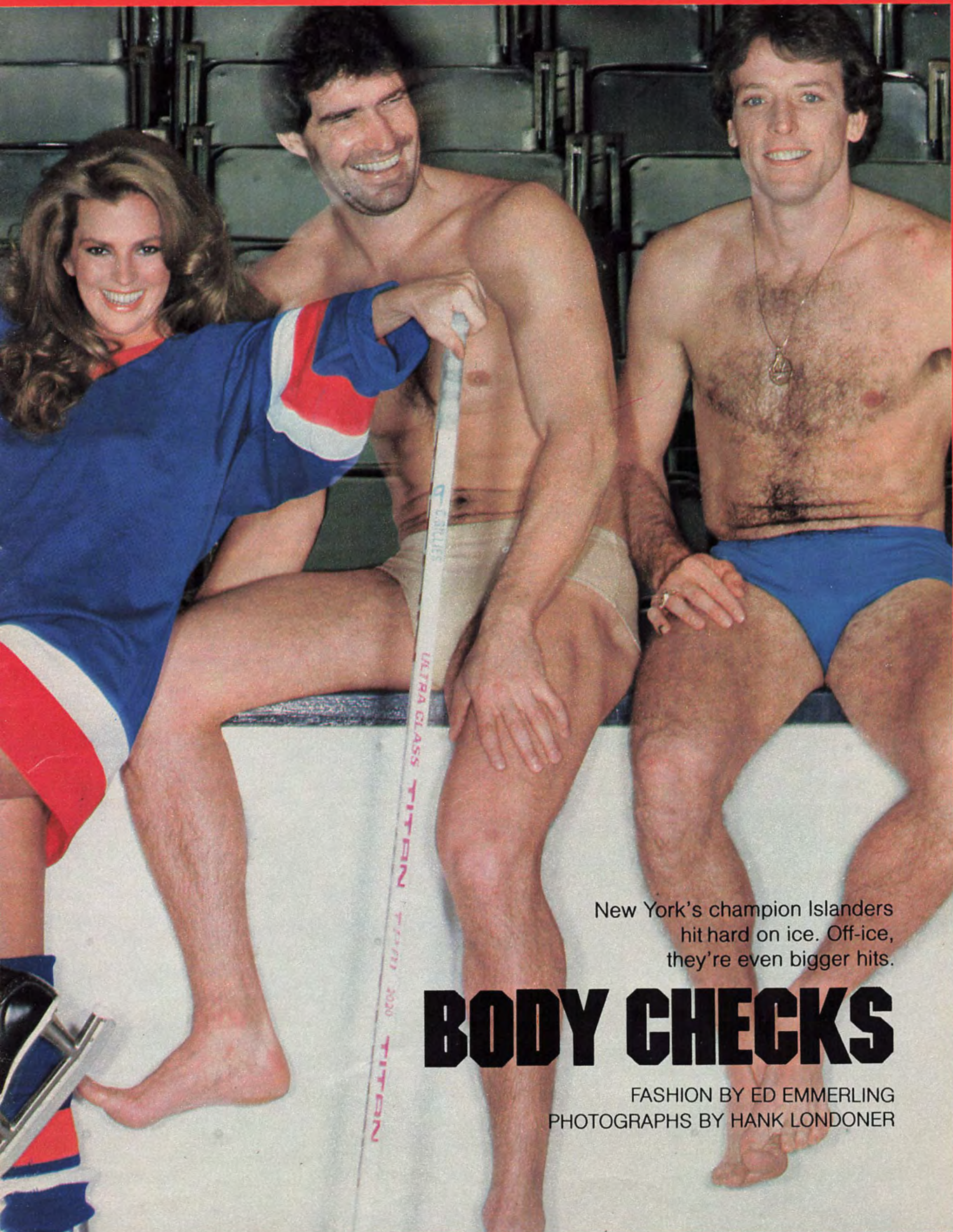
This goes on for two or three hours with new men arriving after my depleted lovers leave. Often they try to see me. (I pull back.) They also pass notes asking for my phone number. But what could equal the excitement of this nameless sex? The added possibility of discovery makes for even more spice. So, to each note I reply, "Be here next week!"

After my busy day I get home in time to shower and fix dinner for my family. Sex with my husband has improved dramatically since I began my weekly jaunts. If things get slack for me, I can just conjure up a fantasy based on Wednesday's loving. But it has to remain my secret, because my husband would never understand if he knew I'd sucked half a dozen cocks before dinner.—K.B.

I wish I were one of the boys. What a surprise to find you there! May all college boys get someone like you in their locker rooms to relieve them from their studies. And it doesn't surprise me that your extracurricular activities have actually improved lovemaking with your husband. O+



Fashionable fronts: Gordie Lane (above) in red cotton low-rise briefs (about $5) by Hang Ten; Bob Nystrom in navy briefs (about $5), The Master by San Giorgio; Clark Gillies wears briefs ($4) by Spalding; Wayne Merrick in cotton-polyester powder-blue briefs ($10) by Eminence. Her Islander jersey and knee socks courtesy of Gerry Cosby & Co., Inc., Madison Square Garden.



New York's champion Islanders hit hard on ice. Off-ice, they're even bigger hits.

BODY CHECKS

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER

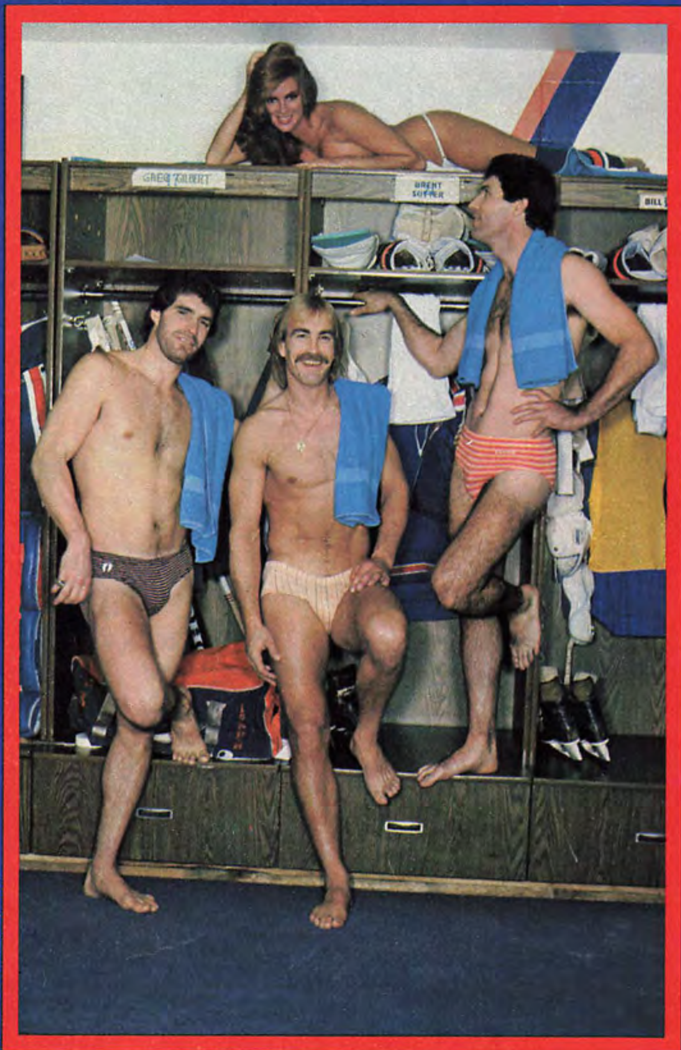

TITAN
ULTRA CLASS
TITAN
KOHO
KOHO
KOHO





The all-time NHL record for straight victories (fifteen), three consecutive Stanley Cups—that's the winning habit of hockey's most potent team of sticksters: the New York Islanders. But as proved by this fearsome foursome—Clark Gillies, Gordie Lane, Wayne Merrick, Bob Nystrom—real guys don't need a puck, or even uniforms, to create a winning impression. They score with underwear.

(Left) Cooling off in hot briefs are (left to right) Gillies in cotton small check ($5.50) and Lane in panel design ($5.50), both by Sasson; Merrick in nylon and Lycra spandex briefs ($5) by Hang Ten; and Nystrom in polyester leopard print ($8.95), Intimate Relations by Michael Salem Enterprises. (Above) Cotton-polyester red with blue-trim boxers (about $4) by Healthknit; striped boxer shorts ($18) by Hom.



Hair and makeup by Roz

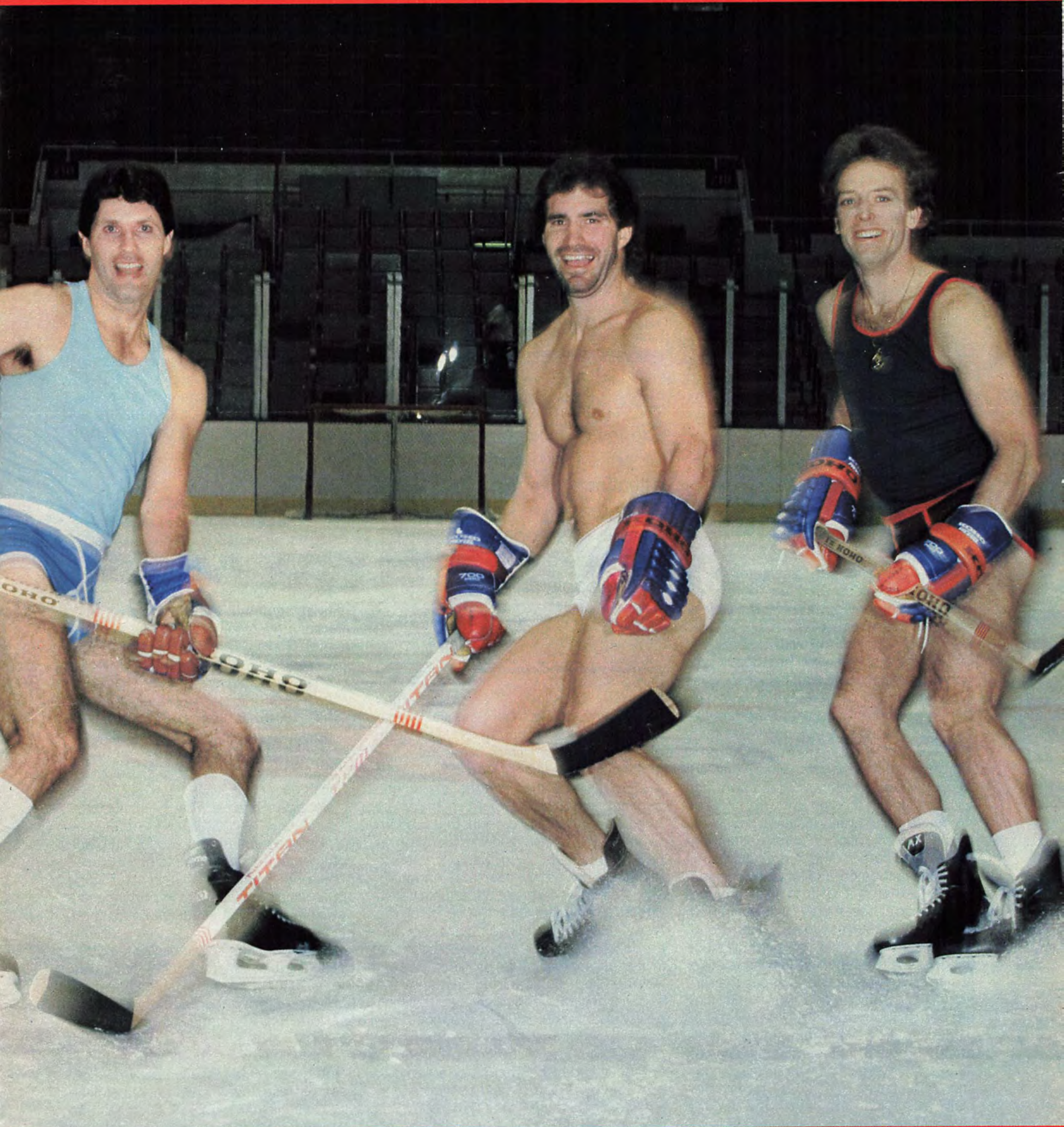


Photographed at the Nassau Coliseum

Innovative designs, quality fabrics, and a close, exciting fit are guaranteed to melt the ice with those nearest and dearest. Boxer shorts are still popular, and so are plain white briefs—but don't overlook the bold new solid or simple pattern. Remember: underwear isn't everything, but it can be the fashionable thing.

In the locker room (above) the action's in cotton and Lycra spandex (about $5) by Hang Ten, a vertical-stripe brief ($5.50) by Sasson, and a cotton horizontal stripe ($4) by Spalding. Icing it (opposite) are a combed-cotton full brief ($5.50) by Calvin Klein; athletic top ($10.50) by Eminence, with white-trimmed briefs (about $4) by Healthknit; the "kangaroo pouch" brief (package of three, $13) by Munsingwear and navy top ($3.29) with matching brief ($3), Great Looks by Fruit of the Loom.

For more information on merchandise featured here, see page 162.


TITAN

JOURNALISM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

to keep the viewer from being too upset by the news reports. The language is meant to soothe and to pacify. The underlying message is that, despite appearances, all is still *wunderbar* in America.

Chicago TV weatherman John Coleman pictures Happy News as a form of community service, saying, "Unless you give the viewer a framework of humanity, the perspective that day-to-day life will go on, that people are still drinking beer and laughing, I think you've done a disservice to the community."

No one would argue that people have a right to be entertained. But the light-hearted assurances of Happy News are not presented as entertainment—and in the process, real information is crowded out.

News consultant Frank Magid explains, "It is not surprising . . . that research indicates ratings rise when the broadcaster is successful in exposing the listener to what he *wants* to hear, in the very personal way he wants to hear it. In terms of news, this means ratings are improved when listeners are told not what they *should* know but what they want to hear." The "news value" of a story is determined not by its intrinsic importance but by how many people can be expected to "buy" it. This view turns information into a commercial product, like soap.

TV news trades in "safe disasters." At the local level, stories on fires, burglaries, rapes, and muggings abound. The inevitability of these stories is such that one "Hee Haw" program led off with a mock anchorman whose entire broadcast was confined to this statement: "The news was pretty much the same today, only it happened to different people." Disasters like fires and robberies replay childhood fears and help distract viewers from more adult worries. As children, we worry that our house will burn down, or that a bad man will break into our home to harm us. We do not fear a deteriorating standard of living, or the lack of opportunity for decent major medical care, or the demands of society's disenchanted and disenfranchised. Events like fires and burglaries are random occurrences; there is little we can do to protect ourselves against them, and, anyway, the chances of one of these things actually happening to us is relatively slim. The kinds of things adults fear are all too predictable and real—and they happen all too frequently.

Media critic Edwin Diamond comments on this problem: "Press-guideline values . . . may work against the basic task of getting at and facing 'the facts.' This is especially so when 'the facts' involve the circumstances of black Americans—a story that many white Americans in the audience may not want to dwell upon too long, out of fear, or doubt, or guilt, or a combination of largely unexamined emotions. . . . The black story is too fraught."

The job of TV news is to distract us from disquieting thoughts while preserving the excitement provided by an illusion of danger and fear. Dr. Robert Dupont, a psychiatrist who has made an extensive study of the fears the television news plays to, says that most reporting is more concerned with "what if" rather than "what is." He describes the ultimate news broadcast as a camera shot of a placid swimming pool in front of which a TV newsman urgently announces, "Do you realize that there's enough water in this pool to drown 100,000 people?"

There is a growing body of evidence that long-term exposure to the language of TV news is detrimental to a person's thought processes. Seven out of ten people now get their information about the world *exclusively* from TV. Yet one recent study revealed that these people can no longer give even *one* reason to justify their choice of a particular candidate or policy.

> "Stories on corporate crime and price fixing rarely get the attention that street crime does. The reason is simple: banks robbing people cannot be made as entertaining as people robbing banks."

The study concludes, "TV news reporting does little to develop our potential to analyze, think independently, or learn from grasping overall patterns in the unfolding of events."

Marshall McLuhan made famous the concept that "the medium is the message," and there is no doubt that modern technology provides its own distraction on news broadcasts. TV news watchers are distracted by flashy sets and gadgetry. One Chicago news station actually introduced a program called "Heart of the News" in which a toothsome anchorwoman delivered headlines while ensconced in a heart-shaped bed—provided free by the bedding company sponsoring the show. A brilliant wedding of manufactured news and manufactured product. Perhaps, in the future, we may see other such pairings: a "Top of the News" program broadcast from the cockpit of a plane—provided by Boeing? An anchorwoman in a pair of tight Calvin Kleins starring in "Behind the News"? Or the ultimate set, as special effects miniaturize the anchorperson and show him delivering the news from the inside a tiny boat floating on the calm, blue waters of a TY-D-BOL toilet?

Gadgetry helps create the illusion that what is being said is of great importance. Surround the weatherman with enough maps, flashing arrows, electronic indicators, radar scans, and satellite photos to launch a Voyager mission, and few people notice that the actual information he gives can be found in the upper right-hand corner of any daily newspaper. Fly a reporter to the scene of an ordinary story in a helicopter, and the story automatically assumes heightened importance.

In New York City, WNEW news director Mark Monsky explains the overuse of gadgets on the news as "television's moronic attempt to understand human beings through toys." He adds, "It's insulting to the audience to call attention to the device itself. It's the ends of reporting that are significant, not the means." Dressed in a diver's suit and flippers, Monsky once ridiculed his rival WCBS's "Eye in the Sky" helicopter service by sending a reporter to do a story on a submarine patrolling off the New Jersey shore. The reporter emerged dripping from the river to announce that he was WNEW's new "Reporter in the Water." Perhaps this trend may also make it to network news. The first seeds are evident in the predilection of newscasters for tossing a story around among themselves before throwing it out to the viewer:

> *Anchor No. 1:* Good evening. Once again, a terrorist action is precipitating a major crisis in the Middle East. Here's Peter with the story.
> *Anchor No. 2:* Thanks, Frank. Tonight Palestinian terrorists raided an Israeli commune, taking twelve civilians hostage, including two children. Here's Tom with the story.
> *Correspondent:* Thanks, Peter. There's a highly charged atmosphere of tension and open anger here in Haifa today. People talk openly of a punitive strike against Jordan if the hostages aren't released unharmed. Here's Marilyn with details . . .
> *Reporter:* Thanks, Tom.

Mere movement, from place to place and commentator to commentator, replaces genuine information. This kind of reporting apparently lends an air of importance to a news story simply because so many people are covering it.

Viewers are often denied information if it doesn't meet entertainment standards. Stories without a strong visual appeal are rarely given more than cursory attention. One former NBC producer proposed to do a story on Washington lobbyists, that enormously powerful group whose activities affect how the rest of us eat, drink, get paid, get taxed, have children, etc. But the story was killed before it even started. "We just couldn't show how lobbying goes on," says the producer. "Congress has rules that forbid filming in corridors, so we couldn't follow a lobbyist on his rounds. And although we could have used

artists' renderings, it wouldn't have been very effective." The late Chet Huntley once commented, "In our zeal for shooting film with interesting facades and lovely landscapes, and in our fear of dullness and the low rating, we arbitrarily rule out a long and imposing list of awesome subjects and conclude they were just not meant for television." Stories on corporate crime, consumer fraud, and price fixing rarely get the attention that street crime does, even though those crimes are far more serious and affect many more people. The reason is simple: banks robbing people cannot be made as "entertaining" as people robbing banks.

Stories that do not fit a strong dramatic framework are often ignored by reporters, who do not know what to do with them. Gaye Tuchman cites the example of one reporter who filed no story on an important feminist conference because, as he explained, "there were a lot of interesting things going on, but I couldn't nail things down. There was formless talk, I could see things changing, but it was hard to put my finger on it and say . . . 'This is what's happening.' " The lack of a clear-cut dramatic peg on which to hang the story rendered the information "unnewsworthy."

In *News From Nowhere,* Edward Jay Epstein interviewed news producers about the dramatic scene-setting of the language of the news. He says: "The one ingredient most producers interviewed claimed was necessary for a good action story was visually identifiable opponents clashing violently. This, in turn, requires some form of stereotype. . . ." Other kinds of stories are less desirable since, as one CBS producer put it, "it would be hard to tell the good guys from the bad guys."

Newswriters generally try to wrap up their brief story-dramas with a "snapper closer." A snapper closer provides a sense of resolution so viewers can relax and stop worrying, at least for one day, about *that* problem. After reporting the American boycott of the Moscow Olympic games, for example, one newscaster concluded, "Is an American boycott of the Moscow games the answer? For many Americans, the answer appears to be yes." That conclusion was based on film interviews with four people.

If the newscaster's closer can communicate a sense of optimism, so much the better. A CBS report on schoolchildren who were fed leftovers to keep them from going hungry because of cutbacks in the school lunch program concluded cheerfully, "Old rolls, new rolls. It appears that one way or another, kids here are going to get their lunch." What is being communicated is the feeling that nothing more need be done—or thought—about the problem, that there are simple answers that can solve it. Yet, as H. L. Mencken says, "For every complex problem, there is an answer that is short, simple—and wrong."

Compare the kind of snapper closer that characterizes network news with this closing statement by Robert MacNeil to his

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New York, N.Y. 10001 (212) 594-5620

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Wanamaker, Philadelphia, Pa.
Bamberger's, all stores, New Jersey
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New York, N.Y. 10104-0259
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guest panelists on "The MacNeil-Lehrer Report": "Gentlemen, we're not going to solve this argument, which has gone on for weeks, and which will probably continue. We've heard your charge and your reply to it. Thank you very much for joining us. Good night." By avoiding a tidy conclusion, by leaving things unresolved, MacNeil, is, in effect, inviting the viewer to think, form judgments, protest, perhaps even take action. As MacNeil explains, "We make each viewer his own pundit—in a sense, his own reporter—looking over our shoulders as we interview, leading sources. . . . We don't wrap it up in a tidy package. We let the viewer do that. And we know of many families and some large groups of people where the debate continues when we go off the air." The language communicates a sense of possibility rather than finality. This is a closer reflection of reality than the artificial resolutions of network news.

The bias toward dramatic storytelling means that viewers get a distorted view of the world. School busing to achieve integration, for example, rarely gets coverage unless it is the cause of community unrest and protest. There have been myriad broadcasts on the troubled busing controversy in Boston, while the majority of communities, in which busing has been widely accepted, have been all but ignored. Minority groups in general are invisible on TV news except in moments of crisis, such as the rioting in Watts and in Miami. "Burning ghettos make good television," says Edwin Diamond, "but they don't advance the story of race in America significantly." The Kerner Commission report stated flatly, "The media have failed to report accurately on the causes . . . of civil disorders and the underlying problems of race relations. The media have never . . . even glimpsed what it is like in a racial ghetto and the reasons for unrest there."

Black perspectives are equally absent in foreign-affairs reporting. During the war in Zaire, Katangese insurgents killed hundreds of civilians—whites *and* blacks. Walter Cronkite opened the story by saying, "Good evening. The worst fears in the rebel invasion of Zaire's Shaba province reportedly have been realized. Rebels being routed from the mining town of Kolwezi are reported to have killed a number of Europeans." The next night, the story added that "100 white civilians were killed by the rebels, among them women and children." Not until the end of the third night's report did anyone mention that "the number of African dead is also placed at about 150." CBS correspondent Randy Daniels, who covered the story, says, "There was a preoccupation with the deaths of Europeans, when more than a thousand Africans had died and thousands more became refugees." He adds, "The preponderance of news from Africa is clearly from a white point of view and deals primarily with whites." "TV news executives figure that the American population cares less and less about what happens to people the darker their skin is," comments another network news reporter.

The criterion for how much time a story gets, or whether it appears at all, is not its relative importance in world affairs. "We like stories that have wiggle," one network executive says. "Sexy stories. Iran has wiggle. Defectors from the Bolshoi have wiggle. Stories about government agencies have *no wiggle.*"

In the mind of many network news executives, the difference between a good news story and Marilyn Monroe's behind is undetectable. Reporters are told to go after the human-interest angle to a story—the "people factor"—rather than to explore the how or why of a particular event. Researcher David Altheide once accompanied a reporter assigned to do a story on proposed alternatives to achieve racial integration. As they left the studio, the reporter explained how he planned to do the story: "Just barely give a background as to what these alternatives are. Explain the story over film of kids, bless their little hearts, who have no say in the matter whatsoever, caught in a game of politics between their parents and the school board." The dramatic peg (admen call it the "wienie") for the story was determined before the reporter had even arrived at the scene!

The language of TV news is fragmented, patchwork, ahistorical. Viewers are not encouraged to make connections or form hypotheses. One story has no connection to the stories before or after it—except for gimmicky "lead-ins," born of a broadcaster's desire to weave the entertainment into a seamless continuity. One reporter was told by his producer to conclude a story about an alternate theory of creation with a reference to Bibles, even though the theory did *not* represent the biblical view and Bibles had nothing to do with what the story was about. The reason? The following story began with a line about "welfare cheaters swearing on a stack of Bibles."

Apart from such artificial transitions, each news story is individual and unrelated to others. Viewers are presented with a series of discrete, unrelated facts—a surface mosaic of events. No linkages are suggested or even looked for. As *New York Times* correspondent James Reston says, "We are fascinated by events but not by the things that cause the events. We will send 500 correspondents to Vietnam after the war breaks out, and fill the front pages with their reports, meanwhile ignoring the rest of the world, but we will not send five reporters there when the danger of war is developing."

The coverage of the hostage crisis in Iran is another case in point. The seizure of the American Embassy by Iranian militants in October 1979 took most Americans entirely by surprise. Few Americans knew anything about the Islamic revolution that had taken place nine months before—and even fewer knew anything about America's role thirty years before in



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deposing the democratically elected Mossadegh and replacing him with the shah. One *New York Times* editorial said, "The embassy seizure broke over much of the United States like a freakish autumn storm, its origins unseen, its course wild and menacing." Subsequent coverage almost entirely overlooked the roots of Iranian grievances against the United States, concentrating instead on repeated images of angry Iranians shouting epithets at the American Embassy. Later, we learned that the demonstrations were often stage-managed solely for the benefit of TV cameras. At one point, the well-rehearsed chants of "Death to the shah! Death to Carter!" were repeated in Persian, English, and French to accommodate the respective TV crews present. *Wall Street Journal* correspondent Ray Vicker, who was on the scene at the American Embassy during one such demonstration, wrote, "You must be at the center of this crowd, complete with its hot-dog stands, peanut vendors, and soda merchants to appreciate what can only be called a carnival atmosphere—a *bonhomie* without signs of hatred. Then a camera man appears. Fists are waved. The mood changes. Fierce expressions are adopted." Though many newsmen knew the demonstrations were being choreographed for their benefit, they could not resist reporting an event so perfectly fashioned to fit the demands of TV news entertainment standards.

Another angle to the Iranian story that got a lot of play was the travails of the families of the hostages. Hardly a night went by without a "how do you feel" interview with family members. TV crews stayed so close to some families that they became good friends. CBS news helped hostage wife Dorothea Morefield keep track of her sons by providing them with electronic beepers. The crew also took turns chauffeuring her to the hairdresser. Newsmen were allowed to enter the house without knocking and to help themselves to whatever they wanted from the refrigerator. On the day of the hostages' release, Mrs. Morefield said, "These people have become my friends. They cried with us, they laughed with us—now they can celebrate with us." Former Under Secretary of State George Ball comments, "In 1968, when the *Pueblo* hostages where taken, it was not made into one of the great events of our time. . . . [the coverage of the Iranian crisis] is absolutely childish. If it were not for the importance of Iran itself . . . it would be a relatively minor incident. . . . This deep public obsession with the issue is largely because we live in a country where people are accustomed to soap operas, and when a foreign policy is translated into that idiom, they react accordingly."

The emotions aroused by that kind of reporting are dangerous and destructive. Witness a broadcast featuring hostage Sam Gillette saying, "The most marvelous letters we received were from little kids. . . . There was Tom Daly in New York, who wrote me a beautiful letter. He's in fourth grade, but it came out and said, 'I think we ought to bomb the bastards.' *(Laughter)* 'Bomb' was misspelled. 'Bastards' was misspelled. It was—oh, it brought tears to my eyes, it was so beautiful."

NBC coverage of the hostage parade had Eric Sevareid informing viewers that "what we have here is proof of the goodness of the American people—and of their patience. . . . The great strength of America is that we recognize there is goodness in the world." The objectivity of that "news" program was displayed even in its title: "Home Are the Brave." A listener from a country not involved might have experienced some difficulty in distinguishing such "news reporting" from the propaganda purveyed in countries that do not enjoy the privilege of having an independent press, free from the responsibility of carrying out government directives.

One of the great myths of modern America is that of the objectivity of the press. In fact, to be "objective" in a news report usually means to conform to traditional ways of thinking. *New York Times* columnist Tom Wicker calls the practice of objectivity "an act of advocacy for the status quo." Former FCC commissioner E. William Henry comments, "The middle position isn't *no* position; it *is* a position." Since pro-establishment reporting builds on conventional wisdom—that is, on the things most people already more or less agree upon—it seems more plausible

than other forms of propaganda. Its values seem correct and normal. Perhaps they are. But how can we reliably judge? One of the greatest propagandists of all time, Joseph Goebbels, declared that what people regard as truth is the "information" with which they are most familiar.

Many people believe television news shows are neutral and value-free. NBC vice-chairman Richard Salant certainly feels that way. "Our reporters do not cover stories from their point of view," he says. "They are presenting them from nobody's point of view." Semanticists know that is impossible. Any kind of communication requires making decisions about what information to include, what to omit, what to stress, what to play down, what to put first, etc. Such decisions inevitably involve value judgments.

Our press regularly assails the Soviet press for its lack of objectivity. As a recent article in *Time* magazine, for example, pointed out, "[Soviet news] stories about the West almost invariably emphasize doom and gloom, with such headlines as SOCIETY OF VIOLATED RIGHTS OR WORLD OF CAPITAL: SOCIAL PROBLEMS. Correspondents overseas do not deny that their primary duty is to promote socialism. . . ." Says Thomas Kolesnichenko, *Pravda* correspondent in New York: "We try to give people a story that is true, but in terms of a historical perspective, in terms of our understanding of world events."

The clear implication is that our reporting of Soviet affairs is free from such self-serving interest. But George Kennan, a specialist in Soviet affairs, says our TV news reports on the U.S.S.R. are filled with "endless series of distortions and oversimplifications, systematic dehumanization of the leadership . . . routine exaggeration of Moscow's military capabilities and the supposed iniquity of its intentions." He warns, "If we insist on demonizing these Soviet leaders—on viewing them as total and incorrigible enemies consumed only with their fear or hatred of us and dedicated to nothing other than our destruction—that, in the end, is the way we shall assuredly have them, if for no other reason than that our view of them allows for nothing else, either for us or for them."

The same bias exists in reports of almost any country in the Soviet bloc. To take just one example, look at how television news handled the story of the emigrants from Castro's Cuba. Emigrants just stepping off the boat were met with a barrage of "how do you feel" questions.

When some of the emigrants were not sufficiently eloquent, the question was refined to elicit a more satisfying answer: "After all the years of oppression, of fear, and the hazards of your journey, how would you describe the kind of hospitality you've encountered here?" Or, another example: "What would they do to you if you were sent back to Havana?" To which the emigrant answered dutifully, "Oh, they'd kill me." What else could he have been expected to answer except "I don't



know"—in which case the interview would never appear on the air. If he had said, "Nothing," he would have been encouraging the U.S. to send him back. News coverage of the Cuban emigration emphasized that this "flight to liberty" was an escape from the "oppression" of Castro's communism. Perhaps in some, or most, cases it was, but it is fair to ask: what Caribbean nation would not have at least 100,000 or more people ready to seize an opportunity for instant departure? Would our press have made so much of the "flight for liberty" if the emigrants had flocked to us from Jamaica or Haiti, from Honduras or Guatemala? The biased news reporting left most Americans completely unaware that the Cuban emigrants amounted to less than 2 percent of the entire population. It would have been as "objective" to report that, offered a chance for free emigration from their country, over 98 percent of Cubans elected to stay.

"TV . . . does not enjoy rocking the boat, politically or commercially," says newsman John MacNeil. "It enjoys the status quo. It identifies with the establishment nationally or locally." This is partly because of media reliance on government information. The bulk of our news stories comes from prepared statements and press releases by government officials and agencies. Reporters, anxious to preserve their special beats, do not like to challenge officials on whose good graces future stories may depend.

Then, too, TV stations are understandably reluctant to bite the hand that licenses them. No network has actually been denied a license because the administration didn't like the way it was being reported. But the idea has been suggested, and the threat remains. During his presidency, Richard Nixon attempted to "punish" the *Washington Post* for its role in exposing Watergate by challenging the license for a profitable television station held by the *Post's* mother corporation. He also established a White House "communications" office to put pressure on the owners of television stations. The result, as NBC bureau chief William Monroe says, is that "an increasing number of people are getting their news from a medium which is intrinsically nervous about government." Looking back on his years with CBS, Fred Friendly comments, "I suppose I was subtly influenced to do controversial subjects in a noncontroversial manner." He adds, "I must confess that in my almost two years as CBS News president, I tempered my news judgment and tailored my conscience more than once."

Defenders of TV news often point to the coverage of Watergate as proof that reporting is free of government influence. This argument fails to take note of the fact that TV news did not pursue the story until it was already a well-established matter of discussion in the press and among politicians. During the time when Americans might have profited most from a full exploration of the affair—before a national election—TV news was still presenting the story as the administration billed it: a "second-rate burglary." And that's where it would have been left if it hadn't been for the efforts of the print media, who kept the story alive for months while TV news ignored it. It was only after the full implications of the affair were published in the *Washington Post* and became public knowledge that TV news coverage joined the chorus of recrimination against the administration. "Television," says Robert MacNeil, "is a cheerleader for the team that has already won."

Newspapers and newsmagazines, directed at far more limited audiences, can often afford to take the kind of controversial stand that TV news dares not take. And the much greater volume of information in printed news sources (the content of an average half-hour television news show would fit easily into three newspaper columns) increases the likelihood that a controversial story will get a chance to surface. A story that appears on page 32 one week may draw enough attention to warrant page-one coverage the next.

But television news programs must obey the same imperative as any other kind of television show—to attract the largest possible number of viewers and to keep them watching until the commercial break. Audience research reveals that viewers' anxieties are heightened by news stories that challenge their basic assumptions—and that anxious viewers are twice as likely to change the channel. It's not surprising that TV news executives are reluctant to broadcast a story that will cost them ratings points and—it must follow, as the night the day—millions of dollars in lost advertising revenues. The most profitable course is to steer news broadcasts into safe, pro-establishment harbors.

Thanks to the advanced technology of television news, even our last thoughts on this earth will be carefully guided along the "correct" lines. Ted Turner, who owns the Cable News Network, has prepared a special news videotape to be shown in the earth's last moments. The apocalyptic tape is locked in the office of the executive vice-president of the news station along with handwritten instructions from Turner, should he already have perished. Thanks to such entrepreneurial thoughtfulness, we may now all vanish into oblivion to the accompaniment of the musical strains of "God Bless America" and "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

Our survival as a species may well depend on the nature of the information we get from our news media. Of these, none is more important than television news, which reaches to all social classes, all educational levels, and influences the thinking of more people than any other single social institution. The accuracy of its messages seems crucial. As has been shrewdly pointed out, we should never underestimate the intelligence of the American people—or overestimate the amount of information they have. O+—

FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

is necessary to become "disposable." It is not necessary to become divorced. Our minority group is misrepresented, but out of the total of family law cases, I would hazard to say, our minority is a majority—dollarwise, and wise with pain.

I must say, I do not think the term *disposable fathers* is ever truly applicable. This, despite court proceedings stating that the father may be a paying visitor—notwithstanding that he is not able to visit; this, even though there are no legal documents stating that he is *not* to visit.

There is a basic need for the *child's* rights. Just possibly, when the rights of the child are satisfied, the rights of disposable fathers will be also. Or has the time now come for a united, rebellious front against the loss of rights of one in three fathers? Long live Peter McCabe! Disposable fathers, unite!—*David E. Broddy, Ottawa, Canada*

THE FALWELL MATCH

I've got to hand it to you, *Penthouse*, for showing the real truth about the Moral Majority and their leader, Jerry Falwell. It's all too clear that they are a bunch of brainwashing fanatics out to make money and a name for themselves. They call themselves the true Americans, but they are *not*. They are against freedom of religion, freedom of expression, freedom of the press—all the things that make America the great country it is. I love America! The way it is now!

I am a freshman at Central Washington University. The religious cult here call themselves "the newborn Christians." They do things like take a record of a group like Led Zeppelin or Kiss and play it backwards and then decide that the message of the record is Satanic. Satan being praised through rock records played backwards! Can you believe it? These groups—especially the Moral Majority—are truly a disgrace to this country and to the rights of every individual American. Long live *Penthouse*, rock 'n' roll, and the U.S.A.!—*Mark Andersen, Mercer Island, Wash.*

I am writing in regard to the recent influx of letters protesting your series on Jerry Falwell. I am a science major in college, and a recent event here has caused me to write this letter.

A short while ago, there was a rock-record smashing at a local radio station. I was appalled to see people smashing musical creations in the name of morality. Fortunately, more protestors showed up than smashers, and the demonstration was balanced. The sad thing is that the Moral Majority cannot be fought on neutral ground. Whenever someone objects to the proceedings of the Moral Majority, he is told that he is condemned to hell and that he needs to find Jesus. There's no

way to win when you are dealing with these people.

Also, many of the letters written to you stated that you put your magazine out in stores where ". . . the little kids can see them." I assume this refers to the placement of your magazine in stores. I would like to point out that it is the responsibility of the merchant who sells your magazine to display it as he sees fit. The display of your magazine is not your responsibility.

Another observation: many of the letters are from the Los Angeles region of California. I would not doubt that a large number of these people were prompted by a local evangelist to write to you in protest.

What is to be done about the Moral Majority? We must fight back. Your articles are important stepping-stones. Puritanical utopianism has raised its ugly head. Last time it was around, it gave us sedition laws and prohibition. Is a holy dictatorship going to take hold? Not if we fight. We must not be blinded by Mr. Falwell's patriotic words. A world like the one he advocates would require a total dissolution of the United States Constitution. It is our "moral" obligation to fight this.—*Wayne Dyer, Fort Worth, Tex.*

AN ARRESTING ISSUE

What a knockout! Yes, Bob Guccione does have a better job than me! However, I'm not sure I could handle the job. For the life of me, I don't understand how Bob can keep his mind on what he's doing. I think my heart would go into cardiac arrest. The photo of Corinne sitting on Bob's lap just about blew my mind. His restraint is beyond description. It would take chains on my hands and feet to restrain me, in addition to five pairs of leather pants. Perhaps he could pass along his method.

Also, the interview with Senator Metzenbaum (November 1982) was terrific. While I do not agree with all his philosophy and actions, I certainly applaud him and wish we had more men in public office like him. It will be a sad day for the nation when Senator Metzenbaum leaves the Senate.—*Name withheld*

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

The Steve Wayda pictorial "Best of the West," published in last month's *Penthouse*, featured boats courtesy of Jerry Romney and Robertson Marine, Salt Lake City, Utah.

CORRECTION

In our interview with Cesar Chavez, which appeared in the July 1975 issue of *Penthouse*, Mr. Chavez described what appeared to be an eyewitness account of certain events that occurred at a meeting between Mr. Chavez and Mrs. Patricia A. Larson, at which time Mrs. Larson purportedly described a workers' election held on the Larson ranch. This account was inaccurate insofar as it implied that Mr. Chavez was present at such a meeting. *Penthouse* feels that it is appropriate to acknowledge this error.—*The Editors*

STEREO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 141

Nero has produced twenty-three albums with RCA Records and won eight Grammy nominations (and two Grammys). Mr. Nero also appeared in Sunday in New York, *for which he composed the score and title song. His home in L.A. is equipped with a full recording studio, computerized musical appliances, and other electronic gear.*

I'm a real gadget freak, and I own about seven personal stereos—all different types. I find listening to music on headphones a far more moving and heightening experience than practically any speaker setup. Put a set of speakers between the source and the ear and you'll always hear the difference. Of course, headphones can vary, and I've found that the sound from my lightweight headphones—Sony, Sanyo, and Aiwa—is often quite different. I bought my first personal stereo, the Sony Walkman I, when it first came out, then the Walkman II, which is even better, then Sanyo's MG-4 for its pitch control, and finally the new Sony Walkman VI, which in a way is the last word because it has *everything* on it: an LED meter, Dolby, metal tape provision, everything, including recording.

I also like to use various speakers with the personal stereos for time in hotel rooms. First I tried these poly-planar speakers, which weigh nothing and pack flat—they're made out of some lightweight plastic, like Styrofoam—and I baffled them by sticking them in the hotel closet with the door open and got absolutely fantastic sound. I also picked up a pair of little speakers called Steppin' Out that I use with my Aiwa, which has recording capacity. None of them have tone control, though I've found that if you play around with the tape-selector and the Dolby switch, you can adjust the tone in a kind of haphazard manner. I've also recently acquired an adapter that is available through a Chicago mail-order house (JS&A) and that plugs into the arm of an airplane seat. That way you can listen with your own, personal set of headphones, attached to a little amplifier.

The next thing, by the way, is going to be personal stereo with micro-cassettes, which will be a third the size of the current crop. I guess I'll get at least half a dozen. I can't wait for musical gadgets. When they come out, I'm the first on the block to have them.

BOBBY SMITH

Bobby Smith has been with The Spinners for more than a quarter of a century and has sung lead vocals on many of the group's greatest hits, including "I'll Be Around," "Could It Be I'm Falling in Love?" and "Games People Play." The Spinners' latest album, Grand Slam, *includes the hit single "Magic in the Moonlight."*

We're on the road about 80 percent out of the year, so as soon as the personal stereos came out we all had to have them, for the airplanes and hotel rooms and for taping rehearsals and listening in all sorts of out-of-the-way places. I've got the Walkman II, and when a producer sends us a track that's being laid down, I like to listen to it first that way. If I'm at home sitting by the pool, I love to hear music on those headphones. When I get a chance to get to the beach, I always take the Walkman along. I see kids riding bikes and even driving cars wearing these things, and I do think that at times it could be dangerous. Like most musicians, I like my music a little loud—and sometimes, if I have my car stereo turned up real high, I can't always hear everything that's happening around me. But it also makes me feel good to see kids so involved with music, so interested in having it with them at all times. I see kids roller-skating around with these things, which seems like a fine idea. After all, when I was a kid music was my whole world, and if we had had these personal stereos when we were young, you can bet I would have been the first to have one! It's just a great idea to walk around with personal stereos on the streets, in a park, or at the beach, but maybe piling on down some six-lane freeway with that incredible music in your ears should be skipped.

> "Moving with music is like moving *through* the music. It's the velocity of the music right there inside your head—that's what's so intense."—Stephanie Mills

RICHARD STERBAN

Sterban is bass singer for the Oak Ridge Boys—currently the number-one vocal-instrumental group in country music—and co-founded the group, along with Bill Golden and Duane Allen, ten years ago. Since their decision in 1975 to switch from gospel to country/rock, the Oaks have won a string of honors, including Album of the Year, Single of the Year, and Country Music Group of the Year.

We all have and use personal stereos, all the Oaks, because we spend a lot of time on the road listening both to our own stuff and also to songs sent in to us from songwriters hoping we'll perform or record their work. On our special tour bus (affectionately known as "Chocolate"), we have the bunks fitted out with lightweight personal-stereo headphones. I really think certain people would like, if possible, to have music with them and around them as much as possible; most musicians, including ourselves, certainly fit into that category. I'm also a very avid jogger, and while I run I listen to my own little unit, an Infinity. All the Oaks like to listen to a lot of radio, to keep up with current trends, so I've got a little FM insert to catch up on over-the-air music while running.

PINCHAS ZUKERMAN

Born in Tel Aviv in 1948, this internationally acclaimed violinist/violist has studied with Ilona Feher at the Israel Conservatory and with Isaac Stern and Pablo Casals, under whose guidance he came to America in 1962 to study with Ivan Galamian at the Juilliard School. In 1967 he won the First Prize in the Leventritt International Competition. He is currently music director of the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra.

I have owned a Walkman for some time now, and I must admit I find it truly amazing. I use it for travel and I use it for home, anywhere I might want to listen to music where there is no stereo system present. When I listen to music, it is rarely as an idle pastime; rather, I am learning a new piece of music or approving one of my recordings before it is released. For these purposes I like to listen on the personal stereo because of its clarity and immediacy of sound. Right now I am in the process of listening to and approving a Mozart piano recording I did with Emanuel Ax. I just received the cassette yesterday in the mail; when I told my engineer I was listening on the little personal stereo, he said, "That's terrific, you'll get a very true sound." It seems to me everyone in the musical world today, pop or classical, *has* to own one for much the same purposes. My concertmaster here in St. Paul uses his for jogging.

The personal stereo raises a lot of interesting questions about recording and listening to music. I think hearing music over headphones is a radically different experience from listening over speakers, or even in the concert hall, where the ambient sounds can run from bubble gum wrappers to coughing to snoring; that is what creates that familiar "concert hall" sound. With the personal stereo there is a more limited clarity, a sound more boxed in than "live"—but in some ways it's superior. The music is hugging you, engulfing you, and there are very few distractions. This is why I think some people worry you are cutting yourself off. In fact, that is what music at its best can do for you: transport you somewhere beyond ordinary reality. The personal stereo does that just wonderfully, with the added bonus that you can transport *yourself* along with the music. Music and sound can then act as a kind of picture: you build a picture different from what your eyes perceive, with the headphones overlapping and altering the visual picture that you really see. I find that connection quite marvelous.


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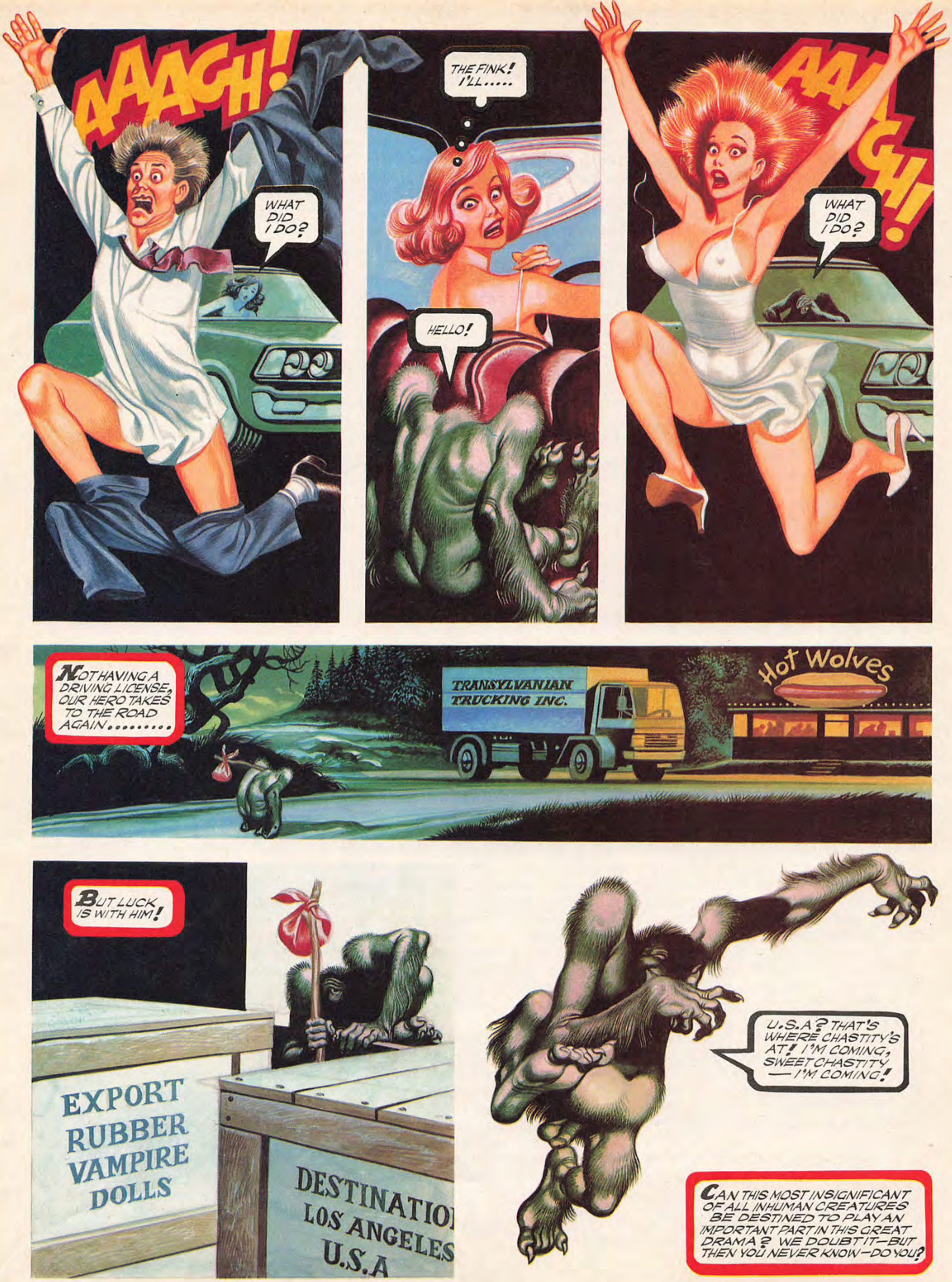

Sweet chastity
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE
THE FULL IMPACT OF BILLY GREYBLOOD AND THE "GOOD GUYS" IS NOW BEING FELT THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY. AS THE RELIGIOUS CRUSADE GATHERS MOMENTUM THE SOCIAL FABRIC BEGINS TO CRACK APART. THE "SCENE" AS WE HAVE KNOWN IT, UNDERGOES A RAPID CHANGE............
CHIEF! REPORTS ARE COMIN' IN THAT THE GOOD GUYS HAVE PUBLICLY BURNT COPIES OF "THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE" AND "PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT"!
WE'VE GOT A HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS TIED UP IN CURRENT PRODUCTION!
MAGNUM PICTURES
CANCEL EVERYTHING! IF WE COULD MAKE THE HERO OF THE NEXT SIX "ROCKY" MOVIES A PRIEST WE COULD BREAK EVEN!
GET ALL THIS BOOZE OUT OF THE OFFICE!
AND THAT'S NO GUARANTEE OF FULL EMPLOYMENT ANY MORE, KID!
THE END OF AN ERA! GOODBYE TO THAT GREAT HOLLYWOOD INSTITUTION— THE CASTING COUCH!
SORRY, GUYS —MACHO IS OUT! ANYONE CARE TO PLAY THE REAR HALF OF A CIRCUS HORSE?
CASTING
IF YOU WANNA STAY IN PICTURES, GET YOURSELVES SOMETHING SHAPELESS — IN SACKCLOTH!
HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GET INTO MOVIES?
YOU COULD BE BIG, KID! HAVE YOUR OWN MONASTERY — SWIMMING POOL — NUNS — OR MONKS!
"WHAT IS FAME? AN EMPTY BUBBLE. GOLD? A TRANSIENT SHINING TROUBLE"
WITH MY COMMITMENTS I SHOULD BE INTERESTED IN PHILOSOPHY?


DYNASTY IS BRINGING IN A FAITH HEALER AND DALLAS IS GONNA BE ABOUT A FAMILY OF MISSIONARIES!
IF WE'RE GONNA SAVE THIS SERIES WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO PASS HER OFF AS A SINGING NUN!
MOTHER SUPERIOR OF THE GOOD GUYS, OUR OWN SWEET CHASTITY, RECEIVES THE HOMAGE OF CONVERTS FROM THE AUDIENCE AS SHE DOES HER WARM-UP FOR THE BILLY GREYBLOOD T.V. SHOW............
SHE'S A SAINT! A PURE, SWEET SAINT!
HE TRIED IT ON AGAIN LAST NIGHT—BUT I WOULDN'T LET HIM! I'M SAVING MY IMMORTAL SOUL!
SHE DIDN'T KNOW SHE HAD ONE UNTIL TONIGHT!
SHE'S BECOMING TOO IMPORTANT, FOULWELL—PHASE HER OUT!
PHASE HER OUT?
CHIEF! THE PEOPLE LOVE HER! SHE'S TOO IMPORTANT TO THE CAMPAIGN!
IMPORTANT? IMPORTANT? YOU'RE NOT SUGGESTING I NEED HER, ARE YOU?
N...NO.... OF COURSE NOT!
I DON'T NEED ANYONE!
SHE'S GETTING TOO MUCH ATTENTION! I WANT HER OUT! DON'T RUSH THINGS—JUST DO IT! PERHAPS SHE COULD SERVE THE CAUSE AS SOME SORT OF MARTYR?
THINK ON IT, FOULWELL!


BILLY GREYBLOOD'S PROCLAMATION FOR "THE GOOD LIFE, 1984" IS ANNOUNCED ON NATIONWIDE T.V......
I'LL TURN THE WHITE-HOUSE INTO A CATHEDRAL!
THE SENATE WILL BE 'GOOD GUYS' CHOSEN BY ME!
THE ARMED FORCES WILL BE UNDER MY DIRECT CONTROL AND WILL ONLY BE USED TO CONVERT THE BARBARIAN WORLD TO CHRISTIANITY!
YA CAN'T LET HIM DO THIS TO US! IT'S CARRYING DEMOCRACY TOO FAR!
GALLUP POLL PREDICTS 80 PERCENT OF THE VOTERS ARE WITH HIM!
ALL GAMBLING AND LEISURE OPERATIONS WILL BE ADMINISTERED BY 'GOOD GUYS'!
SOCIAL SECURITY WILL ONLY BE PAID TO 'GOOD GUYS'!
PENSION FUND
TRADE UNIONS WILL BE ABOLISHED AND REPLACED BY 'GOOD GUYS' SUPERVISORS!
THE CONSTITUTION WILL BE ABOLISHED! IT WILL BE REPLACED BY THE TEN COMMANDMENTS!


AND SO, AT A SECRET RENDEZVOUS, REPRESENTATIVES OF THE GOVERNMENT, BUSINESS, THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH AND THE MAFIA, MEET TO FIND A SOLUTION TO THE BILLY GREYBLOOD PROBLEM
THIS GUY IS UNDERMINING THE POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC FREEDOM OF THE COUNTRY!
HIS KIND OF CHRISTIANITY COULD START WORLD WAR III RIGHT HERE!
HE'S GOT TO BE STOPPED!
IF WE COMBINE FINANCIAL RESOURCES IT SHOULDN'T BE ANY PROBLEM!
PENTHOUSE REGRETS THAT IT'S CORRESPONDENT WAS UNABLE TO GAIN ACCESS TO THE SECRET RENDEZVOUS OR TO IDENTIFY ANY OF THOSE PRESENT AT THE MEETING. THIS INFORMATION APPEARS TO BE CLASSIFIED!


THE FOLLOWING MORNING AT THE WHITE HOUSE....
OKAY, GUYS! ON YOUR FEET!
EVERYBODY'S INVITED TO BREAKFAST IN THE INNER SANCTUM! THE CHIEF'S BACK FROM HIS MEETING!
THIS KOOK, FRANKENSTEIN —THE UNCLE OF SWEET CHASTITY, HAS BEEN PESTERING ME TO PUT A MISSILE BASE ON HIS PROPERTY. WE CAN USE HIM —ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS COME UP WITH THE CASH FOR AN AID....
....PROGRAMME! WE CAN FINANCE THE LAUNCHING OF THE FIRST TRANSYLVANIAN COMMUNICATION SATELLITE FROM CASTLE DREER!
ONLY IT WON'T BE A COMMUNICATION SATELLITE! HERE'S THE PLAN......
?
?
?
OBLIVIOUS TO THIS GREAT TIDE OF EVENTS, CLARENCE, EXPERIMENT NO 291, FRANKENSTEIN LABORATORIES, ELECTED BY HIS FELLOW F.A'S (FAILED EXPERIMENTS) TO FIND SWEET CHASTITY.....
GEE! I'VE RUN OUT OF GAS!
YOU TOOK LONG ENOUGH!
....AND BRING HER BACK, HAS BEGUN THE FIRST LEG OF HIS JOURNEY BY STEALING A RIDE IN THE BACK OF A CAR!
THIS IS BIGGER THAN BOTH OF US!
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!
NIGEYAAH!
OH, YES! ME TOO!


AAAGH!
WHAT DID I DO?
THE FINK! I'LL.....
HELLO!
AAAGH!
WHAT DID I DO?
NOT HAVING A DRIVING LICENSE, OUR HERO TAKES TO THE ROAD AGAIN.........
TRANSYLVANIAN TRUCKING INC.
Hot Wolves
BUT LUCK IS WITH HIM!
EXPORT RUBBER VAMPIRE DOLLS
DESTINATION LOS ANGELES U.S.A
U.S.A? THAT'S WHERE CHASTITY'S AT! I'M COMING, SWEET CHASTITY —I'M COMING!
CAN THIS MOST INSIGNIFICANT OF ALL INHUMAN CREATURES BE DESTINED TO PLAY AN IMPORTANT PART IN THIS GREAT DRAMA? WE DOUBT IT—BUT THEN YOU NEVER KNOW—DO YOU?


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LIGHTS
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his underpants with one finger in the air and his permanent blue five o'clock shadow and wicked jolly smile.

As the rest of us stripped to our underpants, the girls got up and, still with their towels on, sat on the corners of the pool table, then swung their legs around so that, braced by their arms behind them, their legs went out at right angles along the edges. Before I took a close look at the girls I snuck a look at the other guys' underpants and felt better to see that their dicks were about as scared shriveled as mine. Phyllis, over a top end pocket, was having trouble. In the first place, her towel, now that her hands couldn't hold it, had dropped completely off onto her lap, and her huge gray tits and the rolls of her belly were in full view. In the second place, she was a lot heavier and not as athletic as the other girls, so that her legs were more at sixty than ninety degrees, and with those fat thighs, that was going to be one hard pocket to make. The others were okay, though. I think all of us were eyeing Mary, like we wanted to see if her cunt hair was red, too. It was. I'd never seen that before. It was terrific, all carroty red and curly.

"Okay, Jack, you break," directed Beowulf.

Hooper went to the top of the table, chalked his cue very seriously, and leaned over Annette's ankle to line up his break shot. He looked silly, but I felt sort of sorry for him; I wouldn't have wanted to lead off—my heart was pounding so loud I couldn't even think. Jerry gave me one of his tight-lipped sarcastic nods, then shut his eyes and took a long drink. Hooper carefully drew his cue back two or three times, steadied his bridging hand, and pushed through. Jesus, he completely missed the cue ball and scraped along the cloth and fell forward onto the table in a heap of laughter! We all started hooting with laughter, even the girls. And we all felt better.

"Nice one, Hooper," Jerry said, scoring the foul, then making a pretty decent break shot.

Next, Beowulf walked to the bottom as if he was looking at ball angles and, bending over, lay his head close to the table right between Emmy's thighs. I looked at her then, really for the first time since she'd gotten onto the table. The back of Beowulf's head was only inches from the light brown hair of her pussy. Then she looked at me looking, so I looked away.

"Ah, yes, ah, yes," he sighed, "six ball in Emmy's warm pocket." He crossed to the other side and shot. Ordinarily, it would have gone in, but since Emmy, like the other girls, was actually sitting on the pocket, the ball, played slowly, had hit her pussy and come back a few inches.

She laughed and said, "That was definitely in, Beowulf."

Jesus, she seemed to be having a good time, so maybe I was wrong feeling so bad for her. The other girls laughed.

"Well stroked," Hooper said, giving them six points.

Beowulf went through the same sighting business with Mary on the seven ball, this time bending his head down so that his neck lay across her upper thigh and with his chin pushing the towel up over her crotch, sly bastard, managing to rest his flushed cheek on that wonderful red bush. She stayed pretty cool, just smiling, but he missed his shot and the seven ball ended up at the top of the table, a few inches from Phyllis's right knee.

So it was my shot and I walked up to the table to see what I could touch by way of looking things over. But before I could, Annette said, "Oh, hell, this is stupid!" I thought, just my luck; I was really starting to get into it, and here she was going to jump off and end the whole thing right there and then. But that's not what she meant. All she did was pull her towel off and throw it onto the floor. She had nice small tits with upturned nipples, and her body was oily and honey blond like her hair, and her cunt was long and thin-lipped with a bright red clit button showing through the dark honey of her bush. Gasps of delight from Hooper and, I think, me.

> Harvey, of course Beowulf didn't sell tickets. But, I dare say, you could if you'd fuck Emmy up here on the table.

"That's the spirit, girls," encouraged Beowulf, and the others threw off their towels, too.

I looked everywhere at once, everywhere but at Emmy, that is. I couldn't. I tried. But something made me shut or blink my eyes when I turned toward her. So I thought, fuck it, and looked at Mary, all white and pink and freckled and red-haired. Maybe it was then, too, that I first noticed some sort of movement outside, through the little open space of window beneath the blinds, but I was too excited to register it, let alone think it was planned. So I winked at Beowulf and put my head down over Phyllis's fat thigh, which hung over the bank and touched the table. It was sweaty, but at least that close I couldn't see the grayness. I looked at the seven ball and then back at the pocket, that is, at Phyllis's black-haired cunt. Then I brought my head closer. She didn't smell bad but sort of strange, like chicken fat. Then I put my head on her cunt and lifted it a bit as if I wanted to see the real pocket, and when I did, I felt Phyllis's hand come behind my head and she pulled my face right into her cunt and fell forward on me, onto the table, her tits completely covering my head. All the guys started laughing and wisecracking. So I started in licking her cunt a little and then came up out of there, set her back up over the pocket, with Hooper steadying her from behind while squeezing one of those big tits. But to play the cue ball onto the seven, I had to lean across Emmy's left leg. I tried not to touch it, seeing that Emmy's face was set in a tight grim smile and her eyes were shut. What with all the booze and general craziness, I couldn't help feeling that Emmy was hating all this. I was so confused, stiff prick and all, that I guess that's why I slammed the cue ball so damned hard. But then, considering Phyllis's thighs, that was probably the only way to make the shot. The seven rocketed and ended up wedged tight against her cunt, half covered by a little fold of flesh on either side. Everyone cheered but Emmy.

"Good shot," Phyllis said.

"I didn't hurt you, did I? I didn't mean to shoot so hard."

Annette said, "She doesn't mind you shooting as hard as you want, up there," as I pried the ball out and took it off the table.

There was no real shot left, then, so after fooling around between Annette's and Mary's thighs, I played it safe and it was Hooper's shot again. As he lined it up, we all got the idea to take our underpants off, except Jerry, who slumped in an armchair sipping his drink. Then Hooper really went wild. He pretended to look over Annette's shoulders and she wiggled around, took his cock in her hand, and sat on it.

Emmy started shouting, "Damn you, Annette, you're nothing but a pig. And you, too, Phyllis. You're just whores! Mary and me came here to play a game, not watch you two carry on like . . ."

"Wait, wait," Beowulf insisted, waving his hands in front of him. He put his arm around Emmy's shoulder, but she shook it off, jumped off the table, and looked at me. Just straight and serious at me. I know she was naked, but I swear I didn't see anything but that hurt look. She ran out into the other room.

It was quiet then, so that we could hear the voices outside, whispering and giggling.

"Just a few spectators," said Beowulf cheerfully. "Never mind them. Hooper, you shoot for me while I calm Emmy down."

"No, I'll go," I said, dropping my cue and moving before he could.

The lights were off in the other room, but before I shut the door behind me, I saw her sitting on the edge of the bed. She wasn't crying or anything, but I could hear her taking in deep breaths and blowing out again.

"What's the matter, Emmy? We were just fooling around out there."

"No, you weren't. That's what I was

saying. Me and Mary came to just fool around and have a good time, but not you and Hooper."

I felt awful being linked with Hooper in anything, but I honestly couldn't understand what she meant. "Listen, what the hell did you expect would happen with us playing pool and four naked girls as pool pockets?" By then I was sitting beside her, but we weren't touching. She was a wonderful silhouette.

"Maybe it was stupid of me, but I thought it would be kind of crazy and fun and we could do it and have some laughs and not have to . . . you know."

"Christ, is that what Beowulf told you?"

"Yes, sort of. I mean, he said it wouldn't get out of hand."

I sighed and thought, shit, I couldn't blame Beowulf. I'd have said anything to get Emmy to agree. So I just sat there quiet for a while. "Look, Emmy, I'm sorry, really sorry about all this . . . that I hurt you."

She gave me her hand. Up until then I hadn't been aware that we were both naked. But when I felt those long cool fingers in mine, the whole thing, the pool game, that kiss in the locker room, the way I was crazy about her came rushing back so that I thought I'd faint. Still, we sat there with our hands together, between us on the fuzzy bedspread.

"Harvey, I know you've wanted to take me out since that time in the locker room and I haven't shown that I want you to. But it's not because I don't like you. It's just that I know how things are. I like you, but brains like you and Beowulf . . . Oh, it's stupid."

I tried to take her into my arms but she pushed me back.

"No, listen. You're going to college and I'm not. I guess I'll marry Tommy next year and be a housewife and have kids, like my sister. What I mean is, we're too different."

"No, Emmy . . ."

"Don't say 'no.' You wouldn't just quit college and get married and get a job. That's not for you. But what I want to tell you is how much fun this last year's been. Meeting really funny guys like you and Beowulf and Hooper. I never would have. You know how cliquey Riverline is. And, yes, I wanted to have some fun, do something crazy like tonight because I like you all so . . . and I'm not saying it didn't excite me, but I could never . . . because nothing'll come of it. I've never even slept with Tommy and won't until we're married. That's how it is. Harvey?"

I don't know why I started crying: maybe not being able to fuck that beautiful girl, even though we were naked; maybe because I knew what she said was true. So I wiped my eyes and said, "Yeah, I understand. You call me a brain, but you're a lot smarter than me."

Then she put her arms around me and I put my arms around her and we kissed, but it wasn't like that—I mean, not sexy or anything, more sweet, like between sister and brother or good pals. I never could admit that until now, and maybe if I had, if I

hadn't been conceited enough to let the rumor go round that we'd screwed in there, things wouldn't have got so bitter later. Well, what happened then was that I suddenly felt very hungry and Emmy said so did she, so we went over to the big fridge and opened it. I was used to Lilly and Harry's, but when Emmy saw three dozen roast chickens, she gave a little shriek and asked if they were having a wedding there or what?

"No," I said, "that's just for snacks," and took out a chicken and gave it to her.

I don't know why I did it then, maybe because of the fridge light on her, or how strange everything was, but I fell down on my knees and reached up to hold her. I ended with a leg of the chicken she was holding, but I didn't care.

"Emmy, I've just got to tell you, not because I want you; well, of course I do, but just to tell you you're beautiful really. All of you—your face and your arms and hands and shoulders and breasts and back and belly and legs and pussy and ass—no, don't get mad—it's all right. But all that's not even as beautiful as you are, as nice. And now you can be mad at me or anything you want."

I don't know, maybe no guy except her boyfriend had ever actually told her, but she wasn't looking like a sister or friend then; she was flushed and sexy and she started to pull me up to her, but I'll never know what we'd have done next, because the chicken pulled apart and I fell back on my ass with nothing but the drumstick in my hand. So then we were laughing and sitting on the floor with our backs to the fridge eating that chicken like it was our first meal in months. If that night had ended then, it'd still be a sweet memory, but my clothes were in the other room, and, besides, I felt I couldn't just duck out on everything. So Emmy found another towel, but I was still bare-ass when we went back into the poolroom.

What a scene! The pool table was covered with bodies: Beowulf on top of Phyllis, fucking away, and Hooper squatting between Annette's spread legs, shoving the butt end of a cue in and out of her cunt. Jerry passed out dead drunk in an armchair, and, wildest of all, Mary, still naked, just walking around the pool table, drink in hand, first looking at one thing, then another, as if she was playing pool and studying the shots. Emmy was as amazed as me. We looked at each other and burst out laughing.

Hooper looked up: "You two have fun in there?"

"Yes," Emmy answered, "just fun," and she went and put her arm around Mary and led her over to the couch and covered her with a towel.

"Come on up here and join us," Hooper said.

It was only then that it came to me that we were being watched, that there must have been dozens of kids outside peering through those bits of uncovered windows. It made me so pissed off, and the worst part was that I was too damned embarrassed to dare look toward the windows. So I went over sideways and started shaking Beowulf, who wasn't exactly all ears.

"Will you stop that fucking humping for a minute and listen to me, you bastard?"

As he finally looked up and stopped, a loud "boo" and "party pooper" went up from outside, which just made me madder than ever.

"What's a matter with you, Stein? Can't a fellow shtup away in peace on the privacy of his own pool table?"

Much laughter and applause from outside.

"Privacy? Half the fucking high school must be out there! What'd you do, send out engraved invitations?"

Someone out there who sounded like Punchy Cohen yelled, "If you don't like it, Harvey, I'll be glad to take your place!" Much laughter.

"Calm down, calm down," said Beowulf, now arched up and kneading away at Phyllis's great gray tits with both hands. "If, and I say *if*, I was a wee bit indiscreet, it was only to ensure we'd be believed, not like with those Weymouth girls."

"I don't give a good shit about being believed. I'm not going to give anyone some cathouse exhibition." Then a strange idea came to me. "You fucker. Have you sold fucking tickets for this? Have you?"

"No, of course not!"

"You have. I'll bet you've sold fucking tickets!"

Then a voice from outside, which was definitely Punchy's: "Peanuts, popcorn, Crackerjacks. Get your souvenir programs." More laughter.

Then Hooper had to open his big snotty mouth: "Harvey, of course Beowulf didn't sell tickets. But, I dare say, you could if you'd fuck Emmy up here on the table."

That did it. I walked around to Hooper not caring anymore about anyone outside.

"You dare say? You dare say, do you, Hooper? Well, I dare say how'd you like the butt end of this cue rammed right up your snotty ass hole? Huh? Would you, I dare say, like that?"

He shouldn't have moved. He moved and I swung my fist into the side of his face and he went sprawling into Annette and she pulled the cue out of her and rolled away and started swinging it at me. Then Beowulf leapt up and pulled it away from her and Emmy was pulling at my shoulders holding me back and Jerry woke up saying we were all hot shits and the noise of the kids outside was drowned under the police siren.

That part of it came out all right, because, luckily, Lilly and Harry went out front and down around the side of the house to see what the commotion was, and by the time the cops cleared everyone away and came in with Lilly and Harry, we were all dressed and had stashed the booze and gotten Cokes out from the fridge and were sitting around eating chicken and fruit and some of us were

playing pool, ordinary pool, and Beowulf was brilliant at telling them it was just some party crashers he didn't know who got noisy when they weren't let in, and Lilly and Harry apologized to the cops and so the cops went and then we all apologized to Lilly and Harry and so they went back upstairs and the party broke up.

By Monday we were all famous or infamous, pretty much the same thing, at school. Guys I hardly knew came up and slapped my back and asked me if it was true and I said, yes, I guessed so. I saw Emmy and we talked and laughed and that was fine, but I avoided the others.

But that next Friday I happened to walk by Hooper in the quadrangle and heard him saying, "Yeah, of course we fucked them all."

Somebody asked, "You mean you really fucked Emmy Ross?"

Hooper had his back to me and I'd half turned away so no one would see me and tip him off.

"Sure," he said, "certainly I fucked her."

I got so pissed off I did a terrible thing. I didn't even let him turn around. I just smashed him on the back of his head, and when he fell I jumped on him and punched at his face till the others pulled me off.

So there we were after school in old Carlisle's office—me with a black and blue swollen hand and Hooper with a black and blue swollen face.

"Jack, Harvey, what's especially disturbing about this is that you're two of the outstanding students about to graduate. You, Harvey, accepted at Harvard and Princeton and M.I.T., and you, Jack, at Williams and on the Harvard waiting list. Is there something humorous about what I've said, Harvey?"

"No, sir," I said, swallowing my smile and looking down at my shoes. But, boy, did I know how that "waiting list" business burned Hooper. Great stuff!

"Well, boys, then I don't think I'm being too indulgent in letting you off with the understanding that there'll be absolutely no more trouble. Now shake hands and finish off your few remaining weeks at Riverline as well as you've done these four years."

We thanked him and promised and shook hands without looking at each other.

I soon made it up with Beowulf, but when I tried to tell him what really happened between Emmy and me, he just smiled and said, "Sure, Harv, I believe you. But, then, I'll believe anything."

So I gave up trying to convince him. And it was just my luck that Hooper ended up at the same college as me. Sometimes we run across each other and say hi, but nothing more. Seeing him makes me think of all that pool game business and Emmy and the fact that I've lost touch with her. Just like she said.

Anyhow, I have the satisfaction of knowing Hooper's dad did have to buy him into the college. Well, I'm not certain, but that's my story and I'm sticking to it. O+

BRUCE LEE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

explained and demonstrated his commitment to the drug he called "the most wonderful stuff in the world."

Wall was sitting in Lee's second-story study when Lee offered a plate of cookies to Wall, urging, "Try some of this!" "What is it?" asked Wall. "Hashish in brownies," smiled Lee. "I thought you were anti-drugs," replied Wall, genuinely surprised that a man who wouldn't take a glass of wine would be consuming a dangerous drug. At that point, Lee whipped out a copy of the September 1972 edition of *Playboy*, which contained a clutch of articles entitled "The Drug Explosion." Actually, there was nothing in any of the pieces that would make a man want to turn on, but the chart prepared by the editorial staff characterized cannabis as providing "relaxation, breakdown of inhibitions . . . euphoria, increased appetite"—all things that were appealing to the anxious, irritable, and underweight Bruce Lee. Most important was the fact that no distinction was drawn between marijuana and hashish: both were both lumped together indifferently beside the rubric "cannabis."

This was a serious omission. Although grass and hash are prepared from the hemp plant, they are for all practical purposes no more the same than are wine and whiskey. Especially when eaten by high-strung types like Bruce Lee, hashish is apt to prove a nightmare drug. If it doesn't drive you crazy, it may poison you. Those little "temple balls," "fingers," and other goodies from Nepal may be contaminated by having been manufactured in one of the most primitive and unhygienic environments on earth. If you don't burn the stuff, you are asking for trouble.

Naturally, Bruce Lee, who was not basically a drug adept, knew nothing of these dangers. Yet being a classic know-it-all, he claimed to be an expert on the drug. As the astonished Bob Wall looked at the two-page chart spread before his eyes and listened to Lee's machine-gun rap, he learned that hashish was vastly superior to marijuana, because instead of damaging your lungs by smoking it, you could eat it like ordinary food. The most important thing, Lee stressed, was the drug's marvelous capacity for producing relaxation. "At last I've found something to relax me!" crowed Bruce as he put one of the brownies into his mouth.

In the next ten minutes, Bruce Lee ate three or four hash brownies. Wall recalls that the brownies had been prepared according to the celebrated recipe of Alice B. Toklas. If that is the case, Bruce Lee was consuming an enormous amount of hashish. Perhaps he had found that it took a great deal to slow him down. If this was his problem he certainly found the solution. For, as Wall recalls, in just an hour Lee was totally transformed by the drug.

Prior to eating the hash, Lee had been talking a mile a minute and demonstrating a new nunchaku routine that made the sticks fly around his head like hummingbirds' wings. Then he took off his shirt and threw it on the floor, collapsing into a comfortable chair. Gradually his rate of speech slowed and slowed until finally, astonishingly, Bruce Lee fell totally silent. In all the years he had known Lee, Wall—who is no slouch at talking himself—had never seen his friend shut up. (Lee was such a compulsive talker that in Hong Kong he damaged his car almost every week because he insisted on looking directly at the person to whom he was talking as he drove.) Now, for the first time ever, Lee was mute—and Wall was doing all the talking.

Wall at first accepted Lee's judgment that eating hashish once a week was an ideal way to give himself the relaxation he could never otherwise obtain. But then Wall began to notice that Lee was suffering from memory loss, repeating himself constantly as if he had no recollection of what he had said the day or the hour just past. This symptom coupled with the weight loss and the striking pallor of his old friend were all, Wall assumed, products of work and stress. (He doesn't think this today, however.)

Nor is it likely that by the end of his life Bruce Lee was confining himself to one hash binge a week. According to his own statement, he was taking the drug to cheer himself up at the studio and to make love. It's very difficult to resist any drug that works. (It's unfortunate that Bruce Lee was so averse to smoking, because a year on Thai weed would have been good therapy for him. It would have done all the things promised by *Playboy* plus provided this compulsively funny man with hysterical laughs, as well as giving depth to his philosophic moods and exaltation to his budding mythological fantasies.)

When Lee finally collapsed and nearly died after eating some hashish at the studio, he was advised by his doctors to stop using the drug. Lee, always rebellious and stubborn, decided to take his case to a higher court. Within one week of his collapse, Lee was living in a bungalow behind the Beverly Hills Hotel and undergoing neurological tests designed to determine whether he was suffering from a brain lesion or some other complaint that had not been discovered in Hong Kong. The neurologist was working under a great handicap, however, because all the symptoms had vanished, and the only description of the attack was that provided by the patient and his wife, Linda, both of whom made the mistake of thinking that Lee had suffered a convulsion. In fact, Lee had not had a convulsion. He had exhibited a lot of muscle twitching, a condition to which he was prone, especially when under stress. Otherwise, his symptoms were

those of a toxic brain condition produced by drugs.

Inevitably, the neurologist found nothing organically wrong with Bruce Lee; in fact, he told his patient that he had the "body of an eighteen-year-old." Lee, very frightened by what had happened, sought other opinions and was told by one doctor that it was ridiculous to blame his seizure on hashish. In fact, the doctor confided, he took the stuff himself—and it had never caused him the slightest distress. With that reassuring opinion ringing in his ears, Lee boarded a plane that took him back to Hong Kong—and the life-style that was killing him.

The end came on July 20, 1973. According to the story that appeared in the official inquest and was later parroted in Linda Lee's biography of her husband, Bruce Lee went on the last afternoon of his life to the apartment of a Taiwanese sex star, Betty Ting-pei, to have a meeting with her and Raymond Chow about *Game of Death*, in which Betty was to play a part. During the course of the meeting, Lee developed a severe headache, which caused him to retire to Betty's bed. There he was left by Raymond Chow, who arranged to meet with Lee later in the evening for supper at the Miramar Hotel with another actor being considered for a part in the film, George Lazenby.

When Betty Ting-pei found that she could not rouse Bruce Lee from the sleep into which he had fallen, she called Chow or he called her. In any case, the boss of the studio returned to the actress's apartment to find Lee in a coma. When all efforts to rouse him failed, an ambulance was called and the actor was received that night at Queen Elizabeth Hospital, dead on arrival.

The real story of what happened that afternoon is supplied by Bob Wall, who knew all the principals and spoke with them within a few hours of Lee's death. As Wall knew, Bruce Lee had been involved in a close relationship with Betty Ting-pei for months. The actress was one of the most sought-after sex objects in Hong Kong. Bruce Lee was very pleased with her and had promised to advance her career by getting her a part in his next film. On the fatal day, the pair had an afternoon date. Betty Ting-pei lived in a posh high-rise just a few minutes' drive from Bruce Lee's house in suburban Kowloon Tong. The actress's flat was what the old newspapers used to call a "love nest": an apartment decorated like a lady's boudoir.

According to Wall, Bruce Lee arrived at three in the afternoon, and after spending some time with Betty, he ate a light meal. Judging from the autopsy, Lee had a hash brownie for dessert. Then, he began to complain of a nagging, numbing headache. (A feeling of constriction in the head is one of the commonest effects of eating hashish.) Betty Ting-pei did not have any aspirin, but she had a pill of similar effect that had been prescribed by her doctor for

menstrual distress. This drug, Equagesic, is compounded partly of aspirin and partly of the tranquilizer Miltown. According to Betty Ting-pei's account, Bruce Lee took just one tablet.

Lee was supposed to meet that night with Raymond Chow, but as the headache worsened, he called to ask that Chow come to Betty Ting-pei's flat. When Chow arrived, around 9:30, the meeting commenced; but it had to be broken off when Lee's headache grew so severe that he exclaimed, "I've got to lie down." Chow chatted for another twenty minutes with the actress; then they both went into the bedroom to check on Lee.

They discovered that he could not be roused. Chow, with the memory of the recent crisis fresh in his mind, sought medical aid immediately. He dialed several doctors until he reached Betty Ting-pei's doctor, Chu Pho-hwye, who agreed to come up to the apartment at once. (That Raymond Chow did not summon Bruce Lee's regular doctor, Don Langford, who lived in the immediate vicinity and who had saved Bruce Lee's life during a previous seizure of the same sort, is probably explained by the fear of scandal.) Betty Ting-pei's doctor spent ten minutes trying to revive Lee; then he gave up and summoned an ambulance.

At 11:24 Ambulance 24 of the Hong Kong Fire Services delivered Lee to the emergency clinic of Queen Elizabeth Hospital. The chief of the three-man ambulance crew, an experienced man, testified subsequently that he had examined Lee when he arrived at the flat. He had found no signs of life. Hence, instead of rushing Lee to the nearest hospital, he had hauled the body clear across town to the government hospital. All the same, when the hospital staff recognized who had been brought to their trauma room, they were galvanized into action. For a full half hour, they sought by every means imaginable to resuscitate the dead man. Finally, there was nothing to do but break the news to Lee's wife, who had been led to believe that there was some hope of her husband's survival, and to prepare for the enormous stink that was sure to rise the next day.

The story of the cover-up that was conducted after Bruce Lee's death has never been told. It was neither so sinister as many have believed nor so innocent as might have been hoped. The first false and misleading statement about the death was an announcement that the great star had died walking in his garden accompanied by his wife. (The reason for the lie was probably the fact that *Enter the Dragon* was just at the point of release and adverse publicity might have jeopardized a property worth potentially hundreds of millions of dollars.) This fib was shot to hell two days later when the ambulance driver sold his story to the press, which reported to a stunned Hong Kong on the morning of Bruce Lee's funeral that he had died in the apartment of actress Betty Ting-pei.

Betty Ting-pei, for her part, sought to wriggle out of this painful (and dangerous) situation by insisting that she had been out all afternoon shopping with her mother. This story was quickly contradicted by a neighbor, who also reported that Bruce Lee had been visiting the actress's apartment for three months, staying sometimes as long as eight hours, with his red Mercedes parked conspicuously in front of the building.

At this point, the government, which had been working vigorously behind the scenes to determine what had really happened, announced the results of a very carefully conducted autopsy, which had been performed several days after the death. The report revealed that the primary cause of death was brain swelling. Lee's brain had "swollen like a sponge," increasing in weight from 1,400 to 1,575 grams. The report noted that cannabis resin had been found in small quantities in the stomach and small intestine, as well as

> At the age of thirty-two, Bruce Lee was just having his first taste of being irresistible to women. Unfortunately, he was not discreet in managing his liaisons.

the residue of the tablet of Equagesic. No evidence was discovered of disease or traumatic injury. Bruce Lee had not died a natural death.

The release of the autopsy findings threw fresh fuel on the flames of speculation. Soon the press had printed all those fantasies about Bruce Lee's death that are still believed by millions of people the world around. There is a fantasy, in fact, for every temperament, every disposition. Those who believe in the "mysterious East" will tell you that Bruce Lee was killed by a "vibrating palm," a special blow that the victim may not notice and that does not produce its effect for days, weeks, months, or years. (Interestingly, Bruce Lee himself claimed to be able to deliver this blow.) Those disposed to attribute all mysterious deaths to the machinations of the Mob argue that Bruce Lee was killed by the Triads, whose power he had supposedly defied. (This is the theme of the posthumous film *Game of Death*.) People in the movie business point the finger of accusation at Run Run Shaw, head of the rival studio in Hong Kong, which was actually negotiating to get Lee away from Raymond Chow when the actor died. There are even those who blame Bruce Lee's death on Chow, arguing that Lee repeatedly humiliated his boss, so much so that when Lee died, Chow's wife remarked that the death occurred just in time to save the last scrap of her husband's pride. (Lee would sneer at Chow publicly, saying: "You're nothing—I made you!") Yet other theories attribute Bruce Lee's death to the use of aphrodisiacs, evil influences on his house ("bad *fung shui*"), or even the mistake of using the word *death* in the title of his last picture. What no one wants to concede is the very great possibility that Lee may have died of an overdose of his own head.

Weeks after Bruce Lee's death, a government inquest was convened to investigate the matter. The government was by no means a disinterested party in the investigation. Several important issues hinged on the finding. For one thing, Bruce Lee was a youth hero. Every move Lee made was mimicked by thousands of youngsters. If the actor's use of hashish were blown up into a major issue, Hong Kong might soon find itself afflicted with a hashish epidemic.

Second, there was the matter of the insurance. In January 1973, Bruce Lee had taken out a policy for $500,000. If American International Assurance could prove that he had lied when he stated on the application that he had never used illegal drugs or if it could prove that he had died as a result of using illegal drugs, the widow and her children would be deprived of their insurance benefits. Finally, it was desirable in the interests of civic pride to put this shocking death in the best light possible, lest people come to believe that Hong Kong was a wicked place where dreadful things happen to even its greatest citizens.

At the same time that the government was laboring to put an end to this ugly scandal, it was equally concerned to proceed with the utmost propriety and not expose itself to charges of tampering with the evidence or suppressing the facts. Fortunately, the facts were highly ambiguous. They could be interpreted in a number of ways. If the coroner's inquest chose the most innocent interpretation, the case could be concluded with no damaging consequences. So the strategy was adopted of bringing in from London a forensic pathologist of great experience who would be sympathetic to the government's concerns and whose testimony, having such weight, could exert a decisive influence on the final verdict.

To assure that this expert would not be surprised or unprepared for anything that might come to light during the inquest, a private hearing would be convened, before the public hearing, at which all the medical authorities, especially those likely to insist that the death was drug-related, would be invited to give their testimony in advance. When Bruce Lee's personal physician, Dr. Don Langford, objected that this would taint his evidence, he was told that as the inquest was not an adver-



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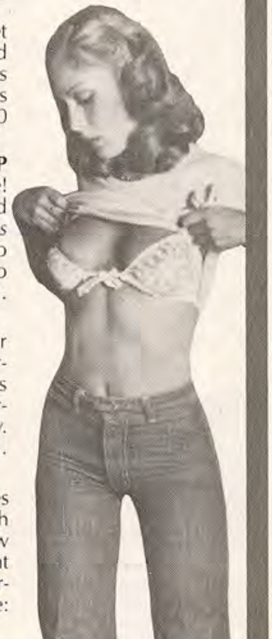
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sary proceeding but a disinterested search for truth, there could be no harm in this little preview—though, of course, when it came time for the public hearing, each witness would testify in a manner that made it appear that he had no knowledge of what the other witnesses were deponing. The presiding figure at this rehearsal for the inquest, conducted at Queen Elizabeth Hospital about a week before the public hearing, was the respected expert recommended by Scotland Yard, R. D. Teare, Professor of Forensic Pathology at the University of London.

The coroner, C. K. Egbert Tung, who conducted the inquest, and who was responsible with the three-man jury for arriving at the final verdict, was a lawyer, not a medical man with extensive scientific qualifications. To conduct such an investigation or even to comprehend the technical testimony, which had to be literally spelled out and sometimes translated into Chinese as the coroner took longhand notes, was an extremely formidable enterprise. Even if the coroner had been a highly trained forensic pathologist, however, he would have had his work cut out for him, because the Bruce Lee case entailed some very controversial issues, as well as matters into which there has never been any research.

No one, for example, wanted to say that Bruce Lee had simply died of hashish poisoning, because fatal cases of this sort are extremely rare and none that has been recorded is of absolute certainty. What Lee's physicians, Dr. Langford and the brain specialist, Dr. Peter Wu, wanted to suggest was the possibility that Lee had developed an allergy or was hypersensitive to hashish, either alone or in combination with other drugs, such as the aspirin in the Equagesic. (Aspirin in combination with certain chemicals produces a powerful effect on the brain known colloquially as a "Mickey Finn.") Professor Teare, on the other hand, was utterly opposed to allowing any reference to hashish to appear in the finding, arguing that there were no precedents that would justify such a verdict.

The Professor was clearly in error. In 1970, for example, a young athlete died at Antwerp in a room where he had been smoking hashish. The highly respected pathologist, Dr. Aubin Heyndrickx, who conducted the autopsy, made an exhaustive effort to determine whether or not hashish had been the cause of death. Eventually, through a great multiplication of the usual number of tests, he was able to rule out every other imaginable cause, leaving hashish as the presumptive cause. A year later, a French soldier tried to commit suicide by smoking a large quantity of hashish mixed with tobacco. He went into a coma for four days, but his life was saved. When he recovered, he claimed that other people had killed themselves in the same manner. Chances are that he would have died as well if there had been no medical intervention.

The strongest evidence I collected for death by hashish poisoning was provided by Dr. Francis Mas, a psycho-pharmacologist on the faculty of the Albert Einstein Medical College in New York. Dr. Mas served his internship at Casablanca in 1966. He was attached to the emergency room and intensive-care unit of Averroes Hospital. It was not uncommon on a Saturday night for a patient to be brought in suffering from overindulgence in hashish. Generally, these people recovered after a night's sleep.

Once in a while, however, such a case would exhibit precisely the symptoms observed in Bruce Lee, including coma, brain edema, and respiratory collapse. Before the doctors could reverse the process, the patient would die. Dr. Mas observed one such case personally and was told about another. The only cause for these fatal seizures that the medical staff could discover was that the victims had consumed hashish that was either very fresh or had been prepared in a manner that increased its potency.

That Bruce Lee was consuming hashish of exceptionally high potency is quite probable in view of the drug's provenance. Nepalese hash is the most powerful in the world because it is produced by a unique process. Instead of sieving out the tops of the plants, as is done in Morocco, Lebanon, and Afghanistan—a technique that allows the product to become adulterated with inactive vegetable matter—the Nepalese wait till the sun makes the leaves of their towering plants sweat pure resin. Then they rub off this resin with their bare hands and compress it in screw presses. The resulting product is a pure concentrate of the 400 ingredients that comprise hashish. If the customer can command the best, the so-called Royal Hashish, he will obtain a drug that is often productive of violent effects, including numerous neurological symptoms. Laurence Cherniak, the only foreigner ever to study and photograph the production of Royal Hashish at close-hand, describes the effects of this preparation in *The Great Books of Hashish*, Volume I, as "so potent it was almost lethal."

When the government's principal expert witness, Professor Teare, stopped debunking the notion that Bruce Lee might have perished from hashish toxicity, he was left with the task of explaining how in fact Bruce Lee did die. Strange to say, he employed precisely the same concept as that invoked by the rival doctors: the idea of hypersensitivity. Instead of inferring that Bruce Lee was hypersensitive to one or more of the 400 ingredients of hashish, Professor Teare argued that Lee had overreacted to the three ingredients of Equagesic.

At this point, the professor's bias should have been apparent to any medically qualified and fair-minded coroner; for if the medical literature contains few cases of hashish poisoning, it contains none of fatal

hypersensitivity to one tablet of Equagesic. Not one of the numerous diagnosticians, neurologists, forensic pathologists, or psychopharmacologists whom I interviewed concerning this case had the slightest hesitation in rejecting Professor Teare's hypothesis as untenable and even ridiculous. The Hong Kong coroner, however, for reasons best known to himself, adopted this explanation as the final finding of the court, ascribing Bruce Lee's death to "hypersensitivity to the ingredients of Equagesic." The inquest found, therefore, that Bruce Lee, one of the best-conditioned men on earth, had died of an aspirin.

Today, almost ten years after his death, Bruce Lee seems immortal. He has joined the company of those rare pop heroes who not only impress their image indelibly on the consciousness of the entire world but who become forces, powers, presences, influencing the lives and fantasies of untold millions. It needs no saying that to produce such an immense impact, a man not only must have ability but also must possess an unmatched instinct for striking just that nerve in the mass consciousness that is waiting to vibrate. In the case of Bruce Lee, this nerve contains many strands, whose distinctness is best seen by comparing the effect he has in the Orient with that in the West.

The Oriental Bruce Lee—to phrase it bluntly—put balls on 400 million Chinamen. He gave his countrymen—at their moment of entrance into the great world tournament whose rules have been established by the Western powers—a hero who embodied the Western gift for aggressiveness to such an extraordinary degree that he could beat the Westerners—and their Japanese copycats—at their own bloody game. To the Westerner, on the other hand, Bruce Lee offers a fantasy escape from the feelings of terror and helplessness engendered by living in our nightmarish, violence-stalked, urban jungles.

Both Eastern and Western man suffer from the feeling of being unmanned. Both clamor for restitution of their lost sense of virility. It was Bruce Lee's function to reaffirm and exalt the masculine essence by performing over and over, with ever increasing charisma, the primitive ritual of mortal combat. No wonder, therefore, that Bruce Lee exists for millions of people as a cult figure, who is worshiped—precisely as the ancients worshiped Hercules and Achilles—as a demigod.

It doesn't take any great understanding of Lee to know that he would have been thrilled by his posthumous fame. All his life he struggled to transcend himself and to become more than man. Now he stands exalted in the pop pantheon, unquestionably the most magical figure produced by popular culture since the great days of the sixties. Yes, the Dragon would have gotten off on the idea of immortality. He would have saluted the world with his crazy jungle-bird squawk of triumph. O┼

ACTIVISM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

primary supported Irish Democrat Edward Kennedy. He is also gracious in charitable affiliations, serving as honorary chairman of the U.C.L.A. John Wayne Cancer Clinic and as supporter of the Neighbors of Watts, among many others.

RONALD REAGAN: Former actor. Still very much one of the Hollywood power elite. Six-term past president of the Screen Actors Guild. While SAG president, testified before the House Un-American Activities Committee and introduced a 1947 resolution barring Communists from guild membership (the rule effectively laid the cornerstone for the blacklisting era). Elected two-term governor of California in 1968. Elected president of the United States in 1980. Awarded the prestigious SAG Life Service award—briefly. When the air controllers' union, PATCO, went on strike and Reagan ordered the strike busted, the award was rescinded. Viewed by some as the one person most responsible for the resurgence of Hollytic activism.

ROBERT REDFORD: Staunch environmentalist heavily involved in preservation of natural resources and solar energy. Frequently seen in Washington lobbying for environmental and energy issues. Founded and funded the Resource Management Institute, an educational program at both the University of Idaho and Washington State University designed to establish compatibility between business and environmental interests at the academic level. A true activist: served, for instance, as sewer commissioner for three years in Provo Canyon, Utah, and was burned in effigy for his opposition to a local power project. Contributed a token $1,000 to Edward Kennedy's campaign but did not publicly support the candidate. Did, however, support and campaign for ex-basketball player Bill Bradley's successful quest for a U.S. Senate seat from New Jersey. Member of the Hollywood summit that formed Energy Action in opposition to big oil. Also avid supporter of wife Lola's Consumer Action Now group, which strives to heighten awareness about the environmental impact of consumer spending habits by ordinary people. Noteworthy political films: *The Candidate*, *All the President's Men*, and *Three Days of the Condor*.

BURT REYNOLDS: Good ol' boy Burt may seem apolitical, but his films are sometimes interpreted as symbolic of southwestern regional political themes, such as the down-home hard-drinking woman-chasing whiskey-running car-crashing rebel without a cause. Has dabbled in women's rights and supported Equal Rights Amendment ratification in Florida. Reportedly had lunch with feminist Gloria Steinem once to "learn to talk like Alan

Alda." Was invited to White House dinner by Nancy Reagan to enlist support in anti-drug campaign. She said he said he would, but Burt said the dinner was "purely social." Sponsors an annual tennis tournament to benefit retarded children in Florida. Has done dozens of public service announcements, including pitches for cystic fibrosis, the Palm Beach Association for Retarded Citizens, and the Sheriff's Boys Ranch. Latest was a recruitment commercial for the Beverly Hills Police Department.

FRANK SINATRA: During the 1960s, the chairman of the board was an avowed Democrat whose greatest claim to political fame was a close friendship with President John Kennedy. Although he is considered political through association only, Hollytickers recall Sinatra's good old days of freewheeling liberalism, when he and best friend Dean Martin crooned for the American Civil Liberties Union. In 1970, Sinatra switched parties to support another old friend named Ronald Reagan—at the time seeking reelection as the governor of California—and has been firmly entrenched in Republican politics since. During Reagan's bid for the presidency, Sinatra and Martin were among the candidate's principal fund-raisers, staging a series of concerts and parties that added up to a million dollars to Reagan's formidable war chest. Produced and starred in President-elect Reagan's inaugural ball. Ol' Blue Eyes is also one of the most gracious charity fund-raisers in show business, liberally donating his glorious pipes to a baffling number of charitable causes. In one year alone he performed at more benefits and fund-raisers than he did paid engagements. "He's a very generous and giving man," says his publicist, Lee Solters. "His charity work is his way of repaying a blessing that he feels has been bestowed upon him."

DONALD SUTHERLAND: During the early part of his career, the Canadian actor was immersed in radical causes, politically and romantically connected to Jane Fonda, and notable for his opposition to the Vietnam War. With Fonda and others, founded antiwar revue called Free the Army, which toured military bases in Southeast Asia and received much publicity. In 1971, announced plans to read from blacklisted Dalton Trumbo's classic, *Johnny Got His Gun*, to rally support for the People's Peace Treaty—an eight-point plan for withdrawing American troops from Vietnam. With the windup of the Vietnam War, however, Sutherland's activism apparently lapsed completely. These days he is more passionate about the leisurely pastime of baseball.

MARLO THOMAS: Ninety-nine-point-nine percent of her extensive political activism centers on the women's movement. Her book, *Free to Be . . . You and Me*, is a paean to sexual equality. A sophisticated lob-

byist, she spends a good deal of time in Washington as well as in nonratified states pushing for passage of the Equal Rights Amendment. Member of the Ms. Foundation for Women and Children and the National Women's Caucus. With the ERA scratched from the Constitution, Ms. Thomas is restructuring her directives, still campaigning for equality but now through judicial and legislative channels.

GORE VIDAL: The author of *Myra Breckinridge* and *Burr* is this season's darling of the Hollytic left. During his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for the California U.S. Senate seat, Vidal received financial support from a disparate cross section of the Hollywood liberal community, including Kirk Douglas, James Garner, superagent Sue Mengers, John ("Blake Carrington") Forsythe, and Norman Lear. One of his opponents, surprisingly, was Jane Fonda. "It says a lot about the United States of America that such a foreign object as Gore Vidal can run for the Senate," she said. It wasn't Gore's first attempt at political office. He once tried in New York and lost. Although his campaign in California was intelligent, witty, and colorful, he lost there, as well, to Jerry Brown.

JON VOIGHT: Long active as antiwar activist and opponent to Vietnam War. An early member of Fonda's Entertainment People for Peace and Freedom, Voight helped organize Vietnam Veterans Against the War group in Southern California and drew tremendous acclaim for what was perhaps *the* polformance of the 1970s—in *Coming Home*. Well within liberal Hollytic mainstream; supports ecology, solar energy, gay rights, the Hayden-Fonda Campaign for Economic Development. Campaigned for George McGovern in the 1972 presidential election. Member of the antinuclear group Hollywood United for Safe Energy. Endorsed Ed Asner's position on medical aid to El Salvador.

JEFF WALD: Polirocker and unquestionably a major behind-the-scenes cog in the Hollywood Democratic party machine. Married to Helen Reddy; the Walds represent one of the industry's most potent fund-raising duos, hosting parties and staging concerts for a long list of Democratic hopefuls at the national level. Edward Kennedy, Gary Hart, Bill Bradley, Jerry Brown, Tom Bradley, and Bella Abzug are but a few Democrats endorsed by the Walds in recent campaigns. Very active in Jane Fonda's Campaign for Economic Democracy. Issues include a nuclear freeze, involvement with Physicians for Social Responsibility (also antinuclear), gun control, and ardent opposition to the Moral Majority.

LEW WASSERMAN: The powerful chairman of MCA, Inc. (which owns the mammoth Universal Studios) is a behind-the-scenes major force in Hollywood politics. Long prominent within the Democratic party, supporting a laundry list of hopefuls that have included Lyndon Johnson, Hubert Humphrey, John, Robert, and Edward Kennedy, and Sen. Alan Cranston. Served as Jimmy Carter's California finance chairman during last election. Has been known to play the field and contribute to *all* major candidates, mainly to ensure that his company remains on the bright side of the next president. "I give them all money and wish them well," he has said. Major contributor to philanthropic causes, among them the Motion Picture and Television Fund, the Jules Stein Eye Institute, the University of Jerusalem, Brandeis University, Cal Tech, and Cal Arts.

PHOTO CREDITS
First strip (left, from top to bottom) Bonnie Schiffman/Liaison, Nancy Ellison/Liaison, Mike Hashimoto, Sygma, Wide World, Rene Chateau/Sygma. Second strip: Nancy Barr/Retna, Sygma, Harry Langdon, G. Gorman/Sygma, Jim McHugh/Sygma. Third strip: © Shepard Sherbell/Picture Group, Steve Schapiro/Sygma, Philippe Ledru/Sygma, L. D. Gordon/Sygma, Jim Pozarik/Liaison, Michael Abramson/Liaison, Greg Gorman/Sygma. Fourth strip: Yvonne Hemsey/Liaison, Tony Korody/Sygma, Philippe Ledru/Sygma, Tony Korody/Sygma, Ron Wolfson/Retna, Wide World. Fifth strip: G. Gorman/Sygma, Richard Melloul/Sygma, Sygma, Ken Regan/Camera 5, Allan Tannenbaum/Sygma, Peter Borsari/Camera 5. Sixth strip: Mike Evans/Liaison, Diego Goldberg/Sygma, M. Norcia/Sygma, O. Franken/Sygma. Seventh strip: Nancy Moran/Sygma, Ron Wolfson/Retna, Tony Korody/Sygma. Eighth strip: Steve Schapiro/Sygma, Peter Borsari/Camera 5, John Engstead.

COMING IN THE MARCH PENTHOUSE



Wideworld

YURI ANDROPOV



Ori Hofmekler

A VERY IMPORTANT ARTIST



Carlos Revilla

TELEPHONE PROSTITUTION

Comrade Yuri—In a move that took the world almost completely by surprise, Yuri Andropov, former chief of the KGB, took power in the Soviet Union almost at the instant of Leonid Brezhnev's death. But, as *Penthouse* contributing editor Ernest Volkman and former Russian diplomat Vladimir Sakharov reveal in an extraordinary profile in the March issue, this final rise to power by the remarkable Andropov had been planned for a long time. In the most detailed look at the life and career of the mysterious Russian spymaster to date, Volkman and Sakharov examine the background of this complex man against the history of the KGB—the world's greatest and most sinister spy organization. Among the startling details they disclose are the story of how Andropov transformed the KGB with the help of a British traitor and never-before-revealed facts about the private life of the new Soviet leader. This article, an exclusive in *Penthouse*, will be "must" reading around the world.

America Afraid—Law-abiding citizens are sick to death of seeing victims lying in the streets and criminals laughing at the police and the courts through loopholes in the law. Sixty-six percent of all Americans favor the death penalty for murderers, and a remarkable 45 percent support the idea of sterilization of habitual criminals and the insane. But will even these drastic measures solve the problem? Ardy Friedberg, along with Research & Forecasts, Inc., has used the headline-making Figgie Report on Fear of Crime to examine what is wrong with our criminal justice system and how it can be changed. From the forthcoming book *America Afraid* (NAL).

Telephone Prostitution—They're relatively cheap, they take credit cards, they'll fulfill your wildest fantasy, and you don't have to worry about getting arrested or catching the clap. Telephone brothels have become one of America's top growth industries, and this compelling and often hilarious article by *New York Post* reporter Amy Pagnozzi shows why. "Sure," one man told her, "I could tell my wife I'd like to have a threesome, but I'm not sure I'd really want to in real life." And it's often fun, while being profitable, for the girls: "The contrast of that macho voice becoming a tiny, tiny baby is incredible," said one. Many sexologists don't approve, but it seems as if today's trend is definitely to reach out and touch someone . . . especially while you're touching yourself.

A Very Important Artist—Ori Hofmekler, a young Israeli painter, has been earning a growing reputation in Europe as a contemporary master of political caricature and social satire—the heir of such past geniuses as Daumier, Hogarth, and Doré. Next month, Hofmekler joins *Penthouse* as a regular contributor, and to introduce him to America we are presenting a special portfolio of some of his recent drawings. "Leonardo and Goya did portraits of the VIPs of yesteryear," Hofmekler told us. "I work with today's big shots. . . . From the pages of newspapers, over the radio, on TV, they shout for my attention. . . . Portraying today's VIPs might reflect the world in which we live." You won't want to miss this in-depth look at a major new artistic talent.

The Vegas Legacy—Garfield Stone is a twisted teenager with one all-consuming desire—humiliating his movie-star father. What better place to make history than Las Vegas, on the very weekend when the nation's eyes will be watching its first presidential convention? Ovid Demaris, author of the best-selling *The Last Mafioso*, masterfully weaves the tragic life of one strange poor little rich boy against the backdrop of national politics and dirty tricks, in this exclusive excerpt from his first novel, to be published by Delacorte.

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

seen. At attention again, the old pork sword was looking for a place to be sheathed. Kitty rolled onto her back and beckoned me downward. Slowly I eased my throbbing cock into her tight, drenched pussy as she raised her hips to meet my first thrust. Not wanting to be left out, Elke began fondling my balls as she ran her tongue around and around my ass hole. Pumping faster, I could feel my come rising, while over my shoulder Elke was giving herself a good fingering as Kitty and I neared that blissful peak together. With a muffled cry my partner shuddered as wave after wave of pleasure racked her body while I pumped gallons of hot come into her hungry cunt. Exhausted, I fell back, gasping for air, my mind reeling with the experience. In the meantime Elke hadn't quite gotten off on her own fingers, so she maneuvered herself over my face and planted her steaming box and ass on my mouth. Being no slacker, I began to dip in and out of her tasty slit with my tongue, paying special attention to her blood-gorged little love button. Wetting my finger with her juices, I slowly encircled her anus before plunging my digit in to the third knuckle. Gasping with delight, Elke pressed down harder on me, nearly suffocating me in her womanhood. I'd never had this much pussy all at one time before. Two women at once is the ultimate experience.

With my cock once again hard, I pushed Elke off my face and onto her hands and knees. Easing in behind her, I placed the old blue-headed throbber at the gates of her ass hole and rammed it in. As a revived Kitty bit and sucked on her tits, Elke bucked and rocked against my shaft, giving me one of the wildest fucks I'd ever had. After an eternity of riding this blond bronco, my pecker exploded, spewing out its final milky offering of the night. I slept a deep and dreamless sleep.

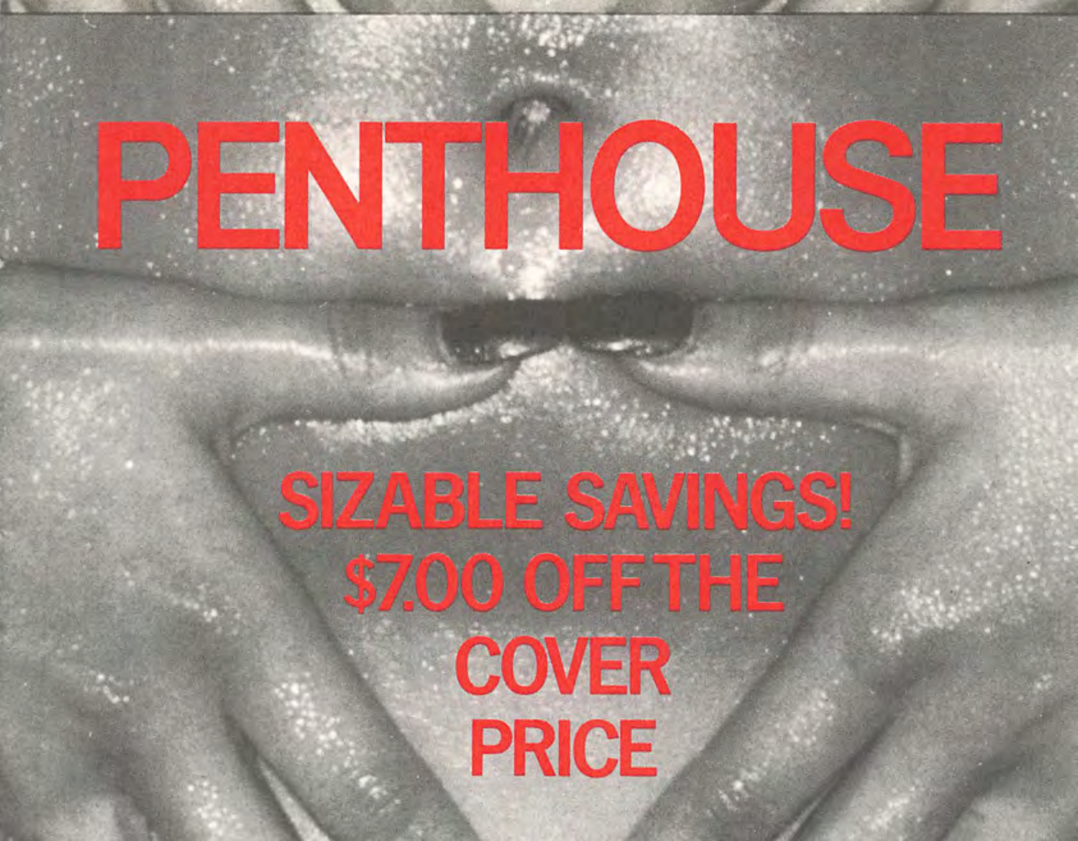
The next morning I woke up to find myself alone in bed, pleasantly sore and wondering if my escapades had only been another wet dream. It was then that I noticed the clean towels haphazardly thrown on the other bunk, and knew it was true.—*Name and address withheld*

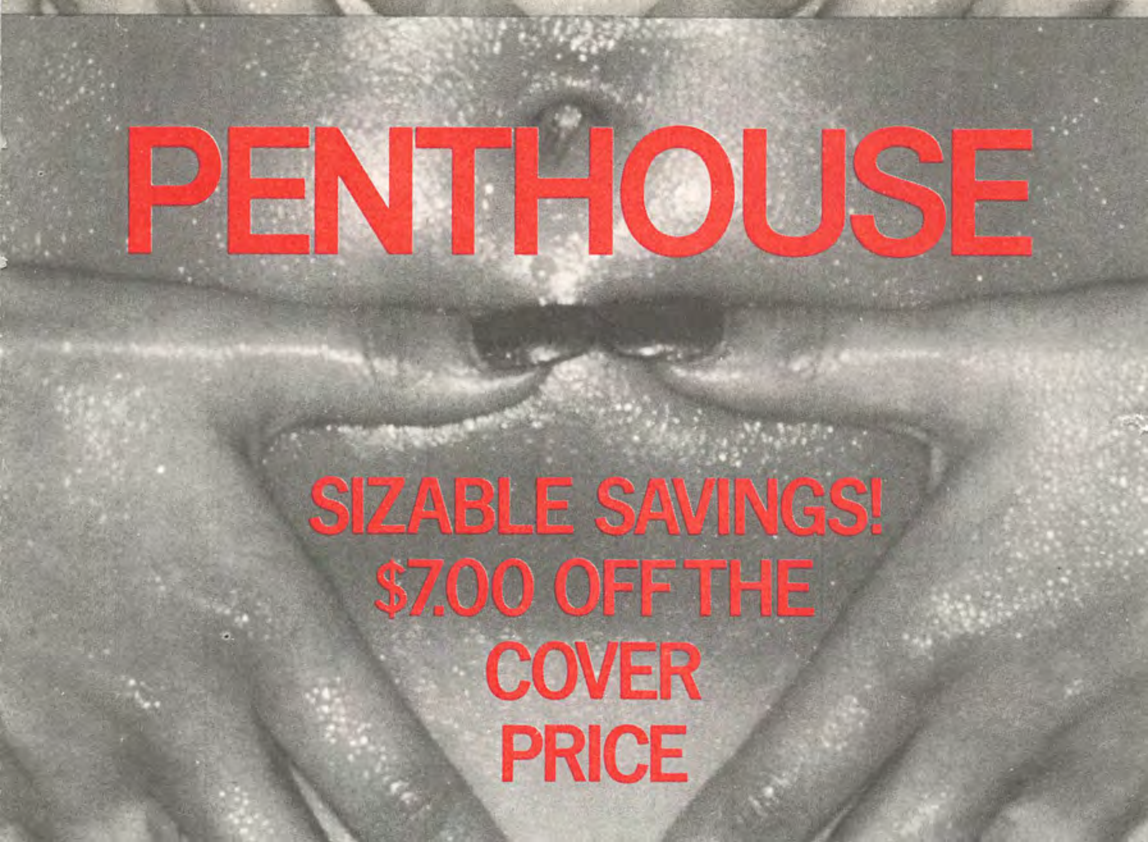
PHOTO CREDITS

Chris Forgerson photographed the pictorial beginning on page 58, which is part of our "America Off Guard" series. He used two Nikon F3 cameras; one with a Vivitar Series I 70-210 lens, and the other with a Nikkor 43-86 zoom. He used a Nikon SB 11 flash with both.


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